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John Goldsmid.

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The Old Cottages Sheep Street

J. Edward Ekins.

THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS
FOR
1804.

BEING
AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION
OF THE MOST INGENIOUS
ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS,
THAT APPEAR IN THE
NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES, AND ANECDOTES
OF
MANY OF THE PERSONS ALLUDED TO.

VOL. VIII.

To be continued Annually.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGWAY, NO. 170, PICCADILLY.

1805.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WITH due attention to a prevalent wish for an earlier publication of these annual collections than has hitherto been customary, our arrangements have enabled us to submit this EIGHTH VOLUME to the Public at the commencement of the year; a practice which we shall continue to observe in future.

We again invite communications, suited to the plan of these volumes, either original, or selected from Provincial Papers that may escape our notice.

A few articles, not of a temporary nature, that were sent for this volume, have been deferred till the next, for want of room.

In turning over various files of Newspapers, &c. for the purpose of our Collection, it will, no doubt, sometimes happen, that we may transcribe an article from a publication, and of course quote such publication as our authority, though the article, in fact, may not have *originated* there, but been *copied* from some

contemporary print. We are confident, however, that there is liberality enough in the lovers of literature to pardon an occasional oversight of this kind.

And here we are desirous of rendering an act of justice to a very respectable individual: we find that some of the admirable pieces of humour copied in our last volume from the *Anti-Gallican*, were *originally* published (among a numerous collection of Loyal and Patriotic Papers) by Mr. Asperne, Bookseller, of Cornhill; whose professional exertions, at the critical period when it seemed necessary to rouse the ancient spirit of the country to resist the audacious darings of France, we remember, were duly appreciated, and, we hope, liberally recompensed by the Public.—The articles alluded to ought, of *course*, to have been assigned to their *original* publisher; but as we were not aware of the circumstance till our volume was in circulation*, we think it more honourable to make a *late* reparation than *none*.

Jan. 4, 1805.

* The hint was given by the Critic who reviewed our Seventh Volume, in *The European Magazine* for March 1804, p. 217—219.

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THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

(WRITTEN IN 1803.)

[From the General Evening Post.]

REVOLVING in my mind lately the probable consequences of the present war, and the strange mixture of vanity, duplicity, perfidy, and cruelty, the complication of passions and vices that distinguish a certain conspicuous character, I began to regale my desponding imagination by representing him to myself in an *historical* point of view, considering him as a player, exhibiting a variety of characters, and applying to him the words of Young :

The dreadful masquerader, thus equipt,
Out sallies on adventures,

In the middle of this reverie I fell asleep, and was soon transported in a dream, on the wings of fancy, to the days of the celebrated *Stratford Jubilee*. Methought I was carried by an invisible power to the doors of a vast amphitheatre, filled by the inhabitants of different nations in all their variety of dresses. By a large printed bill in red letters, I found that Shakspeare's *Jubilee* was to be preceded by a sort of pantomimical entertainment, intermixed with some

VOL. VIII. B of

of the personages of the old bard, exhibited by Garrick in the character of *Harlequin*. Indignant as I was to see my favourite poet so degraded, I however produced my ticket, and took my seat. The first entertainment I found was entitled *Harlequin Corsican*. After the music had played an overture, the favourite actor appeared in the character of *Hotspur*, with *Pierrot* habited like *Worcester*, in the First Part of *Henry the Fourth*. The old English earl seemed to be soothing his angry nephew in these words :

Peace, cousin, say no more.

Hotspur replied with the most frightful contortions and ridiculous grimaces ;

By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks ;
So he that could redeem her thence might wear
Without corival all her dignities, &c.

I was told by a critic near me, that the *Corsican Harlequin* alluded by these lines to his plans against the Turkish Crescent, and probably to the real predominance of the Queen of Night over his heated brain ; the latter part seemed to denote the projected invasion, and its probable consequences to himself, which the character he assumed, so frankly avowed to the English Ambassador. Shortly after, by a metamorphosis, performed in the twinkling of an eye, *Harlequin* appeared in the dress of an ancient Scottish *Thane* ; and I heard him repeat the very words of *Macbeth* :

To be thus is nothing ;
But to be safely thus :—My fears in *Bourbon*
Stuck deep ; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd.

—They

—They put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd by an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.—

—For *Bourbon's* issue have I fill'd my mind;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man, &c.

The stage soon afterwards was darkened; but a strange sulphurous light dawning gradually over it, a caldron was seen, and the witches dancing round it: shortly after, *Macbeth* appeared with a bundle of poppy in his hand, which he deliberately shook over the vessel, and then retired. An odd effect of this appeared in the next scene; when the first object I perceived was *Harlequin* like *Claudius* King of Denmark. He exhibited all the signs of terror which that character displays in the poisoning scene. I cast my eyes round in search of the cause, with some anxiety, but no sceptre appeared. In a few minutes, however, I distinctly heard a hollow voice repeating, in small but fullen sounds, these words:

I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla "*Opium*;"
Nay, I will have a starling taught to speak
Nothing but *opium*, and give it him.—

Soon after I heard the fluttering of wings; the starling actually made its appearance, and accosted the King with this formidable word, with so much vociferation and perseverance, that he fairly drove the royal Dane off the stage.

Harlequin next appeared *Hamlet* himself, driving in *Columbine* before him, who seemed to have fallen under his princely displeasure. She appeared in a mixed character, partly dressed as Queen *Gertrude* actually appears on the stage, and partly decorated with drooping lilies, the well-known emblematic
B 2 insignia

inignia of France. *Hamlet* approached her, bearing in either hand a picture, and addressed her in these words :

Look here upon *this* picture—and on *this*.

This *was* your husband. Look you now what follows !

Here *is* your husband—

You cannot call it love. Though sense you have,

Else could you not have motion ; sure that sense

Is apoplex'd, for madness could not err

So palpably.

—What devil was it,

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ?

Eyes without feeling—feeling without sight ;

Ears without hands or eyes ;

Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope.

All this while she appeared in great agony, till the Prince dismissed her with a look of pity and contempt.

This exhibition was succeeded by the masquerader in the figure of a Roman patrician, with a singular expression of rancour and envy in his countenance.

I could not conjecture whom he meant to personate, till I shortly after saw *Pierrot* like *Julius Cæsar*, with his bald head and laurel crown, observing the senator with a sagacious and penetrating eye, and repeating,

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;

Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing :

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,

Whiles they behold a greater than themselves.

But this high-spirited Roman, who could not brook a superior, was soon degraded into a modern Italian pantaloon. I soon recognised my old acquaintance the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*.

—Meagre were his looks ;

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones ;

The world was not his friend, nor the *world's law*.

This was the only difference; "the stuffed alligator," instead of being hung up in his shop, was stuck under his arm, as if he was in the act of carrying it from Egypt, as a lasting though not a living monument of his exploits there.

He was soon, however, by some invisible means, expanded into the jolly figure of *Jack Cade*, with his thrum cap and rustic myrmidons. After dubbing himself an Emperor instead of a Knight, the mob cried out, "*God save your Majesty!*" on which he answered, "*Thanks, good people. There shall be no money nor trade. Jack Cade, the clothier, shall dress the commonwealth, and set a new Nap upon it.*" On this, *Peter the Punster* cried out, "Emperor Nap, Emperor Nap!"—The Usurper immediately cried, "Knock him down there!" Then he thus continued his address: "The law shall proceed out of my mouth; you shall eat at my cost; and when you have eat up the land, go dive for herrings." When the *Lord Say* was brought before him to be sentenced, he seemed to lay a particular emphasis on that part of the arraignment where he is charged with causing *printing* to be used, against which he expressed the most virulent antipathy.

But the last change was the most surprising of all. The stage exhibited a West India scene. And as I sat admiring the magnificence of nature in the landscape presented before me, I could not for some time conjecture what could be the intent of this unexpected representation. After looking round for some time, and examining every object as minutely as the distance would allow, I at last espied an ant-hill, with something lying near it, resembling a long slender piece of red sealing-wax, and soon observed the ants clustering on that shining substance, in such numbers, that in a short time it was entirely covered. This odd phenomenon, as I was told, was the tongue of an ant-bear

(an animal I had not before seen), who lays it out thus as a bait for the members of the little industrious republic. When he found he had got his complete cargo, he immediately drew in the little seductive organ, and swallowed up a whole colony of curious travellers. This, I was told, alluded to the state of the prisoners in France, who were induced to venture over the Channel by the fallacious appearance of peace.

The whole concluded with the representation of a sea-fight, followed by *Rule Britannia*, played and sung in a full chorus. After which, a song was given by him who represented *Peter the Punster*, of which I only remember these lines :

No mortal we know is
His equal in prowess,
On all the terraqueous ball.
O Hannibal ! Cæsar !
And Nebuchadnezzar !
May he prove a *dead match* for you all !

HOW TO ABUSE MINISTERS.

[From the Morning Herald.]

LETTER I.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is nothing like candour at first starting. Know then, that I am a general *vilifier*, in verse and in prose, of all his Majesty's Ministers, for *the time being*, of what party or denomination soever they may be. I have nothing to object to the manners, the morals, or the measures of Mr. Addington ; but it is an indispensable duty in the honourable corps to which I belong, to arraign and censure those publicly, whom, under a conscientious qualm, one might sometimes be induced, perhaps, privately to admire. We are well paid to annoy *pre-eminence* in the government of the country ; and therefore, like *Swiss* troops, are
feldom

feldom at a loss for an object of attack, or in making *free quarters* wherever we move. Men unacquainted with the *political darings* of this great town, may wonder why his Majesty's present Administration should be loaded with more personal abuse than their predecessors in office. They naturally enough conclude, that, as Messrs. Addington and Co. are effecting more in the constitutional defence of the country, their merits ought gratefully to be estimated by their public services. But the very reverse of this proposition forms, at this enlightened moment, the regulating principle; and therefore, in proportion as the King's Ministers are increasing in the *moral* estimation of the people, we find a *political* necessity for multiplying our arts to assail them. The service of *state-vilifying*, that is, of defaming every honourable member of the King's Government, though it now comprehends a numerous corps of *artificers*, is an occupation that requires the smallest portion of *stock*, of all others, except in that ordinary commodity of *sheer impudence*, with which nature, now-a-days, so liberally supplies mankind: and as to *tools*, these we always trust to making with great facility as we go along. Hence it is that you see so many *abuse-shops* so rapidly opened against the good government of the country, under any *Opposition*, or *Ex-Ministry*, that choose to set them up. The main attention of a *state-vilifier* is directed to a conscientious disregard of *truth*; so that by no cross-grained accident he may be betrayed into any assertion, that by possibility may bear the semblance of a *fact*. This being properly understood, our duty becomes simplified, and is most pleasantly discharged against the *higher powers*, in a manner which I shall hereafter explain.

Yours, &c.

MATT. MENDAX.

HOW TO ABUSE MINISTERS.

LETTER II.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

I SHALL not deny, but that the old arts of assailing his *Majesty's Servants* require at this moment some auxiliary aid. The present band of courtiers have skulkingly contrived so to intrench themselves in the public opinion, under a general notion of their being a corps of "honest, *well-intending*" men, that some new plan for dislodging them must be devised, or the country, as far as it respects *our* interests in it, is inevitably undone! To be plain, Sir, all of us *state-vilifiers*, whether attached to the *Old Opposition*, or the *Ex-Ministry*, must be formed into a single brigade, before we can think of turning the well-fed flanks of the common enemy, or charging them in front with any prospect of success! It is a worse than wasteful expenditure of ammunition to continue popping at them separately, and at random, as we have long done; for, though most of us are *sharp-shooters*, our fire generally annoys each other, far more than the foe we are so anxious to destroy. It is, however, at length understood, that we are, if possible, to act in *concert* together at the opening of the next parliamentary campaign; and, therefore, I am deputed to prepare as much ammunition as possible for the *confederate* service. I have laid in great stores of combustibles, which will be formed into *secret ambushades*, *infernal machines*, &c. In the mean while, as it may be necessary to create a diversion by the usual volleys of inflammatory *epithets*, to be discharged against the enemy, I have subjoined a few rounds that are full *Tower-proof*, and cannot fail to effect considerable annoyance. The monosyllable cartridges may be used in *hand grenades*; the bi and tri syllable ones are better adapted for the calibre of *nine* and *six pounders*, provided

vided they are of *brass* ordnance. This species of bombardment, though it may not effect the immediate overthrow of the Minister, cannot fail to make some impression on the *alarmist* at least, who, even from these crackers, will be led to conclude that there cannot be so much *smoke* without some *fire*!

RETURN of INFLAMMATORY EPITHETS for
immediate Expenditure.

For Hand-grenades.	For Six-pounders.	For Nine-pounders.
<i>Tame!</i>	<i>Timid!</i>	<i>Pitiful!</i>
<i>Mean!</i>	<i>Empty!</i>	<i>Short-sighted!</i>
<i>Pert!</i>	<i>Senseless!</i>	<i>Arrogant!</i>
<i>Prim!</i>	<i>Sniv'ling!</i>	<i>Ruinous!</i>
<i>Dull!</i>	<i>Trimming!</i>	<i>Miserable!</i>
<i>Mute!</i>	<i>Sneaking!</i>	<i>Time-serving!</i>
<i>Low!</i>	<i>Tardy!</i>	<i>Shallow-pated!</i>
<i>Blind!</i>	<i>Cringing!</i>	<i>Vain-glorious!</i>
<i>Weak!</i>	<i>Wretched!</i>	<i>Rapacious!</i>
<i>Vain!</i>	<i>Pimping!</i>	<i>Illiberal!</i>
<i>Proud!</i>	<i>Sordid!</i>	<i>Ill-omen'd!</i>
<i>Rash!</i>	<i>Crafty!</i>	<i>Audacious! &c.</i>
<i>Base! &c.</i>	<i>Wicked! &c.</i>	
Yours, &c.		MATT. MENDAX.

POLITICAL CENSURE A-LA-MODE.

[From the Times]

MR. EDITOR,

Seven Dials, No. 3.

I HAVE received what, in my own country, is called a *leeberal* education; and being well versed in the English language, my family were of opinion that I was very likely to make a fortune by literature. I therefore came up to London, with strong recommendations to divers booksellers, and have tried my hand at such subjects as I was most versant in. I cannot say I have quite succeeded to the expectations

of my family; but there is one line in which I am almost sure I could cut a figure, having studied politics in the famous Scotch Convention in 1792, and afterwards in a secret division of the Corresponding Society. I allude, Sir, to that of writing *leading paragraphs* for newspapers. I have applied to the proprietors of the principal opposition papers; but I understand they are so well supplied from the discarded United Irishmen, and some of my own countrymen, that there is no vacancy at present. However, I have not the least objection to support the present Ministry, and I am willing to serve you upon very reasonable terms. I enclose you a specimen of my talents in this line. It was intended for one of the opposition papers above mentioned; but not having time to prepare a new one in your own way, I was determined to submit it to your inspection. You see it is in such general terms, that the sarcasms will suit any Ministry, or indeed any men whatever; and even with a few alterations, such as reading for *Administration*, *Opposition*, and instead of *in place*, *out of place*, &c. I could even adapt it to Lord G——e or Mr. D——s, alias Lord M——e, or any one you please. I have studied very diligently the most famous writers at present in this department of literature, and I think I have hit their style to a T. If you choose to print it as a specimen, I hope you will have it leaded, that we may fairly see how it looks.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant, at command,

ARCHY MAC-DOO-ALL.

LEADING ARTICLE FOR A CAPITAL OPPOSITION PAPER.

THE troubles in the distant provinces of the Turkish empire seem to increase; no less than two Pachas of
three

three tails have been beheaded on suspicion of being connected with the insurgents. But we are not at all surprised at this : while we have Mr. Addington for a Minister, we shall not wonder at any thing that is done in Turkey, in Persia, or even in Thibet itself. The British authority cannot be respected while we have such *drivellers* at the helm. They are represented as *honest, well-meaning men*, as if *we* wanted either honest or well-meaning men at the head of affairs ! We could easily prove, on the contrary, that honest and well-meaning men must be fools.—What has honesty to do with placemen ? It is the business of a Minister to make all he can, and to provide well for all the dependants of his party. With such men as the present, Britain can never be respected.—Lord Chatham would have cut off his right hand before he would have suffered a paltry Pacha of three tails to have caused disturbance in the Ottoman empire, that old and faithful ally of Great Britain.

But the hirelings of Ministers still tell us, they are “ men of integrity and honour, well-intentioned men : ” we suppose they mean by this, that they are *men who pay their debts*.—Who ever heard of statesmen and politicians paying their debts ? But this it comes to, when all the great talents of the country are excluded from the administration. If Mr. —, and Lord —, and —, &c. &c. had been in office, we should have had no such paltry doings as this ; but the diminutive details of the shopkeeper are, alas ! introduced into the great departments of the state ; and these nincompoops expect the same credit for honour and integrity in public life, as would be claimed by a petty trader on the Exchange !

The same hireling miscreants tell us, “ the country is saved,” “ the plans of the enemy are disconcerted ; ” and why, truly ? Truly because these *block-heads* “ have not been afraid to trust the people of
England

England with arms in their hands." We suppose they mean the volunteers! How little do these *drivellers* know of the defence of a country! Fifty thousand *mercenary* troops would be far preferable to a whole nation of volunteers. As to the system of blocking up the enemy's ports, none but *sapsculls* would ever have thought of it. Whatever may be our opinion of Bonaparte, on this subject (and indeed on most others) his reasoning is *invulnerable*. Why do they not let him come out? why do they not suffer him to land, and give him battle fairly in the field? Had Mr. —, and Lord —, and —, &c. &c. been in office, they would have suffered him to have landed long ago, they would not have sculked, and counteracted craft by policy: but *cunning* is always the vice of *low* minds. It may suit the *narrow policy* of the Addingtons, the Hawkeburys, the St. Vincents, those *underlings* in office, to coop and pen the enemy up in his ports; men of more *liberal* minds would have let him come out, and do his worst.—They would have scorned to take even a single gun-boat before the grand question was decided.

But where indeed should such men get their knowledge of state affairs? Not surely in the Speaker's chair, in the House of Commons. Not on the continent, and in visiting the different courts of Europe. Not in studying the laws, or fighting the battles of their country!—No, these will only make *nincompoops* and *drivellers*. It is at Brookes's, at Newmarket, in Duke's Place; it is among sharpers, black-legs, and swindlers only, that human nature is to be studied; nor can any man be fit to manage the affairs of a nation till he has totally ruined his own.

If the public are so sunk in stupidity as not to understand these things; as not to unite with one heart and voice to drive these *nincompoops* from the helm,

helm, let them look at all our great statesmen and orators of the present age—Where have they studied? Why, in the best of all schools—at the fashionable clubs, and the faro-table! and we will venture to predict, that until we can get a ministry from the same honourable sources, Great Britain never will be respectable in the eyes of foreign courts.

THE ST. JAMES'S PARK GHOST.

[From the Oracle.]

SIR,

IN some of the newspapers of the present week I have seen accounts of a *Ghost*, which is stated at different times to have infested *St. James's Park*. The whole account at present rests upon such doubtful evidence, that I conceive the statement of an *actual witness* of this terrific being will not be uninteresting to the public.

I have the honour to be a private in his Majesty's foot guards; and in that capacity I was placed as sentinel, on the 13th of this month, at the gate leading to the *Treasury* from the Park, close to the back door which opens into the garden of the *Minister's house* in *Downing Street*.

It was about twelve o'clock at night, Sir, that I was first visited by the *tremendous appearance* to which I have adverted, and which I cannot think of but with sentiments of horror. Just, Sir, as the clock of the Horse Guards struck the hour, as I was leaning against the iron railing which runs between the *Treasury gateway* and Mr. Ad——n's *private door*, striving to while away the dreary moments which were to elapse before the welcome relief came round, having placed my musket upon the ground near me, with my foraging cap drawn over my ears, and my pipe in my mouth, I saw, to my surprise, the door leading to
Mr.

Mr. Ad——n's house slowly turn upon its hinges, and a *tall figure* stalk out—*without a head!*

Astonishment and horror chained up my faculties: I scarcely dared to look at the *tremendous phantom*, much less did I presume to speak to it. The figure, however, which issued from the door within three feet of me, moved slowly to the Canal; and the moon shining bright at the moment, I was enabled, when I recovered the use of my faculties and reason, to gaze upon it and mark its form.

Those who have hitherto described the *ghost* have stated it to be the appearance of a *woman without a head*. Sir, without a head it certainly appeared, but *it was not a woman*. It was dressed in male attire, in a coat of a blue colour, white waistcoat, black satin breeches, silk stockings, shoes and buckles. In one hand it bore a light, which in mortal grasp would have been called a hand candlestick; in the other a large paper folded up in the shape of a letter, upon which, by the light of the moon, I saw a superscription "*To the Right Hon. Henry Ad——n, &c. &c. Downing Street.*" Head, as I before said, it had none; but upon its shoulders a huge cocked hat was placed, and out of the coat pockets many papers tied up with red tape peeped out, marked with the same inscription as that which the phantom bore in its hand.

As it passed near me, Sir, I heard the most piteous moanings, such as I should have thought could only have proceeded from one in pain, accompanied by rumblings and explosions, such as I can only compare to distant thunder, or the long roll of the drum for parade. Having plucked up some little courage, I followed this awful appearance, which bent its visionary steps towards the iron rails which terminate the Canal at the bottom of the Parade.—Upon its arrival there it stopped; and the sounds of pain, the rumblings, and

and explosions, increased with redoubled violence. I almost tremble, Sir, when I relate what I saw, with mingled sentiments of horror, of shame, and astonishment; *upon the veracity of a guardsman* I declare; I saw this imaginary being perform functions close to the aforesaid rails, which I had always conceived belonged to mortals only, such as I never thought *necessary* for disembodied spirits, such as I never could have believed the pure nature of ghosts could have required. Disturbed, offended, frightened, astonished, and disgusted, I retreated to my post, and soon after the figure returned. The only change I discovered in its progress and appearance, was, that its step was lighter; its pace was quicker; no moanings, no rumblings, no explosions, accompanied its march; and the paper directed "*To the Right Hon. Henry Ad——n, &c. &c. Downing Street,*" was no longer seen in its hand. Thus apparently disencumbered, it passed through the door into the garden, and disappeared. I immediately called to the sentry posted next to me, who, at my request, summoned the sergeant upon guard, to whom I related what I had seen; I shewed him the spot from whence the phantom issued, the place to which it bent its steps, the point at which it stopped, and from whence it returned. The next morning, when the guard was relieved, I told the same story, at my sergeant's desire, to my officer, who, after viewing the spot, heard my tale, burst out a-laughing in my face, and told me I had only seen *Mr. Ad——n in a fit of the gripes*. With all due submission, Sir, to my officer, I cannot conceive how Mr. Ad——n could appear *without a head*; still less can I account for some of my brother-soldiers swearing that this figure bore the appearance of *a woman*: however this may be, Sir, whether it was Mr. Ad——n or an *old woman*, I am ready to take my oath that the figure which came out of the Minister's

nister's house, in Downing Street, *was without a head.*

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient humble servant,

*Horse Guards,
Jan. 16, 1804.*

LUCAS PEPPYS,
Private in the Coldstream
Regiment of Guards.

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING.

[From the same.]

SIR,

I WAS much surprised, and even hurt, at the account published in your paper of Wednesday, touching the new vision lately seen near the Treasury, in St. James's Park. The merest novice in demonology would read in every line of that account, the delusion of a very common mind on the ordinary appearance of a very common mortal. This, Sir, brings the whole of my favourite study into disrepute. Can any thing be more vulgar and ridiculous than the whole track and deportment of the being then in contemplation? The time and occasion of its making its appearance, the place it chose, the object it had in view, all, all, Sir, denote that there *was* nothing spiritual in or about it. The letter of the honest guardsmen I have read over and over again, turned it in every point of view, and placed it in every light; but I can make nothing of it, either to his advantage, or in favour of the supposed phantom of which he speaks. Depend upon it, Sir, that poor being had nothing supernatural in its composition: observe, it carried a candle when the moon shone, and had papers in its pocket, of which it could make no use. This is more like the foolish conduct of a *brainless mortal* than the terrific

terrific mystery of a *headless ghost*. Sincerely convinced of the truth of this observation,

I am, Sir, with tenebrious respect,

AN ADMIRER OF KING JAMES I.

MORE OF THE ST. JAMES'S PARK GHOST, WITHOUT A HEAD!

[From the same.]

SIR,

ALL your readers must have been completely satisfied with the explanation you have given of the apparition *without a head*, seen near the Treasury Gate in St. James's Park.

The poor soldier, whose artless narrative you lately published, has indeed not scrupled to name the person who thus appeared to him: he states, however, one difficulty on the subject; but it is such as may very easily be solved by those who are more conversant in the affairs of the world than this honest man seems to be. He asks, in the simplicity of his heart, how Mr. Ad——n should be seen *without* his head? Those who know any thing of that great man will be much more disposed to ask, How should he possibly be seen *with* a head?

It is true, that he once had something between his shoulders, on which was hung a full-bottomed wig, of the largest size: but, alas! Sir, a wooden wig-block is not a head; and if it had been one, both wig and wig-block have long since disappeared.

There is therefore every reason to conclude, that this distinguished personage *never had a head*; for if he ever had possessed one, how could he have lost it? Some of his friends, aware of this difficulty, pretend to assign this casualty to natural causes. Some impute it to the malice of a *Scotch conjuror*, who foretold

18 SURPRISE OF THE IRISH GOVERNMENT

told by *second sight* that Mr. A——n would lose his head, if he wore *his Cape* so loose: others go the length of asserting, that men of his description always do lose their heads in *high and slippery places*. But all these are mere pretences; the truth is, and I speak from my own knowledge, as a friend and relation of *the family*, this truly constitutional Minister *never had a head!* But, Sir, I can positively assure you, that he carries on all his business quite as well without a head, as he ever could have done with one; and I hope, that by this time his friends have succeeded in their daily endeavours to persuade the public, that, in the situation which he now fills, it is quite immaterial to the country whether he has a head or not!

I am, Sir, yours,

SIMPKIN BLUNDERHEAD.

SURPRISE OF THE IRISH GOVERNMENT ON THE 23D OF JULY.

[From the same.]

As much doubt and debate has arisen on this interesting subject, we are happy that we can lay before the public the following *important document*, which, as coming from one of the principal personages concerned, will doubtless put the uncertainty on the subject at rest for ever.

A MONSIEUR MONSIEUR L'EDITEUR OF DE ORACLE.

Du Chateau de Dublin,

SAIR,

Dec. 31, 1803.

J'AI l'honneur to be first cook to son Excellence le Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and to be ver much in de confidence of son Premier Excellence Monsieur le Secretaire Marsden. Being von therefore of de principaux officiers in de Chateau of Dublin, I do tink myself called upon to take under my protection de conduct of mon Gouvernement in de matiere of de littel

littell affaire of the 23d of July past, the ouich it has been very much traduced in vat you call your Parliament in England. Vat you say, Sair? dat son Premier Excellence Monsieur Marsden, et son autre Excellence my Lor Hardwicke, *vere surprise on the 23d of July past?* Sair, dey vere not surprise at all! dey knew vat it was dat vas coming, and dey took all precaution possible. Son Excellence mi Lor, he vas go to de Parc dat he might observe, a son aise, de rebellion in Dublin; et son Premier Excellence Monsieur Marsden, he vas call de tres Reverend Docteur, l'Abbe de Killaloo, and dey shut demselves up in de Chateau, dat de rebellion he might begin, and mi Lor he might see it from de Parc. Littell time before, a powder mill he blew up in de site of Dublin. I remember vell mon ami, Monsieur Marsden, he vas say to me, "Ah ça, mon cher Louis, dere is all de rebels, his powder it blow up, *he can no surprise us now.*" Vere was de utilite of making grand preparation, ven all de preparations of de rebels he vas blow up? Dere vas de depot of pikes that vas found dans la rue de Thomas Street. On dit, dat son Excellence Monsieur Marsden he did not know of dat depot, I say he did, *and dat he vas tell me of it*; but vat he do vid all dese pikes? dey did remain quiet till de armee he did take dem, and vat would you ave more? Votre Monsieur Charle Fox, he talk much in vat you call votre Parliament, about de council held at de Chateau of Dublin at three o'clock of de 23d of July. Vat he know about it? he vas not dere. I vas. Dere vas all de principaux officers of de Gouvernement—dere vas myself, dere vas son Premier Excellence Monsieur Marsden, son autre Excellence mi Lor Lieutenant, and mon General Fox. Monsieur Marsden, he vas tell mi Lor dat he knew de rebellion it vas *tout pres*, but that it would not be *comme il faut* to alarm any body; and mi Lor, he say he vas just hear from his friend,

friend, Monsieur *Le Docteur A'Dindon* in England, dat all Ireland it vas quiet, and dere vas no rebellion; it would not be poli, derefore, to contradict Monsieur A'Dindon, derefore he did desire dat mon General Fox he vould alarm no body at all; a cause qui dat very like de rebellion he vould not break out, and den Monsieur A'Dindon he vould be in the right. Den mon General he vent away, and Monsieur Marsden and mi Lor dey did alarm nobody but demselves. Sair, dere vas much talk in your Parliament about mi Lers diné that day. I vill tell you all about it. Mi Lor he vas write to me from de Parc, in de morning, to drefs de diné for him at de Chateau, and I vas ask mon ami Monsieur Marsden's orders vat I should do? who said, dat if mi Lor he vas dine at de Chateau, it vould alarm all Ireland, and derefore he should not dine dere. When de conseil he vas over, mi Lor he asked of me for his diné: I said it vas tout pres, but dat if he vas dine at de Chateau, and did not put it into the newspapers, it vould very much surprise all Ireland, as I vas always put into de newspapers whenever mi Lor he dine at de Chateau, as he ordered me to do; so I sent de diné under an escort of sargeant and douze dragoons to de Parc, and mi Lor he follow his diné vid douze dragoons more. Monsieur Marsden, Monsieur l'Abbe de Killaloo, and myself, ve did eat ver good diné, vich surprised nobody at all, and soon after de rebellion he began, just as Monsieur Marsden he said, vich shews *he vas not surprise*. De next morning I vas go vid some mutton broth to Monsieur Marsden and Monsieur l'Abbe, who had been ver sick in de belly de whole night, and Monsieur Marsden he vas say to me, "Dere is de rebellion, mon ami Louis, vich has made un tapage de diable; mi Lor, he must have fine view of it from de Parc." I said, "Yes." Den he said, "I and my friend l'Abbe have been ver sick in de belly all night; but I am not at all
frightened,

frightened, for I am never sick in de belly ven I am *frightened*." Sair, all dis prove dat Monsieur Marsden *he vas not surprise at all*. Now, Sair, I saw ver soon after, de procession of son Excellence mi Lor Lieutenant and mi Ladi Lieutenant, and de young Lor Lieutenants, and de young Ladi Lieutenants, and de aides-du-camp, and de ladi's maid, and mi Lor's valet, and de housemaid, and de scullery-maids, and de laundry-maids, and de nursery-maids, and de foot-boy, and de groomboy, into de cité de Dublin; and I do assure you, Sair, I vas never see finer sight since I vas alive. I vas marmiton, Sair, to de great Frederique Roi de Prusse; but I never did see any ting dat had so much de air of de triomphe as de march of mi Lor, mi Ladi, and de maids.—Dere was mi Lor, mi Ladi, de young Lor Lieutenants, and de young Ladi Lieutenants, in von carrosse; dere vas mi Ladi Margaret and mi Ladi Anne, le tres reverend Docteur l'Abbe de Killaloo, et le Sieur Rosborough, in anoder carrosse; and dere vas de aides-du-camp, two aumoniers, and two maids, in a turd carrosse; and dere vas le Chevalier Littlehales and de nursery-maids in de last carrosse; and dere vas de troupes a cheval and de troupes a pied and de cannoniers, vid trompets sounding and drums battant: and mi Lor he look as bold as a lion, and de maids dey vere not frightened, only de aides-du-camp dey vere sick in de carrosse, and de aumoniers dey look ver pale; but ven his Excellency mi Lor he vas get out of de carrosse he vas send for me and son premier Excellence Monsieur Marsden, and vas say to him—"If you have had a rebellion, *parbleu*, I expected it; *I am nat surprise*; Louis, give me some mutton broth!"—Now, Sair, all dis proves beyond all doubt, *dat de Gouvernement it vas not surprise at all*; but dat de real raison for not taking more precaution vas for fear of shewing de people dat Monsieur le Docteur A'Dindon he told

VOT

von dam lie ven he said, only fourteen days before, dere vas no signs of rebellion throughout all Ireland !— I do desire, Sair, dat you vill put all dis into your Journal ; and you may add, Sair, dat you insert it by “ *from Autorite.*”

I am, Sair, your tres humble serviteur,

LOUIS RAGOUT,

Premier Cuifinier, &c. &c. &c.

MORE ABOUT IT.

A MONSIEUR MONSIEUR L'EDITEUR OF DE ORACLE.

SAIR,

I DID not believe ven I wrote to you some time passed an account of all dat did appeir in Dublin on the 23d of July, dat I should ave ad again to trouble you ; neider could I ave imagine, Sair, dat my earnest endeavor to shew dat *son premier Excellence* Mr. Marsden, and *son autre Excellence* my Lor Hardwic, dey vere not surprise at all ven de rebellion he did break out in Dublin, vould have met vid so bad a return. But, Sair, my devoir to de public make it imperieusement neccessaire for me to tell de whole truth : vid grande affliction derefore I mus acquaint you, Sair, dat dere has been great change in de administration of Ireland, and dat I and mon ami Vickham, ve ave lost our places. For vy my mon ami Vickham as been chassé I do not know, unless Monf. Marsden he vas tink Monf. Vickham he did write de lettre I sent you some time ago.

Now, Sair, I can assure you, sur mon honneur, dat Monf. Vickham he did not write one vord in it : it vas all mi own, and voila de raison for vy I was obliged to resign. Monsieur Marsden, he was diablement jealous of me, and did not like any body should remain in de Chateau who could write better dan himself ;
and

and bot he and de Premier Aumonier, de Docteur Abbe de Killaloo, say dat de mutton broth I give dem, ven de ad de belli-acke so bad on de nite of de rebellion, vas not agree vid dere bowells; son autre Excellence, mi Lor Hardvic, who was taken vid de same complaint, he vas tell me he vas ver much *soulagé* by it.

However, Sair, both for my sake, and for mon ami Vickham his sake, I beg you will reprint mi lettre to you, to prove to de world how ungrateful is de Irish Gouvernement to its Ministres.

Me voiti, Sair, now in England vid mon ami Vickham; he ave got a pension—I have got anoder place, for I did vidout delai present miself to Monsieur le Docteur *A' Dindon*, who did *avec empressement* receive de offre of mi service as Chef de Cuisine and Premier Ministre. As cuisinier I shall ver much improve Monsieur le Docteur's diners, and as Premier Ministre I shall ver much assist Monsieur le Docteur in his Administration, and be of great utilite to vat you call your contré. C'est vrai dat I cannot make orateur in your Parliament, but neider can mon ami Le Docteur; but I can look ver wise, and den I can give de first grand place vich falls to le petit Louis, my son.

I am, vid great consideration, Sair,

Your serviteur tres humble,

LOUIS RAGOUT,

Chef de Cuisine and Premier Ministre.

Rue de Downing Street, Fevrier 10, 1804.

MONSIEUR RAGOUT

A MONSIEUR MONSIEUR LE EDEITEUR OF DE ORACLE.

SARE,

HAVING great regard for you, for why dat you did so handsomely put into your papier all vat I did write to you ven I vas Ministre in Ireland; I will now
tel'

tell you some ver grand news, which you may depend upon de truth of, becaufe vy, being Premier Ministre and Chef de Cuisine to my friend le Docteur *A'Dindon*, le Docteur tell me all he vas know, and I den tell him all he vas to do. *By Gar, Sare, dere has been anoder rebellion in Dublin*, and ver pretty von it vas, becaufe vy it vas made tout expires, and nobody was frightened at all except de habitants of Dublin, and neider I nor my Docteur care for them, you know. I will now tell you all about it.—You do know, Sare, dat de Chevalier Sir Jean Rotflei he was se moque of de reconciliation diner which I vas prepare chez mon Docteur for son Excellence le Gen. Fox and le Ministre Yorke, and he vas give notice of vat you call a motion in your Parliament relatif to de littel affair in la rue de Thomas Street, in Dublin, on de 23d of July past; and mon ami *A'Dindon* he vas in ver terrible fright, becaufe vy he did remember dat he vas tell de dam lie about Ireland at dat time, for he vas say here in your Parliament dat dere vas no appearance of rebellion in all Ireland just at de ver time de rebellion he broke out, and he vas say also, dat all vas in ver perfect quiet in Dublin at de ver moment a mill of de poudre a canon, belonging to de rebels, he did plow up, in de beau milieu of Dublin, and did make a fracas de diable; and de pauvre Docteur he vas ver mosh in de dump about all dis; so as I and mon ami ver talking about all dis over basin of mutton broth (de same which did so mosh good to Monsieur Marfden his belli ven he vas so fright de night of de 23d of July), I vas say, “*Ah ça, l'ami Docteur, for vy dont you shew de people how vell prepare you are now for de rebellion, and make a littel rebellion of your own, dat every von he may say, Look how vell prepare de Docteur he is!*” So mon ami he vas say, dat vas ver excellent conseil, and I write de depêche how and all about it, and he did send off a courier to
fon

son Excellence Monsieur Marsden, and to son autre Excellence my Lor Hardwic, and did tell dem to make as if dere vas a rebellion, and to make great tintamarre and not to be frightened. So son Excellence Monf. Marsden he vas tell all de Aides-du-camps, and de Reverend Pere l'Abbe de Killaloe, and all de Maida, and my Lor Chancelier, and mi Lor Ca-car, and de littel Ladi Lieutenant, and all de oder great Generals, and dey did go about and say dat Gouvernement he had information dere vas to be a rebellion, but dat pardi dey ver all prepare; and so every von dey ver moch surprise at de vigilance of de Gouvernement, and vas no believe von vord about it. But, Sare, on de night of Tuesday de fourteenth of Fevrier, son Excellence Monsieur Marsden, he vas put on a gros sabre, and did put two pistolets, vid noting in dem, into de vaistband of his breeches, and he vas go down into de Castle Yard, and did cry out, *Holla! dere is de rebellion! he vas come!* By Gar, Sare, de whole garrison he vas turn out, and de Yeomanrie; and de Volontaires, dey vas run von vay, and den vas run anoder vay, and son Excellence mi Lor Hardwic, he vas run up into de garret, and vas look for de rebellion out of de vindow; and Monsieur Marsden he vas strut about de Castle Yard, and vas say, *Ventre bleu, de Gouvernement it vas not surprise;* and my Lor Ca-car he was put himself into his jack bot, and vas place himself at de head of de garrison, and dey did all set out to look for de rebellion; and den my Lor Ca-car he vas take a regiment de dragons, and he vas ride to vat you call de House of de Pigeon, close to de sea, and he was look if de rebellion vas in the sea, and he stay five hours dere, and all de garrison, and de volontaires, and de habitans, dey did wait till he com back, and he send vord, dat he see dere ver fine crabe and lobster, but no rebellion at all; so dey all came back, and tell son Excellence Monf. Marsden, who vas instamment draw

out his sabre, as bold as de lion, and he say he would cut off every head of de rebel he came near; den he tell every body to mind, for sure dat he vas not frightened at all, and dat de Gouvernement it was quite prepare: so son Excellence Mons. Marsden he vas go home again, son Excellence mi Lor Hardwic he vas come down from de garret, son Excellence mi Lor Chancellor he vas go write anoder letter to my Lor Fingal about de massacre of St. Bartholomew, which happened in Ireland some years ago. Son Excellence mi Lor Ca-car he vas get out of his jack bot, and de garrison he vas get into bed again. De next day Mons. Marsden he was send off exprefs to mon ami *A' Dindon* to say dere had been littel rebellion, and dat, thank God, none of dere Excellencies had been frightened! Now, Sare, Mons. Marsden he vas intend dat de courier vid this good news, he should arrive in London just de ver day ven de Chevalier Sir Jean Rotflei vas to make his motion, and to say dat my Gouvernement vas not prepared; and den le Docteur *A' Dindon* he vas to make grand oration upon de vigilance, de courage, and de fermete of my Gouvernement in Ireland. But malhereusement dat dam Sir Jean he vas put off his motion, and all dis littel rebellion he vas absolument thrown away, for de peoples dey found out it vas all vat you call von humbog, and dey say, "By gar de only rebellion de Gouvernement is prepare for, is de sham rebellion he vas make himself."

I am, Sare,

Votre Serviteur tres humble,

LOUIS RAGOUT,

Chef de Cuisine et Premier Ministre.

Rue de Downing Street, Fevrier 24, 1804.

WEAK MEN.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR.

THERE is a prejudice which has much influence upon the public in favour of *weak men*. It is generally thought that because men are weak, they are therefore *honest*, and require not to be guarded against as knaves. What expression more frequent than this, *He is a simple, honest, well-meaning man?* Now there is a sense, the only proper sense indeed of the word *simple*, borrowed from mechanics I believe, which expresses all that is pure and grand in the character of human beings, a freedom from complex and hidden views, direct and honourable conduct in every transaction; a man, therefore, who should be entitled, in this sense of the word, to the character of one of a *simple mind*, must be an excellent person. But a *simple honest man*, according to the vulgar import of the expression, is neither more nor less than a *silly fellow*, who is thought to be too great a fool to be a rogue. It is this common prejudice which I would combat, because it is not only mischievous, but, in my opinion, extremely false. *Weak* persons are commonly *false*; and men of superior understanding, men of integrity and truth, if I have been happy enough to make any correct observations. I think too, that my observations of facts are supported by the best theory on the subject. Men of talents have *extensive views*, and perceive in a moment how very seldom it is that falsehood and deception can accomplish any purpose. *Weak men*, who never see far, are always pressed to overcome present difficulty, and nothing seems to them more easy than a lie or a trick. This is the habit of every child to escape correction or gain a point; and what is a weak man but a grown child? Now, when Mr. Addington became Prime Minister, i

the general cry, He is a *simple well-meaning man*; and jealousy was laid asleep by this prejudice, that a *weak man* is not to be dreaded as deceitful. How has this *simple well-meaning man* acted? He has made war under *false* pretences—by this the nation has been deceived. He has unfairly stated the finances of the country, and tricked men into loans—by this the mortgaged men have been deceived. He has talked fair to his old friends, who opened the door of his advancement—by this Mr. Pitt has been deceived, who still thinks himself the wiser of the two. He keeps his place in peace and war by trick and management alone—by this all parties have been deceived. His administration is a scheme of low deception, a system of expedients such as children adopt. He has proved that a *weak man* is most likely to be false; and that a great man of talents is most likely to be true, honourable, and useful, I hope the nation will one day believe and experience.

It has often been remarked, that *low minds are cunning*; for the same reason, no doubt, because great minds know that cunning and trick cannot long subserve any important purpose, and such solicit only the accomplishment of important purposes; whilst *low minds* are ever upon the watch to obtain temporary advantages, and, looking no farther, leave their characters at risk. I am no partisan in politics; one word, however, may be pardoned upon a politician. Mr. Fox has shut the door of office against himself, only by his *open* and *ingenuous* conduct. "There was in the nature of this man (so his biographer will say) something so undisguised, simple, and direct, that he always gave offence to the Court; for those who required flattery from him, found that he was too proud to debase himself." I fear Mr. Fox will not be soon in office; but when he shall be so, let no vulgar maxim be opposed to him; and because
he

he is a man of talents, let us not be told that *therefore* he will deceive us. Deception is exclusively the companion of the weak—he who can walk alone disdains to repose on such a support.

ANTHONY NOSNIBOR.

*From my Counting-house in
Gracechurch Street, 31st Jan. 1804.*

EPIGRAMS.

[From the Oracle.]

I.

QUOTH Sir Christopher Croaker, "I've form'd a strong
notion

The Machine of the State must soon stop in its motion;
For the dunces at present who drive the wheels round,
I fear, in the end, much too *weak* will be found."

"You jest," replied one, in mechanics more knowing;

"'T is by weights made of *lead*, some machines are kept
going;

And the state of that crazy Machine plainly shews

That its weights are as leaden as need be, God knows!

But to prove the assertion, I'll wager a crown,

That in two or three weeks we shall see them *run down*."

J. H.

II.

Wit is to madness always an ally;

If so, ye ministerial hearts, be glad;

For though the *Doctor*, all must know, can die,

We all must likewise know he can't die mad!

J. H.

III.

A COMPARISON.

A plain country 'Squire, 't is a fact I relate,

Hir'd a Coachman who scarce knew the whip from the reins,

Who, like him that now drives the great Coach of the State,

Was complete, save in one thing, and what was that?—

Brains!

A day or two pass'd, and he pleas'd very well;
 But in less than a fortnight, O cruel disaster!
 Though both stupid and honest, yet, shocking to tell!
 He, o'erturning the coach, nearly kill'd his own master.

J. H.

IV.

ON THE ABOVE EPIGRAMS.

"Three Epigrams on one poor man!
 Pray who such stuff can read?"
 Sir, you say right; for I confess
 The subject's *poor* indeed.

J. H.

MORE OF THE DOCTOR.

[From the same.]

"THOU best of Brothers!" sapient Hiley cries,
 "For making me Paymaster Military!"
 "Thou best of Brothers!" sweetly Bragge replies,
 "For making me War-Office Secretary!"
 "Thou best of Brothers!" hark to Adams' note,
 For making him a heav'n-taught Naval Lord!
 "Thou best of Cousins!" hear the well-purg'd throat,
 Of Cousin Blackwood and of Cousin Ford!
 "Thou best of Cousins!" Golding loudly rings,
 "That made me Treasury Lord, who was a *writer*!"
 "Thou best of Pupils!" Gloucester Abbey rings,
 "That gave your tutor, Huntingford, the mitre!"
 "Thou best of Fathers!" *little* Bolus screams—
 "(But can't you find another *Pells* for *Mifs*?)"
 "Thou best of Husbands!" Richmond Lodge exclaims,
 "That made me witness to your wedded bliss."
 "Thou best of Men!" the pension'd Bentley bawls,
 "For giving me the bribe Pitt dar'd dispute!"
 "Thou best of Men!" each hireling author squalls—
 Can Valpy, Redhead, Beake, Dupree, be mute?
 Illustrious names! attend the *Doctor's* call;
 To him you jobb'd for, all your voices raise;
 Without one merit, England *pays you all*—
 Then *all that best of men, the Doctor, praise!*

BRODUM.

ON

ON THE EXTRAORDINARY SILENCE OF A
LATE TALKATIVE SENATOR.

[From the same.]

WHEN first in Britain's Senate tried
 His new-fledg'd pow'rs against the Ministry,
 He boasted that, to lower the Premier's pride,
 He held a *general retaining fee* *.
 So when nor wit nor argument prevail'd,
 To raise his consequence, or stamp his fame;
 To cancel all at once he then assail'd,
 Stept forth a Duellist, but miss'd his aim.
 But Pitt's great soul, unaw'd, unus'd to yield,
 Justly with such a foe to treat disdain'd;
 And ever in the senate as the field,
 One cool superiority maintain'd.
 Not so does Addington (with crafty minds
 Ill do such manly sense and spirit suit);
 With his own arms his suppliant foe he binds,
Retains him with a place, and strikes him mute.

A F A B L E.

[From the same.]

AT Saint Barthol'mew's annual feast,
 A certain Noble Peer
 Bought Goodinan Punch for twice ten pounds,
 Nor thought his purchase dear.
 Two hours the titled sage had heard
 The Puppet rout and bellow;
 And "Sure," thought he, "my wooden friend
 's a dev'lish clever fellow.
 "High in the Council of the land
 Full twenty years I've sat,
 And, though a Christian, ne'er could make
 A speech so good as that."

* See Mr. Tierney's first speech in Parliament.

Pleas'd with his prize, my Lord, in haste,
 Convey'd the stranger home,
 Indulging his capacious mind
 With wonders yet to come !

But, oh ! the stern decrees of Fate
 Man's fondest projects break ;
 For soon he found, with anguish torn,
The Puppet would not speak !

MORAL.

This tale, methinks, may greatly serve
 Our *sage* Administration ;
The Treasurer of the Navy Board
Can make the application.

PILPAY, Jun.

ALARMS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

NOTHING seems more wanted at present than some certain criterion, or set of rules, by which we can judge of our actual situation. Perhaps there never was a time when it was more necessary that Ministers of State should be acquainted with the philosophy of the passions. For some months past they have been playing off the passion of *Fear* among us, without seeming to understand how far it ought to be carried, and where to stop. I cannot positively say that what they have done is wrong, but I am certain they do not themselves know that it is right. One event may justify, and another condemn them, in the use they have made of the powers of alarm.

We all talk of invasion ; but how ? One day its horrors are placed before our eyes, and we are afraid to go to bed in the dark. Next day we look at caricature prints, and read posting-bills on the walls, and snap our fingers at Bonaparté and all his legions. One day,

day, the gun-boats which are to invade us, amount to eight hundred, each capable of carrying seventy men; the next, we cannot count above two hundred in all the enemy's harbours, and few of those fit for sea. One day, the volunteers are told they are too numerous; and the next they are desired to prepare for actual service.

I know not what effect the rebound of these reports may have in France; but I can confidently assure the *Doctor*, that if they be continued, and equally inconsistently, they will bring his patients into what the nurses call a *very low, nervous way*.

I am, Sir,

MEDICULUS.

THE CONTRAST; OR, THE STATESMAN AND THE DOCTOR.

[From the Oracle.]

WHEN the immortal Chatham sunk in death,
 The fainting statesman with his parting breath
 Gave his lov'd son—'t was all he had to give—
 The noblest gift a son could e'er receive—
 Proud independent dignity of mind,
 Improv'd by precept, and by taste refin'd,
 With talents, eloquence, and truth combin'd! }
 Such *was* the youth! the statesman well we know—
 And the vast debt of gratitude we owe—
 While nations, sav'd by *England's* glories, tell
 "By him she triumph'd, and with him she fell!"
 Mark the reverse—the sage *Old Doctor* dies,
 The son inherits *all* his properties—
 The sapient wig, that grac'd the Speaker's chair—
 The solemn empty scull—the vacant stare—
 Land, money, stock, much caution not to spend it,
 And prudent precepts how to save and mend it;
 With smoothest words of sweetest sugar-candy,
 He duly watch'd Pitt's "*molle tempus fandi*;"

—c 5.

Then

Then on his K—'s unguarded favour steals,
 And bids his juggled patron quit the seals;
 Barters the proudest gems of victory
 For danger, ruin, shame, and obloquy!
 And thus, the scorn and jest of every one,
 In peace or war, too weak to govern shown,
 Our fate still hangs on *Doctor* Ad——n!

}
 BRODUM.

CONFIDENCE IN THE DOCTOR.

[From the same.]

WHEN Philip threaten'd to invade our land,
 Howard, Vere, Clifford, Sydney, led our band,
 And form'd their Queen's and country's sure defence;
 Cecil and Walsingham her councils sway'd,
 Our wisest nobles lent their patriot aid,
 And claim'd Old England's love and confidence.
 See the same spirit beam in every eye,
 For their lov'd King each English heart beat high;
 But, ah! what confidence—when Jenkinson,
 Bond, Hiley, Tierney, Golding, Bragge, appear
 (Names for *high worth* and *wisdom* truly dear)
 Joint ministers with Doctor Addington!

MARVEL.

THE DOCTOR'S TRIUMPHS.

[From the same.]

LET fame no more speak,
 How, like Roman or Greek,
 Great Britain the world did subdue;
 These glories are gone,
 But the *Doctor* has won—
Demarara and *Essequibo*.
 When Pitt guided the war,
 Through the nations afar
 Our standards with victory flew;
 Deeds like those we despise,
 For the *Doctor's* rare prize—
Demarara and *Essequibo*.

Let

Let each surgeon, physician,
 Quacks of ev'ry condition,
 Nurse, druggist, and apothecary,
 Their clyster-pipes raise
 To the *Doctor's* loud praise,
 For *Essequib'* and *Demarara*.

BRODUM.

THE DOCTOR FOR ENGLAND.

[From the same.]

(See *Percy's Reliques of A. P. Vol. III. p. 312.*)

YOU read in Tooke's *Pantheon*, how
 The god of verse, Apollo,
 Was prince of all *Quack Doctors*, and
 The conj'r's trade did follow.

In Agamemnon's camp he shew'd
 His knowledge in prescriptions,
 First kill'd the mules and dogs, and then
 The troops of all descriptions.

So modern surgeons practise first
 On frogs their skill galvanic,
 Till, put upon the staff, they throw
 Whole armies in a panic.

At Delphi he bamboozled all
 The Greeks with false predictions;
 And, when detected, brav'd them out
 With still more monstrous fictions.

But far in all these arts excelling,
 We boast *our* state physician,
 That never-failing prophet and
Profound arithmetician.

No quack alive can match our quack
 In boasting or bravado:
 Your purse to bleed, your strength to drain,
 He beats the great Sangrado.

To vomit, purge you, or compose,
 He has the true specific;
 His very air will make you sick,
 His speech is soporific.

THE NEAR OBSERVER.

No brazen head, no leaden skull,
 His oracles can equal;
 And what cates he, if time, or fact,
 Disproves them in the sequel?
 His *surplus funds*, his *peace profound*,
 Of wicked wags the laughter;
 His *fifty ships* all fit for sea,
 The crews to follow after!
 How calm is Ireland's peaceful state,
 The Consul's mind how friendly,
 How just and good the *Doctor's* heart,
 Go ask of Mr. Bentley *.

"The *Doctor* is for England; the *Corsican* for France;
 Sing *Honi soit, qui mal y pense*.

THE NEAR OBSERVER;

OR, A BOLUS FOR BENTLEY.

[From the same.]

AN encomiast was purchas'd—and wrote—as he ought
 When encomium for men without merit is bought:
 Virtue gave not her spirit, nor genius its aid,
 And the cause he was hir'd to defend—he betray'd;
 His excuses shew'd guilt; and his praise, ridicule;
 And when'er he wrote "*wise*"—every reader read "*fool!*"
 The Treasury-devil, who brought to his garret
 Two-and-sixpence, whenever the Treas'ry could spare it,
 Once roaring and stamping came up for "a proof;"
 And, kicking the door open wide with his hoof,
 Cried, "My master, the *Doctor*, now sends half-a-crown,
 With orders—that you will no more write him down:
 He bids me to say, you mistake in your puff
 Of *consistency*, *energy*, *fore-sight*, and stuff!
 Words suggesting the names of Pitt, Grenville, and Wind-
 ham,
 And throwing *good* Addington's far back behind 'em—

* The supposed author of "*Curious Remarks upon the State of Politics*."

As if, to resist Bonaparté's invasion,
For aught but "*well-meaning*" there's any occasion!
As if national confidence rested on more
Than the *candour* which charm'd—and which chous'd it
before!

As if promises false, with words that are fair,
When they did for a *peace*—would not do for a war!
Well-meaning and *candour* are fent for your text,
And to these you are order'd to stick, in your next."
Poor Grub-street replied—"As I now know my cue,
I will give both the *Doctor* and *Devil* his due;
Leave the praise of the one—" *whom all the world knows,*
To *fight* Opposition—and *write down* our foes,
And"—(bowing, and pouching the half-a-crown sily)—
"When I speak of the other—I always mean—*Hiley* *."

MORE OF THE DOCTOR.

[From the same.]

YE members, wheresoe'er you sit,
Ye friends to Windham, Fox, and Pitt,
Listen to the *Doctor's* ditty;
Low he bends before you, hoping
He may find your bowels open,
Your bowels open,
Bowels open, to soft pity!
He pleads he's not the first physician
Forc'd to play the politician;
For when Macbeth, by terror seiz'd,
Curs'd his crown's too fatal glister,
He pray'd his *Doctor* would mi—nister—
Would mi—nister—
Mi—nister to a mind diseas'd.
He next requir'd some drug of art
To cleanse his stomach and his heart
Of all the "stuff that gave offence;"

* For *Hiley*, read *highly*.

And

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO MINISTERS.

And ask'd from the empiric's power
 Some rhubarb, fenna,—purge to scour,
 Purge, to scour,
 Purge, to scour th' enemy thence !

Just so, *your Doctor* was call'd in,
 Risks all, *prescribes* through thick and thin ;
 And though you may n't approve all,
 Still let him try with draught and potion,
 In pity don't procure a *motion*,
 Procure a motion,
 Motion for the quack's removal.

BRODUM.

 MORE YET.

[From the same.]

THE *Doctor*, forc'd to find a tax,
 All ways and means would try at ;
 Income and property attacks,
 “ *Et sic mixtura fiat.*”

'T is true we found the bolus bitter,
 We kick'd at all it cost us ;
 The *Doctor* vows no dose is fitter,
 “ *Sic repetatur haustus.*”

But to resist should he expect us,
 To make his physic sweeter,
 With forc'd surcharges he'll inject us,
 “ *Et tunc enema detur.*”

BRODUM.

 DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE IN AND EX MINISTER.

[From the Morning Post.]

Imitation of Horace, Book III. Ode 9.“ *Donec gratus eram tibi.*”

A———N.

WHILST I but saw with your bright eyes,
 You thought me virtuous, good, and wise ;
 Nor envied me my seeming pow'r,
 Fleeting, possess'd but for the hour.

P—T.

P—T.

Whilst I, *sub rosa*, play'd alone,
My counsel, votes, were all your own;
But now, all hopes of favour lost,
By pride, by int'rest, passion, tost,
I, once so great, my fame belie,
To *statue*, now, reduc'd am I.

A———N.

Though late, mad Bonaparté bullied,
Hath he, I ask, our honour sullied?
See us, prepar'd to live or fall
With Britain's glory, one and all.

P—T.

An equal zeal *my* bosom fires,
A Ch——m's blood a P——t inspires;
Ten times for England would I fall,
Nor could ten deaths great *Will* appal,
If, *entre nous*, you 'd once again
Resign to me both whip and rein.

A———N.

Aye, aye—I see—your pow'r restor'd,
You 'd make your humble friend a—lord—
(St. James's gates once open'd wide,)
And in *great wig* * my visage hide.

P—T.

H—ll! H—ll! detected, baffled, driv'n
From *post* to *pillar* †—votes, too, giv'n;
Support!—to sneaking censure chang'd:
—All, all, with G——le is arrang'd!
With him I 'll rave—with him I 'll vote,
To G——le's key I 'll tune my note;
With him in opposition vie,
With him will live, with him will die.

* Alluding to the Woolfack.

† The pillar on which the Right Hon. Gentleman's statue is erected.

TO AN EX-MINISTER, PINING AFTER HIS PLACE.

[From the British Press.]

MR. EDITOR,

The incessant growl of the G——s, the P——s, the W——s, and their obscure parasites and under-strappers, against the present Administration, with no other view than to regain those places of emolument which they so foully forfeited, gave birth to the following effusion.

I am, yours, &c.

PHILO.

THE mastiff that has tasted blood
 Cannot forget the poor bull's nose;
 Delighted with the fat'ning flood,
 His holders wish again to close.
 Kick'd by thy S——n from thy place,
 Deep laden with the golden grain,
 How couldst thou, W——, have the face
 To try to fill that post again?
 Now for a tale thine ears prepare—
 I think it suits thee to a hair.

THE THIEF.

A rogue, for housebreaking and theft,
 Was to the cat-o'-nine-tails left,
 To work a piece of justice on his hide;
 And really Puss, with her long claws,
 Perform'd her part with much applause:
 Her art was most ingeniously applied;
 The nicely flowing purple streams
 Proclaim'd the beauty of her seams:
 In short, the knave receiv'd a handsome flogging;
 Firm as a rock
 He bore the shock,
 Ask'd not for water once—not e'en a noggin!
 Soon as his punishment was past,
 His eyes upon a house he cast:
 Pondering, and surveying it all over—
 "What!" cried the Beadle, who stood by,
 "What now has so engag'd thine eye?
 The longitude art trying to discover?"
 "I'm thinking," quoth the Thief, "that with a sleight,
 I'd rob yon linen-draper's shop to-night."

POLITICAL ASTRONOMY OF ENGLAND.

[From a French Paper.]

ENGLAND is a planet, as we all know, wholly separated from the Earth—*Toto divisos orbe Britannos*.—She is, however, not less anxious to exert her influence on that point. This planet seems to contain in its centre of gravitation, satellites of the following description :

Canning.—He describes a diurnal revolution round himself, and an annual revolution round Mr. Pitt. He is the smallest of all the English stars. It requires an excellent telescope to discover him. He is continually lost in the rays of Lord Grenville, or of Mr. Pitt.

Dundas.—He describes his diurnal revolution round France, and his annual round the world. It is in Scotland and in India that you may take the best observation of him. He has laboured under a momentary eclipse; but it is still expected that he will reappear.

Hawkebury.—A star of much brilliancy, but which shines only with a borrowed light. Astronomers have hitherto been puzzled to describe its course; it seems to be liable to continual aberrations.

Windham.—He belonged to the *Burkean* constellation, which has disappeared. This is a most eccentric meteor, and partakes of the nature of the comet. Astronomers are strongly of opinion, that, if he be not closely confined to his orbit, he must end in the destruction of the world.

Pitt.—A star of the first magnitude. He turns continually round George III. from which he is repelled by a centrifugal motion. It is principally at the Stock Exchange, or St. Stephen's Chapel, that a due observation may be taken of him.

Fox.—He is the polar star of England. In every storm and tempest, seamen turn intuitively toward him to inquire into their latitude.

Addington

Addington.—He is turning continually round every other star. Let him but approach in the least towards Canning, Fox, or even the smallest planet, he is carried away by their motion. Pitt exerts over him the influence of the moon, which possesses the power of raising or lowering the tides. This star is rapidly approaching to an eclipse.

EPIGRAM

ON THE NEW SERIO-COMIC PIECE "THE CARAVAN;"
INSCRIBED TO THE PRINCIPAL DRAMATIS PERSONA.

[From the Times.]

NOW Attic wit's o'ercome by Gothic rage,
And authors *throw cold water* on the stage;
While, honest *Carlo*, envying even *you*,
They make their very dramas *Dog-grel* too.
Hampstead.

THE HUMBLE PETITION

OF THE INHABITANTS OF MR. PIDCOCK'S MENAGERIE,
TO MR. REYNOLDS,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioners have been long immured within these walls, bereft of liberty and independence, and pining in sickness and despair: That a ray of hope has this morning beamed into their cells, when they were informed by a humane visitor, that one of their race, which human pride debases under the name of *brute*, has been appointed to act a part in one of your dramas*. Your Petitioners have heard that the *dog* CARLO obtained "universal applause from a most brilliant and overflowing audience;"—that he discovered moral feeling as well as dramatic skill; for "he smiled" at his master, and "did not turn tail upon him for saving a fellow-creature's life:" nay,

* The Caravan, an afterpiece first performed at Drury Lane Theatre, Dec. 5, 1803.

they have been informed that *Carlo* absolutely secured the success of the piece ; for, after having been in the water, he shook more *wit* from his hairy coat (estimating it by the laughter of the audience) than fell from his master's tongue, though very jocose ; and at the conclusion, he received all the praise, nothing being heard but, " An't he a fine dog ? Did you see the dog ? How excellently he did it ! " &c. &c. Now your Petitioners suspect that this applause will be for him but temporary ; they have no doubt that a sympathy was excited between the creature and his spectators, a greater part of whom in the boxes are said to be of the *canine* race ; and as *puppies* do not acquire the faculty of *seeing* till the ninth day, they will certainly be *blind* for a short time to his most undramatic tricks. And as they are well convinced that you despise the proud criticism which will censure the introduction of this brute, as a paltry trick, a gross abuse of the drama, and a most miserable want of taste, we hope that in your next piece you will be good enough to assign characters to some or all of us, wherein we may acquire more permanent fame for you and for the Theatre.

And your Petitioners shall ever pray, &c.

Signed, for the Society,

ELEPHANT, Secretary.

Given at Exeter 'Change.

[Morning Chronicle.]

THE NEW PERFORMER.

[From the same.]

Omne tulit PUN-TOM.

MR. EDITOR,

AS one of our Theatres has lately been dignified by the appearance of a *new Performer*, who cannot, like Shenstone, be grateful that his name is not liable to a *pun*, there is every reason to expect an inundation of that species of wit threatening to overflow the b

of the newspapers, and carry with it *Bonaparté* and the *Invasion*—*Windham* and the *Volunteers*—the *Doctor* and his *Income Tax*—and every other *obstruction* or *rubbish* it may meet with in the way. Already the wits in the Green-room, in the Lobbies, and in the Coffee-houses, are furbishing up their old jokes on *dogs* and *puppies*, and the epigrammatists are sharpening their points on this important subject. Upon all these considerations, and to prevent counterfeits, I beg leave to send you a specimen of the best *puns* that have been, or shall be, or can be made; and by virtue of all the authority I am vested with, I hereby prohibit and forbid all person or persons to make use of any other puns, quirks, or quibbles, for the space of three weeks from the date hereof.

1. Although the players of both houses have lately not had the privilege of giving *orders*, the *new performer* has his *bones* regularly sent to him.

2. The *Caravan* was originally intended to be a *five-act* piece, but the Managers recommended it to be *cur-tailed*.

3. Some critics think that there are too many performers engaged in the new Entertainment at Drury Lane. The *stage* literally *overflows* with them.

4. It is confidently said, that the Managers of a certain Theatre have made a *Grand Junction* with the *New River Company*.

5. The audiences are now so crowded to see the new performer, that a worthy *City Baronet* declared it put him in mind of the *dog* days!

6. We are extremely unwilling to touch upon the private foibles of the theatrical *corps*, when they do not interfere with their professional engagements; but we are compelled to observe, that on Monday night's performance Mr. *Carlo* was evidently in *liquor*!

7. Mr. Reynolds very properly gave up his *Comedy**

* "The Three Per Cents," performed Nov. 12, and withdrawn after the first night.

in compliance with the taste of the town. With respect to his new *Farce*, he may be permitted to be more *dog-matical*!

8. The spectators in the gallery, who love *nature*, are particularly delighted with the scene of *real water*. "None of your *made* stuff!"

9. The dearth of good dramatic writers is a general complaint, yet perhaps the real cause is indolence.—There are few men who might not produce an *Entertainment*, if they would set *doggedly* about it!

10. The critics think the new performer's part is too short, and object that it is all dumb show. The author, perhaps, "had not a *word* to throw to a *dog*!"

11. Since the appearance of the new performer at Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Fosbrook declares that he is every day *worried* for places.

12. The public in general are surprised to see such a large piece of *real water* collected every night; but some shrewdly suspect that Mr. *Carlo* gives them a *lift* there too!

13. The expense of our theatrical amusements, compared with those of the French, has sometimes been remarked by travellers. They must allow, however, that we now are entertained *dog-cheap*.

14. Players of both sexes have long complained of critics as a *snarling* race. They may rejoice now that they have got a brother on the stage, who will *snarl* and *bite* with any critic.

15. Notwithstanding the serious posture of public affairs in this country, our *taste* for the amusements of the drama increases very rapidly. It has, indeed, become a *canine* appetite.

Fifteen to the dozen is honest measure, Mr. Editor, and I hope will suffice for the present. Should there be a farther demand, I shall be ready to come forward a second time. In the mean while, I congratulate the town on this important acquisition, which must likewise be acceptable to Government itself, as this is the only

only performer on either stage who is directly *taxed* to the exigencies of the State.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

DOG-BERRY.

CARLO *versus* DOG-BERRY.

[From the same.]

"*Pun-ica mala leges.*"—VIRG.

"You shall read bad puns."—SWIFT.

SIR,

IN pointing his wit against me for *setting* myself up for an actor, your correspondent Dog-berry *verges* into *doggerel*, and deserves a *licking*. However, it is but a *pun-y* effort at *beast*, by which he has *four-footed* all title to *curtesy*.

For all the *clapping* I get, I despise *fawning*, but I will not be *run down*; and if he recurs to his *tricks*, and spreads more of those *waggish tails* which he *nose* are mere idle *jaw* that must *shock* every *well-bred* creature, he may perhaps be *unkennelled* and *dragged* into view, and finally *hunted* out of society. This I will tell him to his *teeth*.

Sir, I am now no *rover*, but *hold-fast* by my engagement. I was *scout* for to fill a part which I cannot help sticking to; and notwithstanding all the spleen Dog-berry *vomits*, I shall *return* to it every night whilst I *tarry-here*.

I do not pretend to *dive* into his motives; but *sink* or *swim*, I shall (as a matter of *course*) pursue him through all his windings, strip off his *bark*, expose the *litter* of *blind* absurdities which he *whelps*, and take care that he no longer imposes on the world with false *collars*. How I mean to proceed, is a secret which he shall not *worm* out of me though he should go *mad*. But I am on the *watch*, and shall bring him down on his *bare bones*.

I am not disposed to *pick quarrels*, but I will not *bear* to

to be *badgered*. I certainly did in-DENT with the Manager to exhibit in this *mongrel* play both on land and water; and the learned concur in thinking, that though the stage be a sort of *new found land* for my species, I swim in the water *similis puppi*; and i-cod I have been the saving of Reynolds's New-foundling.

But to be *Sirius*. I would rather leave Bannister's tail, and have a *canis-tèr* tied to my own, than be dogg'd by a *pack* of *distempered* critics who follow me to pick up jokes like *album græcum*. *Blood and hounds!* it moves my *collar*, and makes me *turn* and *spit*.

I would not willingly raise a hand or lift a leg against any man. But if Pompey or Cæsar themselves bring me into a *scrape*, I will make them *hang their ears*.—Sir, I am a true *Brute-on*, and akin to the *Bulls*, and can *smell a rat* as well as *another*. If therefore people will be too familiar, or pass their *rubs* on me, I shall *mange* to fend them off with a *flea in their ear*.

Here I make a *paws*. Excuse bad spelling in this rough *scratch*, which with me is always a saving *claws*.

Yours,

Drury Lane Theatre.

CARLO.

P. S. There is no truth in the report of the other house having sent a female of my own sort during the performance, to make me *bitch* my part.

TO CARLO.

[From the same.]

“When a man's servant shall play the *cur* with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a *puppy*; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it!” SHAKESPEARE.

HARKEE! Mr. Carlo—I thought to have done you a service, by taking all your *pun-ishment* into my own hands: but because you have *leaped* into preferment,

ment, your language is curfed *snappish*, and smells of the *kennel*; that let me tell you. As to your spelling, I don't mind it; you spell, perhaps, as well as some of your new brethren, who turn over the leaves of books only to make *dogs-ears*. But notwithstanding your great acting both by *land* and *water*, I'd have you to know that you are but in the *elements*. You seem not to be afraid of *sinking*, and yet I have known as promising performers as you *sink*; but you, like them, perhaps may suppose you have an old proverb on your side: and in truth, when such as you *get an ill name*, it is *haul up* with you.

Your master is, no doubt, very proud of you, and now splits the affections of his friends into "love-me, love my *dog*;" but let him take care how he throws all the *crusts* to you; the critics may make a *snap* at you yet; and then you will go howling like one of your sort that has lost his *tail*.

You affect to be mighty great, indeed; but I remember when you used to run into the New River, after a *stick* or a bunch of *carrots*—and since you provoke me, I'll tell the manager to his face, that he had better attend a little more to your *cast of parts*. You fancy, forsooth, that you are as great in one *piece* as in another; but you know what you did on *Desdemona's* bed the other night, when they thought you was getting by heart the *bucket* and *child*. That was but a sorry trick; and though you reckoned it a good *dyeing* scene, I am sure it was a *counter-pain* to any pleasure your other performance gives.

I don't care much for what you said to me; I am not *scratched* by it; but your respect for the audience is very doubtful: although they are ready to cry their eyes out, to see you on the brink of saving a bundle of *rags* from an untimely end; yet you no sooner come out of the water, than you *shake your head at them*!

Is

Is that manners? "Go to the d——l, and *shake yourself*," if you know no better. Depend upon it, this may in time stop your *Car-rear* as well as your *Caravan*; and I hope the next time your master *whelps* a *farce*, he will take better care of the *breed*.

And now, Sir, if you learnt at Newfoundland to *fish* for compliments, you see I am determined not to swallow the *bait*; and I suspect that many of your present *warm* admirers, that are clapping and stroking your shaggy theatricals, will soon grow as indifferent as you, and as cold as a *dog's nose*. So I have done with you, and say, "Throw *farces* to the *dogs*, I'll none of them."

DOG-BERRY..

TO DOG-BERRY.

[From the same.]

"I'd rather be a Dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a *Raw-mun*."——JULIUS CÆSAR.

SIR,

SO you begin to *snarl* and grow *Crabb-ed* because I dared to break a *Launce* with you. I see you are now at a *fore pinch*, having nothing left but *scraps* and *rub-bitch* to throw at me. But I am no *follower* of yours, and I despise all your *ignawble* insinuations. I suppose you thought I would be as *pliable* as a *Doctor* or *Court spaniel*; but you will find me as stiff as an oak or a *beetch*. Rather than *bow* to you, I *wow* I would hang myself.

If I chose to take the law of you, I think I could *lay you on your back*. If not by *civil* process, I certainly could do it by the *canine* law. Counsellor *Hair-skin* would make *my case* his own. *Mingo* and I would—but *let that pass*. Judge *Nares* would soon *smell* you out, and *Sir Gnash* would *masticate* you. With Judge *Heath* I should know *my ground* still better.

better. I should desire no *pack jury*, but I own I am partial to the *tales*.

As for some of my young relations having been *drowned*, the more shame for those that drowned them, leaving me nothing but a *post Tobit*. If any of their bodies fall into your hands, Mr. Dog-bury, I may *prog-nasty-cat*, that, like other sextons, you will make *nasty cats prog* of them. You would *hang* me too if you could; but I hope I shall be always *independent*.

The story which you assert so *sturdily* about Desdemona's bed is all a *bite*. I *strained hard* to conceal it, because, if I know any thing of the *Moors*, it is a *black business*. But, whoever was concerned in it, thereby hangs no *tail*. I was not *on* but *under* the bed the whole time, as the Jordan can testify; and all your *counterpanes* cannot counter-vallance that: if so, bring your evidence and produce what you found, or (as the lawyers call it) the *cur-pis delicti*. But in this business I am quite *unspotted*. As for their beds, I care not a *straw* for them, and I would as soon sleep in a *manger*.

With regard to Chloe, I have nothing to be ashamed of upon that score, having behaved to her like a *joint-tail-man*; which I have no doubt she will be *proud* to acknowledge.

I beg you to consider that I have a *character* to lose, and possibly soon may have *two*, as I understand the manager is of opinion, by my manner of shaking my head, that I may do for Lord Burleigh. For I have always kept good company, and am as good a judge of *horse-flesh* as any jockey of them all.

Yours,

CARLO.

CAT *versus* DOG.

[From the Times.]

"Thrice the brindled CAT hath *mew'd*,"SHAKESPEARE'S *Macbeth*."The CAT *will mew*." SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

To THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.

OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

SIR,

PERHAPS I ought to apologize for troubling you, but I felt more disposed to apply to you than to the present *tragic* Manager, the sight of whose awful *whiskers* discomposes me. Besides, you have, upon many occasions, shewn an impartial patronage to performers of every description, whether *biped* or *quadruped*. But I will not now enter on the Catalogue of your virtues.

I am led to this from my love of the drama, and my present wants; and likewise from bearing of the great fondness the Public have shewn for CARLO, of whom I cannot say, that "I have not one word to throw at a *dog*," having had for some time a fireside intimacy with him, in which we agreed, "like *dog* and *cat*." "He is a very *dog* to the community," and I am grown quite "*dog-weary*" of hearing of his fame.

Should you desire any thing beyond my personal recommendations, I may safely assert that my family is most ancient and most respectable. You have often heard of my great ancestors CATO and CATULLUS, and of the unhappy CATILINE, to whose sad catastrophe I will not now advert. The CATACOMBS in Egypt, and the CATARACTS in various parts of the world, the CAT-TI, the CATILI, the CATIXI, the CATYRUCHLANI of Britain, &c. &c. attest our ancient greatness, when we were in the *lap* of prosperity, and possessed abundantly the *milk* of human kindness. In modern times, I might remind you of the CATALONIANS, and of the CAT-

holics in general, among whom we held many eminent situations in *CATHedrals*, and were well acquainted with all the *DOGmas* of the *day*. To say nothing of the force in ancient war of the *CATapultæ*, are not *cats* at this moment able to annoy and impede the best-mounted cavalier? But what does not the *British Navy* owe to *us*, for that perfection of discipline established, notwithstanding a *natural antipathy to water*, by that great Admiral CAT-o'-NINE-TAILS? Here our superiority over the *canine* race shines; as *France*, whom we have so often "made to *skip like rats*," has long ago been pronounced a *DOG-HOLE*. What great advantage must accrue from the science of *CAToptirics*? How useful to the honest part of the public are *CAREH-poles*! In short, the highest and the lowest situations on the face of this earth have been ours: from the *CAT-a-mountain* to the *CATERpillar*. I myself am the great grandson of *Whittington's CAT*, so famous in the city of London, and whose effigies once adorned one of its entrances; and I am elder brother (out of a litter of *nine*) of that adventurous CAT, *Grimalkin*, who ascended, with *Garnerin*, the regions of the *air*. Indeed, it is clear, from history, that it was our usefulness and our rank, that obtained for us that high privilege, as well known as any axiom of morals, or any common saying:

"A CAT may look at a King!!!"

A cruel concatenation of circumstances compels me thus to solicit you. Nothing *delights* me more than the playhouse. Indeed I was always especially fond of *LIGHTS*, and devoted to the *MOWS*. I am ready to submit to any theatrical *CATastrophism* you may choose to examine me by: I know *Managers* are a little *DOG-matically*, but I will answer you *CATegorically*. If my application be vain, & it follows, then, that the CAT stay at home. But, if otherwise, you will find *Paps* in

in Boots" a most attractive spectacle. "There be *some* that are *mad*, when they behold a CAT:"—now if we should turn the heads of the town, what success!!! The *gnawings* of envy would cease. If I "*smell a rat*," "he is dead, for a ducat."

"Not a *Mouse* shall disturb this *hallow'd House*."

I have two young daughters, *Felina* and *Miscipula*, playful and *dainty* creatures, who with the lustre of a CAT's *eye* would soon put most of your *Stage tabbies* out of countenance; aye, and your most celebrated *vocal* performers too. For myself, "I'd rather be a *kitten* again, and cry *Mew*, than one of these *saine metre ballad-mongers*." *Felina* has been too *erratic* of late, and has met with a slight hurt, for which she is recommended to use *embrocations* and *cataplasms*. An uncle of mine too (*Kit-cat*) has a *catarrhal* affection, but would still play the part of a *HE-cate*, in *Macbeth*, for instance, with any in town. As for me, I'm in excellent health. "Throw *physic* to the *dogs*, I'll *none* of it." And there's my young son (*Tom-cat*) a *rattler* to be sure; but very *rational*, and at times *rationcinative*, and would be a first-rate *harlequin*, from his surprising *spring* and *leap*, with which he most admirably describes the *catenary* curve.

Should my proposal be worth attending to, let me know your mind, and I will make no long *paws* about it, but *nail* the business out of hand. I hope you will *catch* at this, and I will *ratify* it instantly. Your character gives me hopes of our friendship continuing, as I much admire a *good Liver*, and having to my own share, *nine Lives*, you need not soon fear the loss of *me*, nor that of the *public support*, while you *cater* for them to such advantage; and I make no doubt we shall soon put an end to these *unnatural* DOG-DAYS.

Catterick.

CAT-o.

DOG *versus* CAT.

[From the same.]

To JOHN KEMBLE, Esq.
OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

SIR,

I SHOULD not presume to intrude, at this moment, into the sublime regions of your tragic mind, but for the efforts of a *nine-lived Rival*, who, in THE TIMES of Saturday, under the signature of CAT-o, lays claim to the patronage of that Monarch to whom you so worthily supply the place of Prime Minister.

CAT-o, Sir, seeks to recommend himself as a *Cat* of learning. He has made, no doubt, a formidable display of *keen-scented* researches in genealogy, by ransacking the dictionaries of the English language to trace out *vocabulary* affinities, where none, either natural or historical, existed : and he so effectually *punned* me out of all patience in this pursuit, that I was tempted to exclaim, in his own strain—

“ Quousque tandem abutere CAT-ilina patientia nostra ? ”

But, Sir, notwithstanding all the hard names CAT-o may press into the service of his family escutcheons, or however wide his researches, even to the CAT-acombs of Egypt, to prove the extent and antiquity of his connexions ; yet, Sir, I trust, as a plain English Dog, I can substantiate such extensive proofs of antiquity and high-blooded connexion in my family, as must place my claims on a ground infinitely above those of CAT-o, or any other of the whole *Feline* family, for support, as a public performer.

Sir, if I were merely disposed to appeal to the annals of the stage, I should there find recorded the performances of many *Learned Dogs*, *Dancing Dogs*, and other ingenious *Dogs*; even within my own day, who have devoted their talents to the public amusement, with much *eclat* and advantage to their employers ; as the *Sieur Astley*, and the sage managers of
Sadler's

Sadler's Wells, can attest. But who ever heard of a *Cat* as a dramatic performer?—We have witnessed, indeed, a *Drumming Hare*, a *Learned Pig*, a *Musical Turkey*, and a *Learned Poney*; but I have ransacked, in vain, the Prompter's records, and perused whole volumes of play-bills, without finding a single *Cat* among the Performers.

If I look, Sir, among the supporters of the drama before the curtain, in every part of the house, I would ask, who have at all times contributed more liberally than the different branches of my family? Who has not heard of the *Jolly Dogs*, the *Pickled Dogs*, the *Hearty Dogs*, the *Frolicking Dogs*, the *Dashing Dogs*, the *Amorous Dogs*, the *Sad Dogs*, the *Wicked Dogs*, the *Scape-grace Dogs*, the *Droll Dogs*, the *Diverting Dogs*, and many others whom I could name, and who have been, in all ages, the chief supporters of all the temples of mirth, amusement, and revelry? Even the *younger branches* of our family, who still keep up the spirit of the *box-lobby*, and dash upon the *prado* of *Bond Street*, are allowed to have their use. If I look to the fair sex, what beings have been more anxiously cherished, or more tenderly caressed by them, than our race? Have we not been their companions in their bedchambers, seated on their laps, combed with their fair hands, wrapped in their muffs, fed from china or silver with the most delicate viands and sweetmeats; attended by their physicians, and shared the tenderest cares and fondest solitudes, when their most ardent suitors and half-expiring lovers have been rejected with disdain? If we look to the admiration and support of the *Squirearchy* of Old England, what class of beings have, for centuries, occupied more of their attention, their patronage, their company, and conversation? For our society, they abandon, before the morning's dawn, the couch of beauty, and cheerfully encounter the chilling breeze, or dripping rain, to follow hill, dale, and bramble, in the arduous cha

perpetual risk of neck and limb ; and after having followed us all day, with shouts of eager joy, they talk of us all night with rapture, till the united influence of *Bacchus* and *Morpheus* seals up their mouths, and consigns them to the chambers of neglected beauty.

Nor is our race less admired in the political circles : for how oft have I, with secret rapture, listened to the eloquent encomiums of the philosophic W—nd—m, on the accomplishments of the “true-bred *British Bull Dog*,” whose fierce courage and invincible ardour render him a fit figure to enrich the rhetoric of those orators who speak the just eulogiums of our gallant tars. And if I look, Sir, to the annals of war, I there find that our alliance and prowess have been sedulously courted by those warriors and conquerors, who found human means inadequate to the achievements of proud trophies that have decorated the brows of the *first conquerors of America*, and the *last* conquerors of the *West-Indian Maroons* ; and who found, in the *Canino Regiments of Cuba*, allies much more formidable than the *Invincible Legion* of the renowned Bonaparté.

Having thus, Sir, proved historically the honours of the *doghood*, I feel it unnecessary to dwell *dog-matically* on the field of demonstration, which I might further explore, in support of our claims. I rest not, Sir, upon *puns*, for the proofs of our merits ; for our fidelity has never been reproached with the appellation of *Pun-ic* faith. But, Sir, I can go to still higher authority for the proofs of my descent. I can trace our genealogy to the regions of the stars, and boast an influence there to which not CAT-o, nor any of his mousing race, can aspire. Which, I would demand, amongst the bright galaxy of the *skies*, can boast more influence over the affairs of *Man*, than the *Dog-star* ? Is it not from him the whole race derive that warmth of temper, that heat of blood, that ardour of passion, which fire the soul to generosity, to love, to deeds of heroism and glory, without which man would have remained torpid,

-torpid, like the sluggish animals of the frozen zone? Nor should we, without his influence, have ever heard of those deeds of love and war which alternately promote and prune the exuberance of population, and enrich history with events.

I should be a *sad dog*, indeed, Sir, if I suffered the honours of my family to be *purred* and *mewed* away by any mouser in Christendom; and the applauses of a British audience, which have hitherto honoured my humble performances, have taught me to set at defiance all the machinations of a *Cat-iline* conspiracy.

CARLO.

HONOURABLE DOGS.

[From the British Press.]

SIR,

REYNOLDS's *Caravan* having, as it were, "let slip the *dogs* of war" at poor Carlo, who has had his hide *cur-ried* by them in a most *dog-matical* manner, as well in *dog-ged* prose, as in *dog-grel* verse, I shall beg leave, in a few words, to vindicate the honourable character of the canine race, against these *cur-sed* snarl-ers, who, in shewing their CANINI DENT-es, (absit-pun!) prove that they have not yet cut their *dentes sapientiæ*. "Indeed, I would rather be a dog, and bay the moon," than deny them the advantage which they seem to enjoy in the proverb—"Every dog has his day *."

Did not a sect of ancient philosophers (doubtless out of respect to that animal) name themselves *Cynics*, from a Greek word signifying *dog*, and was not their founder, the great philosopher and moralist, Antisthenes, called a *sincere dog*? Did not the soul of one of the friends of Pythagoras choose to animate the body of a dog, in preference to that of any other

* See *Curious Proverbs*, p. 11.

creature; and is not this ascertained by the fact related, that Pythagoras, seeing some one beat a dog, begged him to desist, for that in his howling he heard the voice of a friend? Did not the Egyptians worship Anubis? and that his appearance might, in their opinion, be truly godlike, did they not give him the head of a *dog*? And what do not your gallant seamen owe to the Polar star, or *Cynosure*, which is a Greek compound, simply meaning the *dog's tail*? Thus, in opposition to Virgil's Fame, who

“Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit,”

between the Egyptians and your tars, the dog has *his head* on Earth and *his tail* in Heaven! Greatly is Heaven adorned by him, indeed, both in his constellation in the Northern as well as Southern hemisphere; in the latter, the astronomer sees him under the denomination of *Canis minor*, or *the little dog*; and in the former, beneath Orion's feet, he beholds *Canis major*, or *the great dog*.

Let us now descend from the celestial regions, and suppose we alight on Venice. Who is there the chief magistrate? *A Doge!* for so they affectedly spell the word, and would derive it from *Dux*; but this flimsy pretence, to blink the question of their origin, exposes itself. Brunckenbacchius, the great German commentator, assures us, that all the Dogs (or Doges, if they will have it so) of Italy, spring in a right line from certain *puppies* left by Æneas standing on the shore of Caieta. See Brunckenbacchius on this passage, *Stant litora puppes*—Æn. 6.

I might build much to the fame of the race, on the virtues of the faithful dog of Ulysses; and many other of his worthy brethren might I reckon on my list of honour; but I shall no longer dwell on earthly dogs. To Hell I go! and there, in Cerberus, what do I behold? A dog, the guardian of the place. Thus doth he at once illumine the fields of Heaven; and protect the gates

gates of Hell. Can you be so blind in your judgment, and so narrow in your views, as to believe that he does nothing more in his infernal office? Charon's bark, being in a crazy state, never carries over more than three persons, who are constantly upset; and surely it cannot be too much for you to believe, that it is then the duty of Cerberus to plunge into the Styx (for, unlike other dogs, he's not afraid of *Styx*), and, with his treble jaws, to bring them all three safe on shore. But, this thrice-*capital* dog, it must be remembered, is of immortal breed. Other dogs must be content with *one head*; and even so, they are often much better off than their masters!

I am, I confess, not a little warm upon all subjects; but if I have betrayed more than usual warmth on this last head or *heads*, I trust that I shall be excused.—
“Love me, love *my* dog.”

OLD NICK.

P. S. Since *more heads than one have been kept above water* by honest Carlo (see an admirable caricature just published), I hope that we shall never again hear the phrase “*Gone to the dogs*,” but with a meaning the very reverse of that which it has hitherto obtained.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Oracle.]

THE *Manager* of the *Little Theatre in Downing Street* having lately attempted to seduce a *very popular actor* from his present engagements, received the following answer, which we recommend in all similar cases; many such applications being likely to be made in other quarters this season.

“DOCTOR,

“I scorn your offers, and should think myself disgraced by being in *your company*. You are an *impudent*

D 6

60 THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

dent dog to make me such a proposal. I and my family, Doctor, are on a very different footing from you and yours; we have made *some noise* in the world long before we were brought on *this stage*. We are an honest, open-hearted, and generous race, faithful to our masters, attached to our friends, and grateful to our benefactors. We scorn to turn tail, like you and your whole pack, on the men we have been *sauntering upon*; or to bite the hand that has been feeding us.

“ Besides, Doctor, your example is a lesson to me not to undertake parts which are beyond my abilities. Wherever I appear, it is *in my own element*. I wish you could say the same; not but that I think myself in all respects very much your superior. I can *fetch and carry* at command as readily as yourself. When any thing is *put into my mouth*, I can retain it faithfully, and afterwards *deliver* it with a good grace. Can you do as much? I am, indeed, a *dumb creature*, like yourself; but then I know my own deficiencies, and never have exposed myself before *any audience*. Is that your case? I am faithful, vigilant, and bold. What are you? I can protect my Master's property, and defend his person. I never crouch to his enemies, nor backbite his friends; I am the terror of the former and the *delight* of the latter. I ask again, *What are you?*

“ But you know the kindness of my nature, and so you hope to move my pity. You tell me that you are *out of your depth*. I have long seen it. You call to me, that you are *sinking* as fast as possible. Who doubts it? That *you can't keep your head above water*. How should you? That every fresh struggle plunges you *deeper in the mud*. I am glad of it, Doctor, with all my heart. You want me to help you out. I am indeed in the daily habit of dragging out *one bundle of rags*; and to get you out of your present situation would

would be a good act, whoever does it. But as for me, there you may flounder and plunge till you are drowned like a *rat* as you are.

"I am, Doctor, yours,
" Drury Lane Green Room. CARLO."

AN APPROPRIATE NATIONAL ADDRESS.

WRITTEN BY SIR J. B. BURGESS, BART.

SPOKEN BY MR. RAYMOND, AT DRURY LANE THEATRE,
 AT THE REVIVAL OF THE TRAGEDY OF EDWARD
 THE BLACK PRINCE; OR, THE BATTLE OF POISSIERS.

TO charm, instruct, and dignify the age,
 Was long th' acknowledg'd province of the stage,
 When the free Muse, by fashion undebas'd,
 Through Nature's range her great example trac'd,
 Rescu'd Desert from all-subduing Time,
 Stamp'd worth with glory, with dishonour crime,
 And, uneduc'd from Virtue's sacred laws,
 Disdain'd by Ribaldry to seek applause.

Such were the themes which once true genius fir'd,
 Which Britain's sons with patriot zeal inspir'd,
 When, as their fathers' valour was rehears'd,
 O'er ev'ry soul congenial ardour burst;
 And while they crown'd the bard with just applause,
 They grew enthusiasts in their country's cause.

Such are the themes which now attention claim,
 The field of Poitiers, and young Edward's fame!
 When England's harass'd but determin'd host,
 Uncheck'd by tolls, unaw'd by Gallia's boast,
 The shock of countless multitudes withstood;
 When as each sword was dy'd in hostile blood,
 England's triumphant genius soar'd on high,
 And led her daring band to victory.

Since, ere the recent wounds of war are heal'd,
 Gallia's stern Tyrant dares us to the field;
 Let this proud record ev'ry feeling nerve,
 And teach us new distinctions to deserve.
 While Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt proclaim
 Our ancient prowess, and our fee-man's shame,

62 OCCASIONAL ADDRESS TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

Acre, Lincelles, and Egypt's bloody plain,
Prove in their sons their virtues bloom again.

When fairly pitted in the tented field,
To Gallic force did British valour yield?

When, if our gallant tars they dar'd to face,
Did Conquest's meed their puny efforts grace?
And shall we now, though on their adverse coast
Drawn out in arms appears their savage host,
Inflam'd by vengeance, avarice, hate, and lust,
Shall we our own resources dread to trust?

No! while our hands the patriot sword can rear,
While ev'ry Briton is a Volunteer,

We'll circle round our altars and our throne,
And prove our fathers' virtues are our own.

Like them our hearts with honest zeal expand,
We love, and can defend, our native land:

Like theirs, our Monarch is his people's friend
He too has sons our Island to defend:

And whether on the coasts of faithless France,
To check a Despot's rage, our hosts advance;

Or, our own laws and liberties to save,

On England's shores his mad attack we brave;

Let us our great forefathers' worth recall,

Resolv'd to triumph, or like men to fall!

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. C. KEMBLE, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL,
COVENT GARDEN, AFTER THE PERFORMANCE OF THE
PLAY OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH, FOR THE BENEFIT
OF THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

IN Spartan bands to wake heroic fire,
Renown'd Tyrtæus strung his martial lyre;
Tyrtæus, lame and weak, unskill'd to wield
The flying spear, or grasp the ponderous shield:
Nor by experience taught in just array
To form the files, and guide the doubtful sway:
Yet, Heav'n-inspir'd, he knew, beyond control,
With strains sublime to rouse the torpid soul,

Swell.

Swell with proud hopes the heart, and, by his breath,
 Kindle the love of fame; 'the scorn of death.
 And shall the British Muse, 'midst war's alarms,
 In silence rest, nor call her sons to arms?
 Shall Britons yield an unresisting prey,
 And own a base Usurper's foreign sway?
 No—when ye march to guard your sea-girt shore,
 “Return victorious, or return no more!”

Greece, in her freedom's most propitious hour,
 Waged impious wars, in quest of spoil or pow'r;
 And Rome, through many an age, unjustly brave,
 Fought to oppress, and conquer'd to enslave.
 E'en the bright wreaths our Edwards, Henrys, claim,
 Crown'd not the cause of Freedom, but of Fame;
 While fond Ambition, with misguided zeal,
 Sought England's glory more than England's weal.
 But when, of old, to chase a foreign host,
 The painted guardians of our Albion's coast,
 O'er her white cliffs descending, from afar
 On Cæsar's legions pour'd the tide of war,
 When scythed chariots swept th' ensanguin'd plain;
 Then Bards, enraptur'd, sung this patriot strain:—
 “Ye gen'rous youths, who guard the British shore,
 Return victorious, or return no more!”

Again Britannia sounds her just alarms,
 Nor lures by Int'rest, or Ambition's charms;
 But prompts to deeds, which fairer trophies yield
 Than grac'd e'en Agincourt's immortal field—
 And bids you guard, in free and gallant strife,
 Ail that adorns, improves, or sweetens life.
 Your homes, by faithful Love and Friendship blest,
 Each pledge of Love now smiling at the breast;
 Your daughters, fresh in bloom, mature in charms,
 Doom'd (should he conquer) to the Spoiler's arms;
 Your sons, who hear the Tyrant's threats with scorn,
 The joys, the hopes, of ages yet unborn;
 All, all endear this just, this sacred cause,
 Your Sovereign's throne, your freedom, faith, and laws:
 Champions of Britain's cherish'd rights ye stand;
 Protect, preserve, avenge, your native land!
 For, lo! she cries, amidst the battle's roar,
 “Return victorious, or return no more!”

A NEW SONG OF OLD SAYINGS.

[From the Morning Post.]

BONAPARTE, the bully, resolves to come over
 With flat-bottom'd wherries from Calais to Dover ;
 No perils to him in the billows are found,
For if born to be hang'd he can never be drown'd.

From a Corsican dunghill this fungus did spring ;
 He was soon made a captain, and would be a king ;
 But the higher he rises the more he does evil,
For a beggar on horseback will ride to the Devil.

To seize all that we have, and then clap us in jail,
 To devour all our victuals, to drink all our ale,
 And to grind us to dust, is this Corsican's will—
For they say all is grist that e'er comes to his mill.

To stay quiet at home the First Consul can't bear,
 Or mayhap *he would have other fish to fry there ;*
 So as fish of that sort does not suit his desire,
He leaps out of the frying-pan into the fire.

He builds barges and cock-boats, and craft without end,
 And numbers the hosts which to England he'll send ;
 But in spite of his craft, and in spite of his boats,
He still reckons, I think, without one of his hosts.

He rides upon France, and he tramples on Spain,
 And holds Holland and Italy tight in a chain ;
 These he hazards for more, though I can't understand
That one bird in the bush is worth four in his hand.

He trusts that his luck will all danger expel,
But the pitcher is broke that goes oft to the well ;
 And when our brave soldiers this bully surround,
Though he's thought penny-wise, he'll look foolish in pound.

France can never forget that our fathers of yore
 Us'd to pepper and baste her at sea and on shore ;
 And we'll speedily prove to this mock-Alexander,
What was sauce for the goose will be sauce for the gander.

I have heard, and have read in a great many books,
 Half the Frenchmen are tailors, and t'other half cooks ;
 We've fine trimmings in store for the knights of the cloth,
And the Cooks that come here will but spoil their own broth.

It

It is said that the French are a numerous race,
 And perhaps it is true, for *ill weeds grow apace* :
 But come when they will, and as many as dare,
I suspect they'll arrive the day after the fair.
 To invade us more safely, these warriors boast,
 They will wait till a storm drives our fleet from their coast ;
 'I hat 't will be *an ill wind* will be soon understood,
 For a wind that blows Frenchmen—*blows nobody good.*
 They would treat Britain worse than they've treated Mynheer,
 But they'll find *they have got a wrong sow by the ear.*
 Let them come then in swarms, by this Corsican led,
 And I warrant *we'll hit the right nail on the head.*

BONAPARTE'S VISIT TO THE SEA-COAST.

AN ODE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HIS WORTHINESS JOHN

BULL,

BY HIS FRIEND BARDD CLOFF.

[From the same.]

THE Heathen bards sang, that, in days of yore,
 The mighty thunderer—yclaped Jove,
 To visit earth, oft left the clouds above :
 And thousand little gods his train triumphant bore ;
 These, on Olympus, round him frik'd and laugh'd,
 And, like French puppies, fawning, lick'd his feet,
 Whilst he the luscious nectar quaff'd,
 And snuff'd the incense sweet !
 His wide-stretch'd ears too gulp'd the votive songs
 That dunn'd them from ten thousand flatt'ring tongues ;
 Till, flush'd with insolence and puff'd with pride,
 He look'd around with *scorn on all the world beside.*

But what were all these farces and palaver,
 To those of Cherbourg, Rouen, or of Havre ?
 When honour'd with the sacred presence
 Of all perfection—the quintessence !
 He—by whose gracious will the French are fed
 At last with liberty—up to the brim !
 Not that vague thing, for which their country bled,
 But the sweet liberty—of praising Him !!!

Some

Some have suppos'd, this niggard earth
To him owes ev'ry thing she's worth ;
And though from earth, he, like a *musroom*, sprouted,
Yet whether he's a man or not—'t is doubted !
Had those illustrious poets, who of old
So many tales 'bout gods and monsters told,
Now liv'd, they need not soar towards the skies
(So far beyond their reach) to fetch their pleasing lies.

They need but just slip on one side the pannel,
(As you may see the showmen do,)
And peep at yonder raree-show,
Wherein this thund'ret of the Gauls, so proud,
Darts like a meteor from his *sacred cloud*,
To cast a wishful eye at *us across the Channell* !

"Come now, my little girls and boys,"
(Me:thought I heard a showman bawl,)
"Leave for a while your dolls and toys ;
Step here—this fight is worth them all !
There, there—d'ye see that mighty hero yonder,
That's elevated like a steeple—

*The common arbiter of kings and people * !*
Who, on the wings of fame, are borne
From Nova Zembla to Cape Horn,
To gaze at this prodigious wonder !
Look how they worship, grin, and shrug their shoulders !
O ! how they long to be his stirrup-holders !

See, likewise, yonder lady—who so smart is ;—
Now, don't you think they are a charming pair ?
Look !—how the *jewels* sparkle in her hair !
Perhaps you think they're stolen from some Queen ?
Poh, poh, young rogues—go home, and say you've seen
The Bonapartés !"

The dreadful name no sooner was pronounc'd,
Than all the children shriek'd—and from the bugbear
bounc'd.

Thus ends the witty showman's clatter,
About the folks across the water :

* See the prefect of the department of the Lower Seine's proclamation to the people of Rouen, &c.

But, on the British side, I ween
 The tim'rous children may be seen :
 They fear the modern thund'rer will jump over,
 With one huge stride, from Calais Pier to Dover ;
 And then he'll make but one poor dinner,
 Alas !—of ev'ry British finner !
 Suck at a draught (to wash them down) the Thames ;
 Then set our houses and our ships in flames !
 Fye—fye—good countrymen—let's not be scar'd,
 Whilst we've so many oaken boards between us ;
 And, if these wooden bulwarks should not screen us,
 Why—then, I think, we'd prove—e'en for *his teeth too hard*.

EPIGRAM.

THE Corsican roars in a voice loud as thunder,
 " The fair fields of Britain I'll ravage and plunder !"
 John calmly replies—" If you can, Sir, you may ;
 And for your kind visit let me fix the day."
 " What, you !" exclaims Bony : " Yes, storm till you burst,
 But I shall not expect you till *April the first*."

A HINT ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

YOU make such a pother,
 From one month to t'other,
 'Bout coming our *Isle* to subdue ;
 That should you delay
 Still the visit to pay,
 Our armies shall—" *wait upon you !*"
 PRENEZ GARDE !

GALLUS ET TAURUS.

ALL Europe, from one end to t'other,
 Of this great war is full ;
 God bless us, here's a mighty pother,
 About a *Cock* * and *Bull* †.

* France.

† England.

TRANSLATION OF A GERMAN DISTICH ON A NEIGHBOURING STATE.

HER slaves are soldiers, and her soldiers slaves !
Her knaves are rulers, and her rulers knaves !

THE CONSUL IN LOVE.

YES, the Consul's in love ! not with glory nor self,
Wit, women, nor wine : what then ? *With himself.*
LGO.

AUT CÆSAR, AUT NULLUS.

BONAPARTE, of Europe the general teacher,
Most modestly thinks himself greater than Cæsar ;
And the schemes with which now he proposes to gull us,
If not make him a Cæsar, will sure prove him *Nullus.*
BOB BAYONET.

ON THE DISCOMFITURE OF THE FRENCH BY THE NEGROES OF ST. DOMINGO.

SAID Bony to his Negro brother—
“ Why should *true blacks* destroy each other ? ”
“ Hold ! ” cried the *Black*—“ a word or two—
Though black, we are not black like you :
Dark is the colour of *our* skin ;
The black with *you* is all—*within.* ”

P. O. U.

THE MAID OF LEEDS.

A TALE.

[From the Morning Herald.]

TWO *Yorkshire Justices*, post-haste,
Both sage, and of the *quorum*,
Summon'd a lass with roundish waist,
And she appear'd before 'em.

“ Here, pretty *maid*,” said one, and smil'd,

“ But come a little nearer ;

—You certainly are great with child,

Nothing on earth is clearer.”

“ Clear

"Clear as the sun," quoth t'other chief;

"So, damsel, now we've leifare,
Tell us, on Bible-oath, the thief
That stole your virgin-treasure."

"'T was him, your worships, I declare,"—

She said with smack right hearty,—
Him, that doth wonders far and near,

"'T was little *Boney-parte*?"

"Indeed? oh, then, we'll pause a bit,

Till he arrives at *Dover*,

Where we are told our brother Pitt

Intends to—*bind him over*!"

Nim.

THE PREVAILING FAIR;

OR, THE PEACOCK AND PLUM-PUDDING.

A Christmas Carol.—Tune—"Black-by'd Satan."

[From the Morning Post.]

THE gun-boats at Boulogne were moor'd,

The streamers waving in the wind;

When Mistress Bony came on-board,

For there she thought her love to find:

"Tell me, ye gentle sailors! tell me true,

Does my sweet Bony, does my sweet Bony sail among your crew?"

Bony was in the timber-yard,

Driving the workmen to and fro;

Soon as her well-known voice he heard,

A carpenter escap'd a blow!

The knotted scourge forsook his glowing hands,

And quick as lightning, quick as lightning by her side he stands.

"O Bony, Bony, lovely dear!

Why will you venture o'er the main?

Alas! my darling's doom I fear,

And doubt we ne'er shall meet again.

I dream'd a dismal dream, my love, last night;

Feel how my heart, feel how my heart yet palpitates with
fright!

"Methought

" Methought a huge plum-pudding stood
 Upon the board; the plums were *lead*!
 Hot pies were there, high-season'd food,
 And Turkey pouts, on *brimstone* fed!
 And still you seem'd to cry, 'I'll eat no more!'
 'Cram, and be curs'd! cram, and be curs'd!' a sailor seem'd
 to roar.

" His bayonet another drew,
 And pick'd your teeth against your will!
 A third pull'd out a ballad new—
 Something about—an *opium pill*,
 And sung it in your ear, with such a note,
 My very heart, my very heart bounc'd almost up my throat!"

" O fear not dreams, my lovely dear!
 Your Bony's laurels still shall bloom:
 But if you can't subdue your fear—
 Why—let another take my room—
 Moreau, the gallant, in *my* place shall go,
 And if he falls, and if he falls—adieu to brave Moreau!

" When to fair India's coast I sail,
 And Selim's troops with mine unite,
 I'll gain the glorious *Peacock's tail*,
 That Tippee form'd of diamonds bright—
 This o'er my love shall spread a splendid screen,
 When up the Thames, when up the Thames you sail like
 Egypt's Queen!

" Your pudding is an omen fair
 Of that bright gift I mean for you;
 Those plums the glittering gems declare
 That soon shall bless your raptur'd view.
 For all interpreters in this agree,
 That ev'ry dream, that ev'ry dream, denotes its contrary."
 The *Watchman* gave the dreadful word,
 That British sloop were seen a-head;
 From ev'ry boat the stepping-board
 Was laid, and fast the sailors fled.
 In vain the Consul flogg'd the flying band,
 In vain he cried, in vain he cried, "Scoundrels! I'll make
 you stand."
Sieve Donard!

SHILLALACH.

TO BONAPARTE.

[From Lucina.]

—Te

Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, Cœloque locamus.

JUVENAL.

FORTUNE achieves what never man suspects,
 Exalts the humble and the proud dejects ;
 'T is hers thy wild ambition to control,
 Though now her *golden draughts** inflame thy soul !
 The lowly rush and shrub unhurt are found,
 When lightnings strike the pine, high-tow'ring, to the
 ground !

THE GROANS OF THE GUILLOTINE.

[From the Oracle.]

ONE night in cold December's reign,
 When sadness fombred ev'ry scene,
 Thus long and loudly to complain,
 Was heard the gloomy *Guillotine* :

" Ungrateful France ! in vain for thee
 Have I of blood such torrents shed—
 In vain have toil'd to make thee *free*,
 By lopping off each tyrant's head !

" Bear witness, Ghost of Robespierre !
 And thou, Marat, bear witness too !
 Danton, Legendre, and Fouquier,
 Bear witness !—I appeal to you,

" If e'er machine, or new or old,
 In Havoc's armoury arrang'd,
 Hath done such service : yet I'm told,
 I for *another* must be chang'd !

* *Xpov vauara* ; but, if we read *Xpov vauara*, supposing the First Consul, owing to his good fortune, to be able to drink out of *cups of gold*, it will come nearer to his custom at St. Cloud, which is, we are told, to wash his hands in a basin composed of solid gold. Hereafter we may perhaps have to address him Martial's words to Bassa :

Ventris onus miseris hoc est pudor excipis auro.

to burden the wretched with the gold of the

" O re-

" O revolutionary rage !

Dost thou suspect that I am grown
Too blunt for use, too weak from age,
That I aside should thus be thrown ?

" *You floating sails usurp my place,*
His shifted flag there Terror waves,
The *Guillotine* is in disgrace !

Death now likes nought but *Galley-slaves* * !

HAFIZ.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE,
CALLED THE ENGLISH COUNTRY DANCE.

[From the *Morning Chronicle*.]

FRENCHMEN ! since you're fond of dancing,

We will give you *many a ball* ;
Lo ! to meet you, we're advancing,
Then obey our *music's call* .

Calais is a *step* from Dover ;
Strike up, and the dance begin ;

Yet, though eager to *cross over* ,
Ye shall never *figure in* :

For our *batts* when ye are riper,
And ye *dance* upon the waves,

We shall see, *who pays the piper* ;
As ye sink in watery graves !

Gallie cock-boats, dread our thunder !

They who're *foating* on the sea,
Are not slaves, whose God is plunder ;
But who fight for *Liberty* !

If, our gallant tars *escaping* ,

Some should land upon our shores ;

Then, instead of *fiddles scraping* ,

Deep-ton'd instruments shall roar .

Then with *light heels* nimbly, *capering* ,

Ye shall *skip* till out of *breath* ,

And the *cadence* to this vapouring,

Shall be *Holbein's Dance of Death* .

* Alluding to the present mode of punishing in France, by sending
offensive persons to the Gallies instead of the Guillotine.

To your threats of proud invadings,
 While your movements ye prolong,
 Frenchmen ! such *our serenadings* !
 Such, *the burden of our song* !
 And in *chorus* oft repeated,
 Echo shall resound this strain :—
 “ Britain *on a rock is seated* ;
 Hers the empire of the main ! ”
Hampstead, Jan. 21st, 1804.

X.

BONAPARTE TO THE SWISS.

[From the Morning Post.]

YE blind Mountaineers !
 Discard all your fears,
 And once more be jovial and hearty :
 Come follow the fashion,
 And, like the Great Nation,
 Bow down to the great Bonaparté.
 All Europe to me
 Shall one family be,
 And those that oppose me shall fall.
 What glorious fun,
 That *nobody's son*
 Should thus be the *father of all* !
 In fashions all own
 That the French set the ton—
 Like them make religion a joke,
 Cut heads off by dozens,
 Slay uncles and cousins,
 To—bend to a foreigner's yoke.
 Nay, hope not to stir up
 The powers of Europe,
 To join in your frantic desires :
 Assisted by no man,
 The Corsican showman
 Can dance *them* at will on his wires.
 Should Britain alone
 (Ere Freedom is gone)

Presume to lament your new fetters,
 Reject her endeavour
 Your *peace* to disserve,
 And join in this song with your betters :
 “ We gay Mountaineers
 Have discarded all fears,
 And once more are jovial and hearty ;
 We follow the fashion,
 And, like the Great Nation,
 Bow down to the great Bonaparté.”

Z. Z.

 LAUGH AND BE FAT.

[From the Oracle.]

*Piazza Coffeehouse, Covent
 Garden, Thursday Noon.*

SIR,

I GAVE full scope to my risible faculties on the perusal of your judicious and good-humoured criticism in this day's Daily Advertiser, on a remarkable passage in the *leaded* article of Wednesday's Times, which passage appears to have been dictated by the spirit of bombast and nonsense. I beg leave to recur to it here, that the reader may better comprehend the design of the subsequent *jeu d'esprit*. It is thus fairly copied *verbatim et literatim* :—

“ It is impossible for all the *natural* philosophers of the Institute, if they *decompose* and *analyze* all the *waters* of the *ocean*, to discover any particles or properties which disqualify or infect the human beings which inhabit its shores, and cut them off, by any law of repulsion, from the communion and society of the rest of mankind. It is neither a misfortune nor a disgrace to be the natives of an island ; and if ever the human race has had occasion to blush for any integral part of the species, it has not been for the people of Great Britain.”—*Times, Wednesday, Dec. 22. 1802.*

I confess,

I confess, Mr. Editor, that I was so highly pleased with this political descendant of Blackmore, whom the wits of the age immortalized as the commander in chief of the battery of Bombast, that I thought of the following

POETICAL EFFUSION,

BY THE GENIUS OF NONSENSE.

WHAT nonsense these *philosophers* will talk !

I mean the sages of the *Institute*,

Who tell us that each *islander* must stalk,

'Mong *continental* folk, just like a brute !

Now, we *islanders* solemnly declare,

It's no misfortune nor disgrace,

To be born here :

And we can look our neighbours in the face,

As boldly as a cobbler eyes a pot of beer ;

We are no *anti-human*, *anti-social* wights,

But we have lofty minds and *continental rights*.

For proof, I'll set philosophers a job,

Which it has puzzled now my nob

To state in proper phrase ;

In *style sublime* to make a wondrous clatter,

And with *opake* ideas to *shine* in *leaded matter* :

Then let them take the sea, with all its creeks and bays,

Even when ships ride

On the full tide,

And pop

The *whole salt ocean* in a *chemist's shop* ;

Then let them "*analyze*" and "*decompose*"

It, and all that in it flows,

Sprats, whales, and herrings—with or without roes :

And if they any particle can find,

To satisfy a reasonable mind,

That every twenty on the *island* shore

Are not as good as every score

Which on the *continent* are cramm'd,

Then I'll be d—d.

Ergo—and my philosophy is good,

As we're of the same flesh and blood,

They ne'er can find a single flaw,
 Nor any strong, "*repulsive law*,"
 To bar us from mankind;
 At least, that is *my* mind:
 Of that great company we form a part,
 I think the very *heart*.
 If an "*integral*" portion of our race
 E'er brought it to disgrace,
 I care not a single rush,
 What these philosophers may say;
 Against their *nay* I stake my *yea*;
 It is not *we*, but *they* that ought to blush!
 Witnesses their *insolence*, which they *measure*
 By our "*quantity of patience*" and our treasure!
 They try *preposterous tricks* upon mankind,
 And fancy all men but themselves are blind.
 They think too, nobody can *write* like them,
 Dilating *antic notions* with *Dutch phlegm*:
 Seeking with *pompous nothings* to surprise,
 And charm the multitude with *vague surmise*;
 But here they 're devilishly mistaken,
 For I'll bet my bacon,
 That *I*, like them, *philosophize* and *puff*,
 And of *queer phrases* have enough:
 From *common sense*, like them, I stand aloof,
 As may be always seen—"The Times give proof!"

NO QUARTER!!!

[From the British Press.]

TO CITIZEN MORNING POST.

FELLOW-CITIZEN,

BY the telegraph of this day, I learn with satisfaction that you approve my principles, preach my doctrine, and desire to enforce my practice. Citizen, I am but young; the day of the convocation of the States General in France was the day of my birth; but my lineage dates from Adam. I am descended from Cain; and when the Israelites gave no quarter

to their prisoners, they were commanded by one of my ancestors. The republican Greeks, Carthaginians, and Romans, when they butchered their prisoners, were always headed by some of my forefathers. In America, when the savages scalp, burn, or torture their captives, they only follow my family regulations. The Spaniards in South America, in bravely murdering the defenceless Indians, were guided by some persons of my race. When, at St. Bartholomew, the French Catholics *sacrificed* the French Protestants; and seventy years afterwards the Irish Catholics immolated the Irish Protestants, my great-grandfather's grandfather, and my great-grandfather's father, were the *sacrificers*. But my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, poor souls! were degraded to be some despicable jack-ketches or grand inquisitors. The ungrateful world advanced in civilization; humanity and generosity proscribed barbarity, and ferocity was forced to give place to just and liberal sentiments. My grandfather died broken-hearted, when Louis XVI. ascended the throne; and my father expired from joy, at the taking of the Bastille, on the 14th of July 1789. My relation, Jourdan the Cut-throat, there became my instructor. I assisted him the same year, on the 6th of October, to dispatch our prisoners, the disarmed *garde de corps* at Versailles, and to carry their heads before the King's carriage to Paris. I was with him at Avignon on the 16th October 1791, where we *cleared* the prisons of thirteen women and forty-eight men. This was our first patriotic trial to *purge en masse* revolutionary France of its prisoners. The year 1792 was our family jubilee and glory. At Paris, Versailles, Meaux, Rheims, Lyons, Nantes, and in all the departments, we *re-generated* France, in emptying its prisons of *sixteen thousand, chained, detained, and suspected men, women, and children*. In reward for these civic trans-

actions we were ennobled by the *virtuous* French republicans, and furnished with a *new name* for history, as famous and dreaded as any before us. During the following year, in aiding Marat and Robespierre *with our heads*, our army were busy in working for Fouché at Lyons and in La Vendée; and for citizens Barras and Bonaparté at Toulon. It was in this last city, where our present citizen First Consul claimed consanguinity with us, although he did not make good his claims before Vendemiaire year 4 (October 1795), when *eight thousand Parisian carcasses* convinced us, and all Europe, that he was *one of our family*. In 1794, after the *republican* decree of "No quarter to the English," Carnot sent me to Flanders, Brabant, and Holland, with the rank of aide-de-camp; but aristocracy was there the order of the day; and had not Citizen Van Damme received me, I should, to the disgrace of the Great Nation, have returned as I went. At Quiberon, in 1795, I banquetted for weeks with Citizens Tallien and Hoche, and every day some fresh game was provided for me. I was occupied in Italy in 1796, and particularly at Verona in 1797; and after *some hundred petty deeds* with my relative Napoleone the First, to whose staff I have ever since belonged, I went with him to Egypt and Syria, and the hills of Jaffa: the scattered bones and bleaching skulls record for ever our presence there. Such are some of my titles for demanding of you a fraternal hug: as to my obligations to you, no idea can yet be formed, either by yourself, or any of your co-operators. Idleness, the mother of all vice, with some years *otium cum dignitate*, had nearly broken my family spirit: thanks to your political and philosophical plan, I hope again to be called into activity. Citizen Napoleone has already convoked a *family council*, and we are about to deliberate, not where to end, but where to begin: which would be the most advantageous to our cause and interest, the murder

murder of the French prisoners in England, or of the English prisoners in France? We are about to calculate with our usual *sang-froid* the efficacy of several instruments of destruction, and to make some experiments, if poisonous draughts are not more expeditious than grape-shot, *fusilades*, drowning, cutting with swords, or stabbing with daggers.

Citizen, although I only suspect, but am not certain, that you belong to our fraternity, I have a proposal to make, which, if you approve, will fix our renown for ever. My friend, the Consular Prefect Jean de Brie, proposed, ten years ago, to embody a corps of regicides; why not improve upon his plan, and organize a corps of *prisonicides*? If you will be the commander, I shall head the staff, and besides provide a numerous body of recruits from our Consular Senate, Council of State, Ministry Tribunal, and from our army, all trained and tried men during the last fourteen years. I shall improve your present noble ideas, by extracts from your past bloody annals; and you shall be convinced how easily you and I, with our fellow-citizens, may undisturbed enjoy our fireside, and speculate upon massacres, whilst the volunteers are fighting our battles, exposed to the fatigue of marches, to the inclemency of the weather, to sufferings from want and privations, and to all the dangers of war. We may regard ourselves as a *corps de reserve*; and when the battles are over, and we have nothing to fear, then, and not before then, we will bravely pour out from our hiding holes, and kill the chained or disarmed, dispatch the wounded, and mutilate and strip the dead. *Vive la Republique!* Health and fraternity!

Your fellow-citizen,

SEPTEMBRIZER.

Paris, the 16th Vendemiaire,
Year 12 of the French
Republic, one and indivisible.

E 4

P. S

P. S. Our family council has broken up, and I enclose the decree which makes you one of us. Napoleon has determined to issue addresses to his Corsican slaves and soldiers; and Talleyrand is writing memorials to all nations, announcing that the English have always been *Septemberizers*. The official presses of the *Moniteur* are busy in reprinting your philosophic sophistry, with additional remarks and notes, to prove to present and future ages, that you are the *official* interpreter of the sentiments of your countrymen.

ACT OF GOVERNMENT.

Paris, the 16th Vendemiaire, Year 12 of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

NAPOLÉONE Bonaparté, the First Consul of the French republic, having heard the reports of the Ministers of Humanity, Philosophy, Justice, and Policy, decrees, that an *iron heart* of honour of the St. Cloud manufactory, shall immediately be transmitted to Citizen Morning Post, as a reward for his intended improvement in the code of the revolutionary laws of nations, and on the regicide laws of war.

Our Grand Judge and Grand Officers of our Grand Legion of Honour, are ordered to insert the name of Citizen Morning Post in the Matricular Register of our said Legion, that he from this day may enjoy all the rights, prerogatives, and privileges of his honourable fellow-citizens and comrades.

(Signed) **BONAPARTE.**

By the order of his Consular Majesty,
The Secretary of State, **H. B. MARET.**

VIVE

VIVE LA MORT!

[From the same.]

CORPS OF PRISONICIDES.

Citizen Morning Post, member of the Corsican
Legion of Honour, Commander in Chief.

STAFF.

Thirty-two Consular Senators, sixteen Counsellors
of State, forty Legislators, twenty-five Tribunes, fifty
Prefects, twenty Furies of the Guillotine, the whole
family of Septemberizers, with hangmen, executioners,
thieftakers, bailiffs, &c. of all nations.

BATTALION OF POISONERS.

Poisoner in Chief	-	Napoleone Bonaparté.
1st Assistant	- - -	Lucien Bonaparté.
2d ditto	- - -	Charles M. Talleyrand.
3d ditto	- - -	The Grand Judge of the Legion of Honour.

BATTALION OF THE GUILLOTINE.

Commander	- - -	Citizen Santerre.
1st Assistant	- - -	Citizen Carnot.
2d ditto	- - -	Citizen Barrere.

THE FUSILADE BATTALION.

Commander	- - -	Citizen Barras.
1st Assistant	- - -	General Brune.
2d ditto	- - -	General Loison.
3d ditto	- - -	General A. Berthier.

THE CUT-THROAT BATTALION.

Commander	- - -	General Van Damme.
1st Assistant	- - -	Citizen Merlin, the Con- sular Attorney-general.
2d ditto	- - -	Citizen Real, Counsellor of State.

THE NOYADES, OR DROWNING BATTALION.

Commander	- - -	Citizen Fouché, Consular Senator.
Assistant	- - -	General Dutertre.

PUFFING UPON OATH, OR

THE DAGGER BATTALION.

Commander - - - Cit. Jean de Brie, Consular Prefect.

Exchanged from the Corps of Regicides.

Affistant - - - General Augereau.

2d ditto - - - The Reverend Jean Bon St. André, a Consular Prefect.

THE PIKE BATTALION.

Commander - - - Citizen Garat, a Consular Senator.

Affistant - - - Citizen Tallien.

Chaplains to the Corps } Abbé Sieyes, Senator.
of Prisonicides - - } Abbé Gregoire, Senator.

The head-quarters of this corps are soon to be removed from the Strand to Copenhagen-house, where Citizen *Morning Post* enlists recruits, but gives due preference to those worthy Citizens of the Corresponding Society, who honour him with their fraternity. *Vive la Mort!*



PUFFING UPON OATH, OR SWEARING EN MASSE.

[From the British Press.]

WE have noticed the mean, mercenary, and contemptible trick of an apostate and stupid print to inveigle advertisers, by the sheer force of swearing to a certain sale. In conformity with its usual practice, a grand swearing-match was on Monday decreed, that must ensure the most brilliant triumph over the credulity of the public. The plan, however, got wind, on Tuesday last, by the indiscretion of one of the new trading proprietors; for, be it known, that this *ci-devant* literary establishment is now a complete trading concern; and a remonstrance has been made by some of its contemporaries, who have hitherto confined themselves

to

to puffing upon honour.—A dispute hence arose, which seemed to threaten the destruction of that harmony, or rather the combination, which has, since the establishment of *The British Press*, prevailed among the fraternity. After the exchange of many official notes, it was at length agreed, that the parties should meet at a diet, to be held last night, at No. —, Strand. One of the parties (for it is impossible they could be true to each other) has favoured us with the following report of the proceedings.

The room being lighted, and the Printers' Devils all turned out, Doctor *Pangloss*, the President, rose, and said—

“To swear or not to swear, that is the question.”

“No question at all,” interrupted a new Proprietor of *The Morning Post*. “No quarter to oaths or the French.”

The President.—“Citizen, it is true, oaths are the order of the day; but I tremble when I think upon the consequences (in law) of swearing to 5000, upon a sale of 1000.”

An Old Proprietor.—“Pshaw, is that all you know about it? I'll swear you any number. I'll swear by La Fayette, I'll swear by Brissot, I'll swear by Barras, and I'll swear by Bonaparté; I'll swear by Tom Paine and Horne Tooke; I'll swear by Sir Francis Burdett, and by Arthur O'Connor; by the Goddess of Reason, and by Mahomet.”

“Softly, softly,” said the Minister deputed by *The Oracle*; “if you go on that way, you will leave me neither god nor man.—Why should I not swear a little too? I'll swear by every day, night, hour, minute, and second, in the year! I'll swear by A. M. and P. M. I'll swear from the coast of France, and from the coast of Holland! I'll swear by the telegraph, by the balloon, by the packets, by expresses, and by all

post and hackney horses ! I 'll swear by the Sun, Moon, and Seven Stars ! I 'll swear—ye gods, what will I not swear !”

The President (rising in anger).—“ Sir, you should know that the right of puffing upon oath belongs by prescription to *The Morning Post*. It has raised itself into notice, and filled its exchequer by it ; and its numerous proprietors, I know, will not relinquish this invaluable exclusive privilege, but with their last breath. We swore when Parliament met, and we will swear when Parliament shall end. We will swear every New Year, every Lent, every Whitsunday, and every Trinity Sunday, every Midsummer, and every Michaelmas, every Christmas, and every Easter. We will swear in the spring and in the summer, in the autumn and in the winter. We will swear when it rains and when it blows, in fair weather and foul weather, in sunshine, in hail, storm, thunder and lightning. What room then have you to swear without encroaching upon our prescriptive right and privilege of swearing ?” *The Deputy from The Oracle* stood confounded. At this moment *Citizens Times* and *Herald* entered the room.

Citizen Times. — “ The practice of swearing, I maintain, originated in our paper, and I claim it as my paternal inheritance.”—(*Loud murmurs from every part of the swearing den.*)

The President.—“ I think the boy should not have presumed to address this august assembly ; I think he should have brought his *Nurse* and his *Undertaker* to speak for him.”—(*Exit Citizen Times, in search of his Nurse and his Undertaker.*)

Citizen Herald then preferred his claim.—“ I 'll swear by my Lord's kitchen, and by my Lady's dressing-room, by the cook and by the groom, by the nursery-maid, by the waiting-maid, and by the dairy-maid,

maid, by the *petits soupés* and the *thés*, by the fix-penny hops and nine-penny assemblies of St. Giles's."

Citizen Morning Post (in a rage).—"I cannot suffer my rights to be thus invaded; I'll outswear you all." The President gave an assenting nod.

Citizen Morning Post continued—"I'll swear by the Corresponding Society (*a loud laugh*); I'll swear by my old patrons, the Friends of the People (*a louder laugh*): D—n it, if that won't do, I'll swear by my new; I'll swear by Mr. Tierney, by Mr. Addington, by the Treasury, by the navy, by the army, by places, pensions, salaries, grants, patents, and all the other appendages and appurtenances of loyalty."—(*Bravo! Bravo!*)—Here the President interrupted the orator, by observing, that the Committee for injuring *The British Press* and *Globe* was sitting, and requested their immediate attendance.

It was then determined, without further debate, that *The Morning Post* should be at liberty to come out on New Year's Day with a flaming account of its sale *upon oath*; and that the other orators should confine themselves, as usual, to *puffing upon honour*.

A new prayer-book was at the same time voted to the Lord Mayor. *Citizen Herald* moved the following amendment: "*At the sole expense of the Morning Post.*"

A new proprietor of *The Morning Post* observed, it was now a trading concern, and 2s. 6d. saved, was 2s. 6d. gained. The amendment was withdrawn. The meeting then broke up, amidst shouts of "Oaths for ever!" "Swearing for ever!" "*Five is Serment!!!*"

THE LAW ASSOCIATION.

[From the same.]

SIR,

IT will not, I think, much astonish you to hear that I am a Volunteer in the Law Association; but it will perhaps a little surprise you, that I, who have so often, from the earliest periods down to the latest times, volunteered my services in the most abstruse, intricate, and profound concerns of these my *legitimate* sons, should at this moment be found a private in the ranks.. Such is, however, the case; and justice compels me to acknowledge, that, great as my assistance may have been to them, in *leading* other *causes*, in the present there are many well able to lead without my aid. But should I perceive, in the hour of danger, the least want of fire, you may rest assured that I will step out, and play the devil as usual.

Our advantages are singular and numerous. In the event of an invasion, what corps can sooner reach the coast than ours? Surely none; for what corps is so well supplied with able *conveyancers*? Now, what is the threatened *invasion*, but an “unwarrantable entry on another’s soil?” and this is the definition of a trespass, of which as a *quare vi et armis clausum fregit* none is better qualified to judge than our corps; or to proceed, according to their own Gallic term, to an *ouster*. What too is more likely to alarm a *lawless* Usurper than to see a *law—ful* body in motion against him? Indeed I know not whether the mere appearance of so many lawyers together will not terrify the First Consul more than were I myself to take the field with all my attributes, horns, tail, &c. Then comes the *action*. Here shall we not shine? If the Venustian bard speaks truly, let either fate attend him, the lawyer will be satisfied—then

—“cita

———"citra mors venit, aut victoria, læta.
BRIEF death concludes, or happy vict'ry crowns."

Thus is he, either way, sure, as we say, "to take something by his motion."

But can we doubt that, even now, Time, with provident care, is weaving laurels for our brows? since those words which the Roman orator used in another sense, we shall without doubt utter with such peculiar felicity, as to strike a panic in the arms of France. Our leader, shaking his gown at them, shall cry, *Cedant arma togæ!* and they will immediately agree to make a surrender.

We have, lastly, this advantage, that in the case of "an action of battery," all the blood that is spilt will be on their heads; for, kill as many as we please, acting with *the law* on our side, we can be said to do them no injury—since, according to this saving maxim of legal prudence—*ACTUS LEGIS nemini facit injuriam*.

OLD NICK*.

P. S. In the Spectator it is said, that "a woman never speaks her mind but in the postscript;" and as I (whether for my beauty, or my love of deceiving men; or what else, I know not) have frequently been compared to a woman, I shall avail myself of the same privilege. The principal object of my mind when I sat down to address you, was to advert to the notice taken of me by your correspondent S.; and to assure him, that if he continues to *delight in me and my works*, he shall not fail in the end to have his reward. But—I am suddenly called away.—They tell me that Bonaparté is dying, and we are all at fixes and sevens below,—nothing prepared to receive him.

* I never before thought it worth notice, but I was once (and that's enough) in Scotland, and was on the eve, by pressing solicitations, of being made an LL. D. or Doctor of Laws; but small as the expense is, I had not, with all my diligence, from Berwick-upon-Tweed to John o'Groat's House, or Ultima Thule, and back, collected a sufficient number of baubees to defray it.

THE PERPETUAL COMPLAINT.

[From the *Suffex Chronicle*.]

MR. EDITOR,

BEING among the number of those with whom mankind is continually dissatisfied, I beg leave to subjoin my complaints to those that have occasionally introduced them to the public, through the channel of your communications. When I tell you I am as old as Time himself, you will allow, that on the score of longevity I ought to be respected; and when I add that I am venerable in my appearance and temperance, as mortals themselves, you will also be disposed to grant that I am not to be reprobated on the score of inconstancy. Yet so it is, that even though I seemingly take pains to accommodate my variable dispositions to the variable dispositions of mankind, the circumstance produces no sympathetic congruality between us; and my inconstancy is rendered proverbial, while their own propensity to fickleness never occurs to their recollection. Yet, Sir, I have no quarrel with the world on the subjects of indifference, neglect, or disregard; for I must confess every body pays me due attention; I am inquired after every night and every morning, and am so much the topic of conversation, and so regularly introduced after the customary greetings of ceremonial intercourse, that I may be said to be a kind of necessary assistant to conversation: for when people are barren of ideas, I am always at hand to supply the vacuity of their minds; yet I am scarcely mentioned in any other light but as the source of complaint and dissatisfaction, and without having some opprobrious epithet attached to my name. Sometimes I am accused of being too warm in my behaviour, sometimes too cold. If I smile unexpectedly, I am suspected

pected of harbouring treacherous designs; and men say to one another sarcastically, "We shall pay for this!" If I continue my placid deportment, and am mild, sweet, and amiable, for any length of time, I am said to be good-humoured even to satiety. Some wish me to weep when I am disposed to be merry, and some to be gay when I am inclined to be sad. Thick, heavy, dull, nasty, are epithets commonly applied to me. If I am still, I am said to be vapourish—if loud, boisterous and rude. Aches, pains, rheumatisms, and shooting corns, are often attributed to my influence. In short, Sir, I am so watched, so scrutinized, so censured, so abused, every day, that it would seem as if I were a stranger upon earth, and born but yesterday, rather than an inhabitant of Paradise, known to Adam and Eve, and one who was present at the Creation.—But I will not detain you any longer, Sir, for I see you are looking at me through the window, and meditating an interview with your very old acquaintance

THE WEATHER.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY THE CELEBRATED MR. BARRINGTON, ON
OPENING THE THEATRE AT SYDNEY, BOTANY BAY.

FROM distant climes o'er wide-spread seas we come,
Though not with much *eclat* or beat of drum,
True patriots all—for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good:
No private views disgrac'd our generous zeal—
What urg'd our travels was our country's weal;
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has prov'd most useful to the British nation.

But, you inquire, what could our breasts inflame
With this new passion for theatric fame?

What,

What, in the practice of our former days,
 Could shape our talents to exhibit plays?
 Your patience, Sirs; some observations made,
 You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.

He who to midnight ladders is no stranger,
 You'll own, will make an admirable Ranger.
 To see Macheath we have not far to roam;
 And sure in Filch I shall be quite at home.
 Unrival'd there, none will dispute my claim
 To high pre-em'nence and exalted fame.

As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our stand,
 When 't was so dark you could not see your hand,
 Some true-bred Falstaff we may hope to start,
 Who, when well bolster'd, well will play his part.

The scene to vary, we shall try in time
 To treat you with a little Pantomime.
 Here light and easy Columbines are found,
 And well-try'd Harlequins with us abound;
 From durance vile our precious selves to keep,
 We often have recourse to th' flying leap;
 To a black face have sometimes ow'd escape,
 And Hounslow Heath has prov'd the worth of crape.

But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to soar
 Above these scenes, and rise to tragic lore?
 Too oft, alas! we forc'd th' unwilling tear,
 And petrified the heart with real fear.
 Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,
 For some of us, I fear, have murder'd sleep;
 His Lady, too, with grace, will sleep and talk—
 Our females have been us'd at night to walk.

Sometimes, indeed, for various is our art,
 An actor may improve and mend his part;
 "Give me a horse," bawls Richard, like a drone;
 We'll find a man would help himself to one.
 Grant us your favour, put us to the test,
 To gain your smiles we'll do our very best:
 And, without dread of future Turnkey Lockits,
 Thus, in an honest way, still pick your pockets.

ANTICIPATION.

ANTICIPATION.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE LONDON COURIER,
DATED MONDAY, THE 26TH SEPTEMBER 1904.

[From the Calcutta Chronicle.]

YESTERDAY the *Quaddy sloop, Capt. Bagshot*, arrived in the river, and brought the following intelligence from the *rebel* colonies.

Botany Bay, Sept. 3. The states of this province, finding that the Commissioners sent to England have not been successful, have resolved to arm the militia, and put the fort and castle into a proper state of defence. The equestrian statue of George IV. which was erected some years since in the middle of the grand square, has been pulled down, and the metal melted into implements of war :—such is the spirit that prevails in these much-injured colonies.

By a ship just arrived at *Garrow Bay*, we are informed, that the English ministry have determined to send out a fleet to block up our ports ; but we hope this is merely a report. The cattle near the sea-side have been removed to *Old Bailey Plains*, several miles up the country.

New St. Giles's, September 27. The *hemp-trade* here will be very much injured by the prohibitory act lately passed by the British Parliament. The exports to England have indeed been decreasing much of late. There is but one mind and one voice in this province respecting the unhappy disturbances occasioned by the tyrannical acts passed in England, to the injury of our natural rights, our constitution, and our liberties. The *Cut-throat Rangers* have been embodied, and the command given to *Major-general Ropefend*, an officer of acknowledged bravery.

We hear from *Woolwich* county, that the attempt to introduce *episcopacy* there has been resented with a becoming spirit. The people there are against

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innovations in religion, and are, to a man, tenacious of their religious privileges. *Sir John Ketch* is appointed chairman at the next general congress.

There has been very little business done at the *Bridewell Bank* for some time. Our funds are at present very low. The three per cents were done last week as low as thirty; owing to the general *alarm* of an invasion by the English. That treacherous and perfidious nation may, perhaps, find us better prepared than they expect.

Several promotions have been made in our army. *General Squad* has taken the command of the *Field-lane* light troops. Captain Macheath has been promoted to Major in the same, and *Lieutenant Picklock* is promoted to *Captain*, vice *Major Macheath*.

Dyot Street County, Sept. 28. Notwithstanding the alarming state of affairs, and an immediate expectation of hostilities, our theatre succeeds amazingly. Last night the *Beggar's Opera* was performed by our company, and received throughout with unbounded and universal applause. No acting could be more natural, and the songs were *executed* in a *style* of excellence seldom found on other theatres. The church of *St. Pillory* was opened last Sunday; and a most excellent sermon preached by *Dr. Atkinson*. The text was, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

ADVERTISEMENT

STUCK UP AT CHARLESTOWN, CAROLINA, BY A
GERMAN WHO HAD LOST HIS HORSE.

HE is run away agen, mine little plack horse; I rite him two tays en midle de nite; and ven he not vill see shumting, he shumps as if te divel vas int, an he trows me town; I not have sich fall since pefore I vas pornt. I buy him top on Jacob Shintel Clymer; he

he hav five vitc feet pefore, mit von plack snip on his nose, von eye vill look plue like glafs. He is pranded mit John Keisler Stanger, on his pehind side py his tail.

Whoever vill take up de said horse an pring him to me, top on mine house near Congaree, shall pay me two tollars revard; en if dey vill not pring me mine horse agen, I vill put de law in force ginst all the *peoples*.

QUIDNUNCKERY; OR, THE LOVE OF NEWS.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

GREAT as the change has certainly been in *manners*, arising from the military arrangements of the present day, honest John Bull has not entirely quitted his ancient pursuits. It was always observed, that the tendency of war was to increase the number of politicians; and the present has been so happily contrived, that John's political bias yet remains, although every town is a garrison, and every field a camp. His attachment to *quidnuncery* is as constant as ever. Our general system of defence, while it puts arms into the hands of the young and active, allows persons above a certain age to remain at home, and contribute their wisdom only to the public service. Hence, while the young are learning to handle the musket, or trail the pike, the older, who are unfit for such robust manœuvres, are brandishing *reports*, and grappling with *conjectures*; now sitting in council on the probability of invasion, or calculating by figures the moment of its approach; now decyphering the enigmas of a Margate letter, or, with philosophic curiosity, taking the gauge and depth of a newspaper paragraph.

Luckily for this ancient love of news, this desire to know the issue of what has never been contrived, and the event of what has never happened, the papers, while

while they acknowledge their ignorance of the real state of affairs abroad, draw most plentifully on their invention, to supply the place of facts, well knowing that the political appetite, while it is as strong, is less delicate than the natural. A true quidnunc is never truly fed, although he may sometimes allow that he is satisfied. He is all appetite, and no digestion. There have been few battles that have lasted more than a day; and the largest West India island is seldom more than a breakfast. Hence it becomes necessary for his caterers to study French cookery, make a little go a great way, and serve up the same articles under different shapes. At present, they magnify or diminish the invading force, according to rules which it is impossible to understand, and which therefore afford wonderful food for domestic politicians, or for those more sagacious gentlemen who frequent coffee-houses, and whose opinions are supposed to have great weight, because they are delivered with a loud voice, and who think they are unanimous, only because they all speak at one time. It may be remembered that when we were at first threatened with invasion, the enemy's gun-boats amounted to eight thousand, each capable of carrying one hundred men! This was a force with which, as our form of prayer states, the enemy might "have swallowed us up!" it could not therefore last; because they who thus obligingly furnished eight thousand gun-boats, with eight hundred thousand men, found themselves unable to support their existence. Curious people naturally asked, where were the harbours for the boats, and the camps for the men? and it not being easy, even by *private correspondence*, to answer these questions, a cypher was struck off the number of the boats, and *eight hundred* succeeded pretty well, while the men disappeared in such numbers, that we have never heard of one fourth since. Of late, however, even that number of boats has decreased so

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considerably,

considerably, that at the moment we are writing, the *best-informed* of our papers are not quite certain whether the invasion is to be attempted in boats at all!—This is but a slight sketch of the vast variety of rumours with which John Bull, senior, has been tantalized for some months past. We might add, how frequently Ministers have been censured for not doing that in which they were occupied, or for doing that which they never intended. The younger branches, however, of the family have, with more wisdom, been preparing themselves for *any force* that may appear, and have been more anxious to number their own battalions, than the enemy's boats!

Yours, &c.

C.

ORIGINAL FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

[From the British Press.]

ORACLE OFFICE, FLEET-STREET.

*Dunkirk, Friday, One o'Clock,
30 Min. 15 Seconds, A. M.*

BONAPARTE is just arrived in a balloon, and all his generals are expected in an hour with the telegraph. Sixty thousand cavalry under General Davoust are ordered to man sixty ships of the line. Thirty regiments of dragoons, thirty frigates, and one hundred regiments of hussars, are in requisition to manœuvre four thousand gun-boats. The flat-bottomed boats are to be carried over to England by the light infantry, and the grenadiers are to fix the floating batteries to protect the passage. Telegraphs are ordered to be erected in the middle of the British Channel and in the German Sea, half way between France and England. All the guides are ready *ballooned*, and a parachute is attached to Bonaparté's wooden house. The First Consul's bed is fixed in a life-boat. Mad. Bonaparté, and her maids of honour, are all full dress.

ressed in cork jackets; and the Senate, Council of State, Legislative Body, the Tribunate, with all the ministers, prefects, bishops, cardinals, and the whole Legion of Honour, have put on jack-boots lined with cork. The flying artillery is ready, and waits only for a fair wind to blow it over to England:

Health and fraternity.

CITIZEN PUFF.

P. S. *Two o'Clock, A. M.*—The Council of State is now deliberating whether it will be safer to carry the gun-boats in the balloons, or the balloons in the gun-boats; to send the flat-bottomed boats with the telegraphs, or the telegraphs with the flat-bottomed boats.

LITERARY ROBBERY.

[From the same.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

SIR,

YOUR conduct is most atrocious. On Wednesday night I wrote a private letter, dated Dunkirk, Friday, one o'clock, 30 m. 15 sec. A. M. Of this letter, which I sent to the Oracle, you must have robbed my messenger, for I cannot conceive in what other manner it could have come into your possession. To add to your guilt and unparalleled effrontery, you inserted it yesterday in the British Press *verbatim* as I intended it should appear in the Oracle.—The paper was, in consequence, obliged yesterday to make an apology to its readers for the cruel disappointment thus occasioned, and I have been put to the trouble of writing another *original communication* from Dunkirk, which will appear in the Oracle of to-morrow.

I remain, Sir,

The much-injured

No. 300, Grub Street.

CITIZEN PUFF.

P. S.

P. S. I expect, Sir, that you will make immediate atonement for this injury, by paying me 3s. 6d. the price of the letter agreed upon between me and my employer.

Second P. S. If the very great importance of the communication be considered, you will find 3s. 6d. a very moderate demand.

STATE PAPERS.

REAL OFFICIAL INTELLIGENCE.

[From the British Press.]

Secret Instructions from General Le Clerc, Commander in Chief of St. Domingo, to Cit. Du Verrie, Chef de Brigade, upon his Mission to Hispaniola, to negotiate a subsidiary Treaty with the King of the *Blood-hounds* *.

“ **A**T your first interview with Citizen De Growl, the Prime Minister of his Canine Majesty, you must declare, in the name of the First Consul, his great esteem for the whole Canine race; and that it is the sincere wish of France to continue in peace with all the world. You are to hope that he will not *turn tail* upon you, or *hark* in with the English *bull-dogs*, the personal enemies of the First Consul; but that he will *scent* and *trace* their designs, and run them *breast high* with a *view hollow* of all their atrocious machinations. You may present him with a few young negroes, of whom a sufficient supply shall be provided, for the use of his own table. It was thus that Æneas conciliated the Prime Minister Cerberus, and gained admission into H—ll by a sop. Upon your introduction to, and first audience with, his Canine Majesty, present him with the high respects and

* See the secret instructions of Talleyrand to Andreossi on his arrival in England as Ambassador from the French Republic.—REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH, *ait. Andreossi*.

admiration of the First Consul, for his great sagacity, extraordinary docility, and swiftness of foot, to which France and all Europe ascribe the peace, happiness, and civilization of Hispaniola. Achilles, you may remind him, was called by way of superiority '*the swift-footed*.' This hint cannot fail to heighten the compliment. Endeavour to work yourself into the good graces of her Canine Majesty, who is a d—n'd intriguing b—ch, and therefore never refuse an invitation to court, or her private parties, and be a constant attendant at her levees. Upon all these occasions study to impress upon her Majesty's mind the harmony in manners, temper, and character, between her Majesty and the celebrated ladies of the Consular Court; their passion for intrigue, their promiscuous love, their contempt of marriage-ties, their disposition to roving, their desire to appear in public just with the covering that nature gave them, &c. This line of remark constantly pursued, will lead you into the very recesses of her heart, which is known to be the depositary of all his Majesty's state secrets. *Puppyism* is natural to a Frenchman; and you cannot exercise it too much on your present mission. In the society of private citizens, always introduce subjects of conversation that may flatter the national vanity of the Canine race. Extol the exploits of the Blood-hounds under Pizarro. Extol the part they acted at the siege of Troy, as appears from the passage in Homer, where he says, 'The plague first attacked the quarters of the dogs in the Grecian camp.' Hector, Cæsar, Pompey, &c. were all, as appears by their names, the ancestors of the present race of the Blood-hounds. Although the citizens may at first grumble and growl a little, you cannot fail thus to become a general favourite.

“ Upon declaring the object of your mission to his Canine Majesty, should you find him inclined to accede to the proposal of a subsidiary treaty, for the purpose

purpose of promoting the cause of liberty and equality, and the hunting of Negroes in St. Domingo, press immediately for its execution. As to the terms and conditions, sign any that are required of you ; the performance you may leave to the honour and integrity of the French Government. This point once gained, take an opportunity of introducing to his Canine Majesty the war with England, and the great advantage the world would derive from a successful landing of an army of Blood-hounds in that devoted country. His Majesty, aware, perhaps, that the race of *Jacobins* and *Bull-dogs* is nearly extinct in England, will probably urge the impolicy of invading a country without a prospect of allies in it, and particularly the hostile opposition of Mr. Dent ; but then you may quote a few passages from the debates upon the Bull-baiting Bill in the English House of Commons, and persuade him that Mr. Windham may be easily gained over to the side of his Canine Majesty. As a further inducement to embark in the cause, you may promise that the Isle of Dogs, his Majesty's paternal inheritance near London, which England has unjustly seized, and in her ambition and tyranny converted into a wet dock, for the destruction of the infant offspring of the Canine race, shall be restored to his Majesty in full sovereignty. Promise that all the days in the year shall be dog-days, and a new French calendar shall be made to that effect. Promise, also, that every Blood-hound intermarrying with a French citizen, shall be entitled, as also the children of such marriage, to all the rights of citizenship in France ; and that provision accordingly shall be made in the civil code now digesting by the Consular Government. Remind him, also, that his Majesty is the natural enemy of the British monarchy, and the natural ally of republican government ; in proof of which you may repeat the anecdote, which says,

that when the Republicans were in pursuit of the English King Charles upon English ground, the Blood-hounds joined in the chase, and ran round the tree when he was hiding in the oak."

[Here follows a copy of the subsidiary treaty entered into between Citizen Du Verrie, Chef de Brigade, on the part of the French Republic, and his Majesty *Cesar* *Snarl*, King of the Blood-hounds, Captain-general of the *Bull-dogs*, and Protector-general of the Canine race in Hispaniola, on the other part.

The treaty is in the usual form, and stipulates for an effective subsidiary force of five thousand Blood-hounds, the same to be incorporated with the French army in St. Domingo, to be commanded *en chef* by French Generals, but to be led by their own immediate officers. There are clauses also, stipulating for the maintenance and pay of the subsidiary troops, their term of service, &c.]

Extract of a Letter from Citizen De Monceau, Chef de Brigade, to Citizen Le Clerc, General in Chief of the French Army in St. Domingo, dated Gonaives, 10th Frimaire, Year 11.

" CITIZEN GENERAL,

" ON the 2d instant, the detachment under my command was attacked by a force of five hundred Negroes, under the command of General Dessalines in person. At the first onset, the Republican troops were thrown into some confusion; but they soon rallied, and repulsed the enemy with great vivacity. The confusion was produced by the irregularity with which my orders for a charge upon the enemy's line were executed. This was however entirely owing to the circumstance of the charging force being partly bipedal and partly quadrupedal, the latter consisting of the new troops from Hispaniola. I have since accustomed the 29th Light Brigade to manœuvre upon all fours with the 2d heavy Canine Battalion. I have also ordered the tails of such
of

of the Canine heroes as have fallen in battle, to be cut off and attached to the Republican troops. The result is, they now charge with more precision, and manœuvre with more uniformity.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed)

“ DE MONCEAU.”

Extract of a Letter from Citizen Vatteville, General of Division, to Citizen Le Clerc, Commander in Chief of the French Forces in St. Domingo, dated Port au Prince, 7th Ventose, 11th Year of the French Republic, *one and indivisible*.

“ AT daylight yesterday we were alarmed by a report of a mutiny in the Canine garrison at St. Marc. I immediately ordered a detachment of Republican troops and the light company of Bow Wow's brigade to march for that place. Upon their arrival, they found the garrison in great confusion; but their presence soon restored tranquillity. Upon inquiry into the cause of the affray, it appears that Mademoiselle *Helene*, a little Canine female attached to Capt. Du Chien's company, had been carrying on for some time an intrigue with a young Lieutenant in the Canine Legion stationed at St. Marc, and had eloped with him to that fort. The sight of so much beauty inflamed the whole Canine garrison, as much as that of her namesake of old did the Trojan and Grecian army at the siege of Troy. The contest was not less bloody, but not so tedious. The Lieutenant fell in defence of his mistress, and many of his corps were killed or wounded. Mademoiselle *Helene* narrowly escaped with her life; she has been, however, secured and sent back under an escort. I find the Canine troops are as amorous as the Republican, and full as delicate in their amours. I beg leave to recommend to you *Don Baslo Grumble*, who greatly distinguished himself as second in command of the Canine Legion, as a worthy candidate for admission into the Legion of

Honour. The children of *Don Towlero* and *Don Howlero*, two brave Canine Captains, who fell in attempting to quell the mutiny, I trust you will recommend to the First Consul to fill places in the Prytaneum, or one of the primary schools. I have ordered the body of *Don Towlero* to be flayed, and the skin to be stuffed and sent home for the Museum *Napoleon*.

“Hereto is subjoined a list of killed, wounded, and missing, of the Canine subsidiaries.

“*Killed*—1 Lieutenant, 2 Sergeant, 9 Rank and File.

“*Wounded*—3 Lieutenants in the ears and toes—17 Rank and File slightly.

“*Missing*—9 ears, 18 tails.

“I have the honour to salute you.

“VATTEVILLE.”

[Here follow the Proclamation and General Orders of the Commander in Chief of the Canine Subsidiaries to his troops upon their landing in St. Domingo; an armistice entered into between him and the black General Christophe upon the 8th Germinal, year 11; and several official letters and dispatches.]

TO THE PUBLIC.

The above official articles were sent in a packet to our office, and they appeared evidently of French manufacture. A note accompanied them in a *disguised* hand. We therefore do not know who sent it; but we have no doubt, as it was marked in tar upon the back, “a *ship letter*,” that it came from a French port, and was brought over by some neutral vessel, and thence communicated through the medium of the Post-office. We pledge ourselves that the original is in the hands of the printer.

RÉCIPE

RECIPE HOW TO BADGER A MINISTER.

IF he form alliances, or send out expeditions, you may talk of our blood and treasure being loosely, wantonly, and prodigally wasted, while poor Old England is left naked and defenceless. If, on the contrary, when the danger is at our doors, he calmly and firmly waits in a defensive attitude, using every means to concentrate the national force, and to direct it as occasion requires to the necessary point, then you must change your battery, and abuse him for not sending out expeditions to distress the enemy by depriving him of *pepper* to his *soup*, and of *coffee* for his afternoon repast.—*Probatum est.*

PARODY ON A WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH SONG.

AD SODALEM. NOBILISSIMUM PRÆSAGEM, AB
EXCURSIONE NAVALI REVERTENTEM.

WELCOME, welcome, brother 'Croaker!
To this debt-demolish'd isle!

Where no scoffer, wag, or joker,
Now dares shew his sneering smile:

Where, 'twixt tax and muskets resting,
Muzzled Fear locks up her soul;

Much too ill at ease for jesting—
Much too well dragoon'd to growl.

Sons of Freedom's fond adoption,
Britons, long so blest and brave!

All you've left seems now the option
'Twixt a bankrupt and a slave!

Hope, her choice of evils viewing,
Doubts which first may stop her breath:

There the foe lies, big with ruin—
Here the budget, big with death.

Bitter dose of Billy's brewing—
Billy!—bane of Britain's days!—

In a few sad years undoing
All that ages toil'd to raise.

Like a wolf, let loose on plenty,
 He her vitals drain'd so fast,
 Now, good folks, nineteen in twenty
 Feel Britannia heaves her last.
 Rouse! oh, rouse then, brother Croaker!
 To despair let's scorn to bend;
 While we curse the hand that broke her,
 We'll Britannia's wreck defend!
 Though she's shatter'd, crush'd, and sinking,
 Bravely yet she tops the tide;
 And her *bottom's*, to my thiinking,
 Fairly worth the world beside.
 Now an honest pilot steers her,
 Free from tyrant pride and hate;
 Now a nation's voice too cheers her
 Through this struggling storm of Fate;
 Then, though short our comfort's measure,
 Since we yet some crumbs may find,
 Curs'd by P——t's wide waste of treasure,
 Well we'll guard what's left behind.
 All that's dear at stake to move us;
 All that charms and sooths our lives;
 All we love, and all that love us—
 Children, parents, friends, and wives;
 King and country, laws and altars,
 Claim the pious hands of all;
 And may shame brand him who falters,
 When the gods of battle call!
 As we drink, then, brother Croaker,
 So we'll fight Old England's bout;
 Hand to hand, though Hell provoke her,
 Like our flask, we'll see it out.
 At the field, as at the table,
 Jointly bent to finish all;
 We'll stand to't like men, while able,
 Or, like men, together fall.
 Fill! oh, fill then, brother Croaker—
 In my toast all virtues live;
 Call Britannia! loud invoke her!
 While her *own great sons* I give;—

Here's

Here's our King! the best in story—
 Here's the Prince! our country's pride—
 Here's brave York! the soldier's glory—
 And all Brunswick's line beside.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1804.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. P. L.

WHEN, at the despot's dread command,
 Bridg'd Hellespont his myriads bore
 From fervile Asia's peopled strand
 To Græcia's and to Freedom's shore—
 While hostile fleets terrific sweep,
 With threatening oar, th' Ionian deep,
 Clear Dirce's bending reeds among
 The Theban swan no longer sung *:
 No more by Isthmus' wave-worn glade,
 Or Nemea's rocks, or Delphi's shade,
 Or Pisa's olive-rooted grove,
 The temple of Olympian Jove,
 The Muses twin'd the sacred bough,
 To crown th' athletic victor's brow,
 Till on the rough Ægean main,
 Till on Platea's trophied plain,
 Was crush'd the Persian tyrant's boast,
 O'erwhelm'd his fleet, o'erthrown his host;
 Then the bold Theban seiz'd again the lyre,
 And struck the chords with renovated fire:
 "On human life's delusive state,
 Though woes unseen, uncertain, wait,
 Heal'd in the gen'rous breast is every pain,
 With undiminish'd force, if Freedom's rights remain †."
 Not so the British Muse—though rude
 Her voice to Græcia's tuneful choir,
 By dread, by danger unsoften'd,
 Dauntless she wakes the lyric wire.

* See Pind. Isth. Ode viii.

† Ibid.

So when the awful thunder roars,
 When round the livid lightnings play,
 Th' imperial eagle proudly soars,
 And wings aloft her daring way.
 And, hark ! with animating note
 Aloud her strains exulting float,
 While pointing to th' invet'rate host,
 Who threat destruction to this envied coast :—
 " Go forth, my sons—as nobler rights ye claim,
 Than ever fann'd the Grecian patriot's flame ;
 So let your breasts a fiercer ardour feel,

Led by your patriot King to guard your country's weal."

Her voice is heard—from wood, from vale, from down,
 The thatch-roof'd village and the busy town,
 Eager th' indignant country swarms,
 And pours a people clad in arms,
 Numerous as those whom Xerxes led,
 To crush devoted Freedom's head ;
 Firm as the band for Freedom's cause who stood,
 And stain'd Thermopylæ with Spartan blood ;
 Hear, o'er their heads, th' exulting Goddess sing
 " These are *my* favourite sons, and *mine* their warrior King !"

Through Albion's plains while wide and far
 Swells the tumultuous din of war,
 While from the loom, the forge, the sail,
 From Labour's plough, from Commerce' fail,
 All ranks to martial impulse yield,
 And grasp the spear, and brave the field,
 Do weeds our plains uncultur'd hide ?
 Does drooping Commerce quit the tide ?
 Do languid Art and Industry
 Their useful cares no longer ply ?
 Never did Agriculture's toil
 With richer harvests clothe the soil—
 Ne'er were our barks more amply fraught,

Ne'er were with happier skill our ores, our fleeces wrought.

While the proud foe, to swell invasion's host,
 His bleeding country's countless millions drains,
 And Gallia mourns through her embattled coast,
 Unpeopled cities and unlabour'd plains,

To

To guard and to avenge this favour'd land,
Though gleams the sword in every Briton's hand,
Still o'er our fields waves Concord's silken wing,
Still the Arts flourish, and the Muses sing;
While moral Truth and Faith's celestial ray
Adorn, illumine, and bless a George's prosperous sway.

ANECDOTES.

WHEN the son of a certain London banker had eloped to Scotland with a great heiress, whom he married, still retaining a *paternal* taste for *parsimony*, he objected to the demand of two guineas made by the *river* at Gretna Green, stating, that Capt. — had reported the canonical charge to be only five shillings!—"True," replied Vulcan; "but Capt. — is an Irishman, and I have already married him five times, so I consider him as a good *customer*; but perhaps I may never see your face again."

A JACK Tar, having been long in a French prison, was asked, on his return, whether he had not got a smattering of their lingo?—"No," replied Jack; "they call things by wrong names; they call a *horse* a *shovel**, and a *hat* a *chopper*†."

THE deceased Count Bibb, one night at the Cider-cellar, told a friend that he intended to leave twenty pounds to be spent at his funeral; which induced the other to ask him, if the money was to be spent going or returning?—Bibb good-humouredly replied, "Going, to be sure; for, when you *return*, I *shan't* be *with* you."

AS the late old Lord Nugent was riding out in the coach of the Dutchess of —, whose frailties he

* Cheval.

† Chapeau.

well knew, and whose prudery he liked to expose, he put his head out of the window, on the Surry side of the Thames, and, after looking earnestly for some time, exclaimed, "Good God, that I should live to see this!"—"What, my Lord! what is it that you see?" rejoined the Dutchess, casting her eyes the same way. "Why, my Lady, a group of women bathing at broad noon-day!"—"Women!" said she, looking more inquisitively; "why, my Lord, they are all *men*!"—"Well," replied his Lordship, "it may be so; for your Grace's eye-sight is much better than mine!"

SARAH, Dutchess of Marlborough, once pressing the Duke to take a medicine, with her usual warmth said, "*I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable.*" Dr. Garth, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it then, my Lord Duke; for it *must be of service one way or the other.*"

SIR Charles Wager had a sovereign contempt for physicians; though he believed a surgeon, in some cases, might be of service. It happened that Sir Charles was seized with a fever while he was out upon a cruise; and the surgeon, without much difficulty, prevailed upon him to lose a little blood, and suffer a blister to be laid on his back; by and by it was thought necessary to lay on another blister, and repeat the bleeding, to which Sir Charles also consented: the symptoms then abated, and the surgeon told him, that he must now swallow a few bolusses, and take a draught. "No, Doctor," says Sir Charles, "*you shall batter my hulk as long as you will, but d—n you, you shan't board me.*"

THE son of a Scots Marquis, who had seen much service on the Continent in the late war, was accosted by

by a friend in Bond Street, who facetiously desired, "that, as hostilities were over, his *whiskers* might be put upon a *Peace establishment*."—"To that I have no objection," was the answer; "but I desire that at the same time your *tongue* may be put on the *Civil List*."

A BAILIFF in December arrested a man, who, not being able to cash up, went to gaol; however, before taking leave, Mr. Nab asked him for a *Christmas Box*—"Why, truly," says the fellow, "I've got into a pretty *Box here*, you may take it."

A LAWYER and a physician lately much obstructed the hilarity of a very jovial company, by introducing a long-winded conversation on the superfluities of life, and how many were its needless wants. A merry fellow, vexed to be thus annoyed, exclaimed, "Very true, Gentlemen; I am myself an example of the justness of your remark, having lived all my life without *wanting* either a *Lawyer* or a *Physician*."

"DOCTOR," said a London Lawyer, who was lately examining a mine in Cornwall, to a Clergyman, his friend, who stood at the top, "as you know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit to that in the infernal regions?"—"I cannot exactly ascertain the distance," replied the Divine; "but let go your hold, and you'll be there in a minute."

A CERTAIN well-known Lord, who has a son one of the greatest coxcombs in London, caught him lately admiring himself at his toilet. "Jack," said the Nobleman, "you are very fond of yourself."—"Yes, my Lord, as the Ladies think me an *Adonis*, I must take care of my person."—"Well, my boy," rejoined his father, "your *self*-admiration has one advantage, at least; it has *no rival*."

LINES

LINES

BY A MAN WHO FORGOT THAT HE HAD BEEN MARRIED.

HE that forgets an injury,
Is honour'd in this life;
Then do not blame, but honour me,
For I forgot my *wife*!

BY THE WOMAN WHOM HE FORGOT.

Against my mem'ry oft I strove;
But 't is decreed by Fate,
That, though you may forget your *love*,
I can't forget my *hate*!

EPIGRAM.

A SOBER Cit, of Hymen's school,
And yet no foe to pleasantry,
Once wish'd that ev'ry *horned fool*
Might be plung'd headlong in the sea.
His wife, a sleek, round, spicy dame,
Replied, "My dear, I like your whim;—
Yet ere you this advice proclaim,
I'd have you *slily* learn to *swim*."

G. A. T.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

IN "*gaieté de cœur*," said Lady Prue—
"My Lord, my dear! I ask what would you do,
Should our invaders, 'mong their base designs,
Of honest English wives make *concubines*?"
"My heart! my love!" he cried, "I fear,
Should we have so much cause for weeping,
That we must take, our grief to cheer,
Their *Amazonian* corps in *keeping*!"

H.

AN

AN IMPROMPTU.

HOWE'ER a paradox it reads,
 'T is true in ev'ry part,
 I've seen a female fair, whose deeds
 Are void of any art;
 Who ne'er coquets it with her eyes,
 As practis'd by her sex;
 Or lends an ear where scandal flies,
 To whisper it and vex:
 And yet has grace and charms to please,
 With youth in fullest bloom,—
 Were she not *blind* by Fate's decrees,
 As well as *deaf* and *dumb*.

V.

THE DEXTEROUS EVASION.

THE Doctor was just on the very last stair
 Tow'rd's the room of his son, when of damsels a pair
 Escap'd by the opposite door:
 Whilst the youth had just time to lay hold of a book,
 And in it (assuming a sanctified look)
 He began most intensely to pore.
 When the Doctor beheld him, cried he, overjoy'd,
 "To see you, dear Richard, so wisely employ'd,
 Your affectionate father much pleases;
 But what were you reading?—your Blackstone?"—"Why,
 no, Sir,
 I was only beguiling an hour or so, Sir;"
 "But with what?"—"Why, some *Fugitive Pieces*!"

THE LADY'S CHOICE.

[From the Suffex Chronicle.]

LUCINDA's luck did spinsters grudge,
 While lovers twain pursu'd her;
 For while she charm'd an old grave Judge,
 A young gay Sheriff woo'd her.

The

The Judge was rich, the Sheriff poor,
 Papa preferr'd his Lordship;
 And Mammon scorn'd for Cupid's lure,
 Old Squaretoes deem'd a hardship.
 But Miss, whom rank nor wealth could move
 To be by dotard bedded,
 (For if Jack Ketch had gain'd her love,
 The hangman she'd have wedded,)
 Said, "Since to love and cherish too,
 Was wedlock's institution;
Judgment may have its weight with you,
 But I'm for *Execution*!"

FAT! FAIR! AND FORTY!

A BAGATELLE.

[From the General Evening Post.]

WHEN Delia was young, 't was the fashion to be
 Not so large round the waist, as she's now 'bout her
 knee!

Then by acids and starving she kept herself under,
 Till her shape, for its size, was each thriving girl's wonder.
 She was Delia the slender, the gay, and the smart;
 And, though small, she made very large holes in each heart!
 So graceful her motion, her gait was so airy,
 That, when dancing, you'd swear she'd the foot of a fairy;
 But now turn'd of forty, how chang'd is the fashion,
 Since for *flesh*, and not *bone*—men have taken a passion:
 So, instead of a monstrous long walk in the Park,
 And picking for dinner the leg of a lark,
 Delia crams every minute rich sauces and wines,
 And cares not how often each day that she dines:
 For no luscious tid-bit but with bon gout she'll swallow,
 And aloud for good drink like an Alderman holla!
 Thus by stuffing and cramming, by boozing and napping,
 Delia's swoln like a patient just ready for tapping:
 But though she may triumph no more with her eyes,
 At Smithfield she's certain to bear off the prize,
 For what can exceed her in weight, fat, or size?

}
 TWILL.

WAR

WAR OR PEACE.

SAYS John to his wife, "A kifs, if you please!
 Now tell which you like, Bet, a war or a peace?"
 Replies Bet, "I don't wish with my husband to jar;"
 So she gave him a blow on the cheek, and cried, "*War!*"

TOM BOWLING.

EPIGRAM.

TO lovely woman—fair, but chatt'ring race—
 Nature, with reason, gave a beardless face;
 "For as," said she, "their tongues they never save,
 What cutting will they suffer—if they shave!" D. L.

LOVE A-LA-MODE.

LOVE still commands my heart and purse,
 Life else would not be worth possessing;
 Yet never let me make a curse,
 What Jove intended for a blessing.

If faithless Chloe should deceive,
 Am I to suffer darts and anguish?
 No, gentle ladies, by your leave,
 I wish to *love*, but not to *languish*!

D.

FOLLY OF OPPOSING LOVE.

AGainst Love a resistance to make,
 Ye fair-ones, believe me, is vain:
 Those who fly, he has wings to o'ertake;
 Those who fight, by his arrows are slain.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

"—quando te vejo perdo a lingua,
E quando nao te vejo perdo o fiso."

RHITMAS, v. iii. p. 53, Ed. Lisbon, 1783.

THY lovely charms, celestial maid,
All hearts with ease subdue;
Surpassing e'en a poet's thought,
And as mysterious too.

What lips audacious, vain, and rash,
Shall dare to sing thy worth;
Thy num'rous sweets, that open here
A paradise on earth?

Oh! I can ne'er the theme attempt,
In strain or good or bad;
Since when I see thee, I am dumb—
And, when I do not, mad!

Temple.

OLD NICK.

CERTAIN DEATH.

A THOUGHT FROM THE FRENCH.

I *SHALL* die—in the height of despair,
Should my Delia persist to deny—
I shall die with delight, if the fair
Would attend to my tale, and comply.

How can I then cease to lament,
Since the fate of my passion is sure?
My death is the certain event,
Alike of the evil and cure.

IMPROMPTU.

HUMDRUM complains his giddy wife
Distracts his nights and days,
And vows he cannot bear a life
Of gaming, feasts, and plays.

His lot is hard as fate can give,
So much he thinks about her;
With her he swears he cannot LIVE,
Yet DIES when he's *without her*.

T.B.

IMPROMPTU.

A Woman singing ballads for money to bury her Husband, gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*.

FOR her husband deceas'd, Sally chants the sweet lay,
And faith it 's a singular sorrow ;
But, I doubt, since she sings for a *dead man* to-day,
She'll cry for a *live one* to-morrow !

THE PORTRAIT.

A WIFE Martin had, who was beautiful and young,
But whose charms, in effect, were destroy'd by her
tongue ;

It was constantly going, nor ever would cease,
And depriv'd the poor fellow of all hopes of peace.
The evil, alas ! is too common, I fear,
And a burden it is, which few mortals can bear.
Her portrait was drawn by an eminent painter,
Whose performance was not than th' original fainter,
So exact had he copied her every feature,
The eyes, nose, and mouth, were so strictly from Nature,
That, when Martin saw it, impell'd by his fears
Of her tongue again going, he stopp'd both his ears.

Benton Street.

G. B.

FEATHERS.

At a rout where the ladies' heads were profusely decorated with feathers, the following *repartee* took place :

"WHAT would you do," one day says my Lord to a wit,
"Should your wife thus with *feathers* equip her ?"
"Why, nothing, my Lord, but what manners permit—
I'd just take the freedom to *strip her* !"

THE RETORT.

FAN thought, t' other day, that with Con she'd be witty,
Contending the point about "ugly and pretty ;"
She said Con was frightful—'t was very uncivil,
For Fanny herself is as plain as—the D—— !

PRO.

INSCRIPTI

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT AT OLD SARUM.

[From the *Suffex Chronicle*.]

READER, if thou canst boast the noble name
 Of Englishman, it is enough to know
 Thou standest in Old Sarum. But if chance
 'T was thy misfortune in some other land,
 Inheritor of slavery, to be born,
 Read, and be envious!—Dost thou see yon hut,
 Its old mud mossy walls with many a patch
 Spotted?—know, Foreigner, so wisely well
 In England it is order'd, that the laws
 Which bind the people, from themselves should spring;
 Know that the dweller in that little hut,
 That wretched hovel, to the Senate sends
 Two delegates. Think, Foreigner, where such
 An individual's right, how happy all!

WHO, HOW, AND WHEN.

AN INSCRIPTION FOR A GREAT HOUSE.

OLD families of yesterday we shew,
 And Lords, whose fathers were—the Lord knows *who*.
 As sure as Bos is Ox, and Sus is Sow,
 Here Lords have Lords become—the Lord knows *how*.
 Such Lords they are, that not one Lord in ten
 Will act as Lords should act—the Lord knows *when*!

PAROLES AND COUNTERSIGNS.

[From the *Morning Chronicle*.]

SIR,
AT the present important crisis, when the country is
 threatened by an insolent and atrocious invader;
 when life, liberty, property, laws, social order, and re-
 ligion; every thing which constitutes public happi-
 ness and private felicity, every thing which is our
 boast as Britons, or is dear to us as men, is so imme-
 diately

diately and imminently in danger, it becomes the duty of every man to make a tender of his services, of however feeble a nature they may be, in the general cause.

In such a situation, it is with sorrow I perceive that the inexorable hand of Time has utterly deprived these stiffening limbs of mine of all power to spring through the rapid motions of the fuge-man, or even to trail a pike in the service: "But what I can, I will." And whilst I look round me, and behold the patriotism and energies of my country displaying themselves with a lustre hitherto unequalled in its history; as I cast my eye towards that monument of public spirit, the subscription at Lloyd's, where the patriots at the commencement of the nineteenth century will have their names recorded in letters of gold—of paper, I mean: when I there find even contractors' footmen contributing their half-crowns for the support of the Constitution; and the Cambro-British virgins employed in the neighbourhood of Brentford clubbing their sixpences, in order to protect their virtue from violation—I do confess that I feel myself emboldened to hope that even my mite will meet its due acceptance; and it is in this hope that I now beg leave, through the medium of your paper, to make a tender of it against our common enemy.

It is, I believe, generally understood, that, the better to enable the unfettered hands of Ministers to act up to their great conceptions, by putting at fuller liberty the disposable force of the country, the volunteer corps of the metropolis at least will be employed on garrison duty at the Tower, and in mounting guard at Saint James's, &c. &c. Now, Sir, "I do humbly propose to supply the afore said gentlemen within the bills of *mortality* (I hope there is nothing ominous in the word) with the parole and countersign, which in the discharge of such duty will be necessarily called for."

It

It has been asserted of an able General, who, during our late conflict, commanded the enemy's forces in the neighbourhood of Dunkirk, that one great mean by which he contrived to inspirit his troops, was by preserving a studied point, as applicable to the occasion, in the reciprocal relation of these terms, as delivered from Head-quarters. I have endeavoured therefore, as much as lies within my power, to keep the same object in view; and I have the most confident hope, that if these gentlemen should have their best energies called upon for a more decisive service, the same means may be equally successful on this side of the water, in repelling the desperate disturber of our present happiness.

I transmit the following list as a specimen, which will be an ample provision for one month's service at least. With a similar supply, when these are fairly expended, I shall do my best to be prepared. And, in the mean time, I remain yours, &c. &c.

Chapter Coffee-house.

X. X.

PAROLE.		COUNTERSIGN.
Time is!	— —	The Doctor.
Time was!	— —	The Statue.
Time's past!	— —	The Brazen Head.
Bragge's a good Dog	— —	"Bow! wow! wow!"
Holdfast's a better	— —	"Fal de ral, tit."
"Packwood's Razor Strops	— —	"He's your Man."
Indemnity for the past	— —	Income Bill.
Security for the future	— —	Property Tax.
Hang out your Lights!	— —	Darkness visible.
The Union	— —	Erin go Bragh!
March to Paris	— —	Entrench at Blackbeath.
Rule, Britannia!	— —	Inundations.
British Navy	— —	Attention!
The old Rock of St. Vincent	— — — }	{ The Mud-larks of the Dock-
		{ yards.
This here	— —	That there!
Her Ladyship	— —	"My Meg o' Vappin."

Penny

Penny Post	—	—	Twopence.
Invincible Standard	—	—	"Swear! Swear!"
Middlesex Sharp Shooters			Milners of Isleworth.
"Staunch Whigs"	—	—	"No Skulking."
Bank of England	—	—	Any Old Rags?
Westminster Hall	—	—	Or Old Wigs?
British Press	—	—	The P*****g Posts.
Bonaparté	—	—	The Devil.
Solemn Fasts	—	—	Roast Beef and Plum Pudding.
So be it—	—	—	For ever and ever!

THE JACOBIN GENIUS OF FRANCE

TO HER SELECT CORPS OF PRINTERS IN ENGLAND.

AN IMPROMPTU.

[From the Morning Herald.]

COME, *Libellers* in Gallic pay,
 Print in black letter! and proclaim!
 Work double tides, by night and day,
 To d—n *St. Vincent's* naval fame!
 Kick *Decency* into the mire!
 Drive *Truth* and *Common Sense* before ye!
 Keep up with *lies* a running fire,
 And thus sustain my blood-earn'd glory!
 Let each report make *Falseness* smile,
 And legions of your *Devils* dance;
 Then bruit it through the British isle,
 Until it's echo'd back from France!
 Infernal fons! by arts like these
 Success shall follow our command,
 If thus the Trident of the Seas
 We wrest but from *St. Vincent's* hand!
 Yet still his vengeful banner flies!
Imps! quick assail him, one and all;
 For not a *Jacobin* can rise,
 Unless you work *St. Vincent's* fall!

NAUTILUS.

DRESS.

DRESS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

York, Jan. 23.

YOUR account of the birth-day dresses is arrived in these parts, and has been studied with the usual attention that we bestow on matters of such importance. Barring heavy roads, we now get the London fashions eight-and-forty hours sooner than before the mail-coaches were established, which is a great comfort to the ladies here, who have a good deal of leisure on their hands. But pray, Sir, did you not omit some part of the birth-day intelligence, or is it only our North-country ignorance that makes us think so? You dwell principally upon the *heads* and the *petticoats*, omitting, in general, those intermediate parts which are of great consequence with us. Are we to understand by this, that there is no *medium* in a fashionable dress, or that the opinion of the milliner and mantua-maker is never taken but upon the last *extremities*? We have a proverb here, that “if you light the fire at both ends, the middle will shift for itself.” I should not have applied this to our present dilemma, if I could have thought of any other way of accounting for it.

I am, for self and sisters,

Your humble servant,

SARAH NUMPS.

EULOGIUM UPON THE ART OF A COEFFEUR.

[From the Oracle.]

I WOULD propose to all the Academies of Europe a prize for the best panegyric upon that art, which is of all others the most useful to society, as well as the most arduous, the most noble, and the most sublime, in relation to the virtues which it requires: I mean the art

art of a Lady's Hairdresser. To modify into pleasing forms those long and slender filaments which nature seems to have intended for the sport of every gale; to give to them a consistency of which no one would suppose such materials were susceptible; to give to abundance regular order in the place of confusion, and to supply a want with fictitious riches, which would deceive the sharpest eye; to soften the coarseness of features; to increase the brilliancy of the eye, by contrast of colours, and even sometimes by reflected union: to effect all these miracles, without any other means than a comb, and some powder of different tints, these are the characteristics of the art, and yet constitute but a small part of a Lady's Hairdresser's daily occupation.

If his industry entitles him to the rank of artist, its subject ought surely to give him a distinguished place on the list.

The pencil of the painter is exercised only upon the canvass; the chisel of the statuary, upon the marble block. Cold copyists of the charms of which they only present the image, their labours necessarily bear the mark of dependence. They must have models to direct their imagination and their hand. Their greatest merit is faithful imitation; and the inanimate shadow which they sell so dear to luxury, is but an imperfect sketch of the original, of which it teaches us to lament the loss.

What a difference between them and the Lady's Hairdresser! It is living beauty that he embellishes; it is a sex to which all the world pays homage, that implores his aid. Has nature lavished upon it all her treasures? He improves their *eclat*. The forms and features of the sculptor and painter are all borrowed: the model is before their eyes. Not so with the Coëffeur: he must have a peculiar genius for invention, a superior taste for combination.

He must be able, at the first sight of a physiogno-

my, to ascertain what sort of decoration will suit it. He must adhere to the general fashion, yet modify the dress to the individual. One woman would appear horrible, in the style which makes another lovely. The Coeffeur must therefore be always uniform, yet always vary his productions. It is true, the industrious hands, to which the canvass and the marble owe their metamorphosis, have a superiority in one sense over the Coeffeur. Their works possess a solidity which immortalizes them. Each succeeding generation enriches itself with the labours of the preceding. The Coeffeur has not that good fortune. The fruits of his art are more fleeting than those of the spring. Like the bouquets, whose brilliancy they possess, they disappear with the day which has seen their growth, and find their tomb in the sleep, from whence the beauties they adorned derive new freshness. This is indeed a disadvantage; but ought the Coeffeur to feel humbled on that account? In this particular, his art resembles that which we admire most in nature. It is the fate of every thing beautiful to fade away and vanish, at the moment when arrived at the highest degree of perfection. The Coeffeur always triumphs over this envious fatality by new creations. Every toilette is a fertile field, where he scatters his roses; and the prodigality of the evening is only a pledge of the abundance of the next day. I have hitherto considered him as a mere artist; but what if I were to enter into a detail of all his virtues? Are not discretion, reservedness, patience, punctuality, virtues? Of all artists, is there one to whom they must be more familiar than to the Coeffeur? Admitted to the mystery of the toilet, must he not, like Job, make a compact with his tongue and his eyes? The more unreserved the confidence, the more circumspection is required. How great must be his vigilance to keep himself constantly upon his guard against the charms which are placed in his hands? A new

new Pygmalion, does he not run a risk of having his head turned by the divinities whose heads he is employed to adorn? What scrupulous modesty does he not require to bear him safe through such variety of danger? He must not be merely as silent as Job, he must be equally patient. It is not a piece of inanimate metal that he forms; they are beings of quick sensibility, beings of delicate taste, accustomed to empire, and who regard every curl of their hair as forming part of their crown. He must therefore follow with his eye their interesting and penetrating glances—he must divine the effect of a curl or a tress—he must seize in a moment all the immensity of rapid combinations which every motion of the comb produces, and answer with this instrument even the silent objections to his procedure. It will be easily admitted then, that the exercise of this art supposes a calm temper, excessive virtue, attention, and inexhaustible patience.

As to punctuality, only think for a moment what disorder would arise in society upon all such essential occasions as balls and assemblies, spectacles and birthday galas, were a Coiffeur to neglect his duty, or slip his memory! How many empty boxes, how many distressed families, how many broken engagements, and hence what confusion, what embarrassment, both in public and private!

PHYSIC *versus* MUSIC.

[From the Morning Post.]

THE *lady* of a country apothecary, although she did not know a *gamut* from the ace of spades, yet, from having picked up some technical phrases, was reckoned by the other *ladies* of the neighbourhood to be a prodigious musical cognoscente; and was constantly shewing her taste, by inviting *thrumming* and *squalling* evening parties, to the no small disquiet of her husband.

band. Mr. Lenitive, who thought not any *compositions* so good as those of his own *drugs*, nor any *strains* so *harmonious* as those produced by his *pestle and mortar*, after labouring all day "*pro publico bono*," was not in a *humour* to relish, but rather inclined to be *surfeited* by, such *discordant bars* to his domestic *rest*. He therefore *concerted* a plan with his journeyman, to put a *final close* to these meetings: accordingly, one evening lately, after Mrs. Lenitive had assembled her guests, and *administered* the usual *dose* of toasted muffins and *superbibendum* of *decoction* of fouchong, she led her diffident and blushing daughter to the piano-forte; but, alas! poor Miss Lenitive had not got half through *Go to the D— and shake yourself*, which Mamma was, with her usual *sapience*, passing off to the *scientific* auditors for a valuable manuscript piece of the dear delightful Viotti, when honest Label, true to his master's *prescriptions*, began to *play his part* in the room *below*, and so placed his *brazen instrument*, wherein were valerian, and other ingredients equally *odoriferous*, in a state of *ebullition*, that the fumes ascended in *alt*; and so *impressive* was the *effect* of his *performance* upon the *olfactory* faculties, as to produce the most unpleasant consequences—poor dear Mrs. Lenitive, who was always tremblingly alive to, and distressed at, the bare idea of any thing that *smelled of the shop*, made an *abrupt cadence* into hysterics; and the party separated *presto à agitato*, in the utmost confusion—several of the old ladies left their *youthful wigs* behind them, and are likely to receive the *visits* of the apothecary, and four *nervous draughts* a day, for some weeks to come. It is feared that it will be a long time before Mrs. Lenitive will recover the shock her feelings have sustained by this *vulgar* accident: the only *symptom* in her favour is, that she takes every thing but *physic*.

THE PHILOSOPHIC WIFE.

[From the Oracle]

"Ladies like variegated tulips shew :

'T is to their changes halt their charms they owe."—POPE.

WONDERFUL have been the improvements of the present age ; and the rapid attainments of the fair sex in knowledge are particularly entitled to our approbation. The following anecdote will illustrate this fact, and may serve to excite the emulation of several unambitious females, who, content with their present situation in society, do not aspire to the higher honours to which they are entitled.

Mrs. Whimsy was the daughter of a plain country gentleman, remarkable for his integrity and good sense. His only daughter was educated beneath the paternal roof, and no expense was spared to render her accomplished in the useful as well as pleasing arts which are the ornaments of her sex. Miss Trueman was amiable ; and, being heiress to a large estate, she was addressed by several competitors for beauty and riches. Mr. Whimsy, an opulent West India merchant, was the successful lover, and carried his fair prize from the rural scenes of Bloomvale, in Kent, to his house in Bishopsgate Street.

After a most happy and endearing intercourse of some years, a revolution in Mrs. Whimsy's opinions interrupted the cheerful current of domestic felicity. This inauspicious event was occasioned by her accidentally meeting with a Mr. Sophister at the Lady Mayorefs's Easter gala at the Mansion-house.

Sophister was a philosopher of the *modern school* ; and being master of the art of reasoning, he subverted the faith of many a wavering mind among the men, and seduced several of the other sex to embrace his pernicious opinions.

Mrs. Whimsy was charmed with his elegant manners and delusive flattery; and, as she had been his partner at the ball, he visited her next morning, and was introduced to the unsuspecting Mr. W. Sophister's engaging conversation was so pleasing to the merchant, that he received a general invitation; and in a few visits, by the introduction of pernicious books, he triumphed over the weak understanding of Mrs. W. who became a female philosopher. Her *conversion* had been retarded by the objections of Miss Thornton, her cousin, who at first ridiculed the idea of female equality, but gradually embraced this fanciful opinion herself—so powerful is the sophistry which flatters human pride!

Equality, and its consecutive train of evils, were now established in Bishopsgate Street. Poor Mr. W. beheld with astonishment and sorrow the change in his wife's demeanour; the haughtiness of her air, her imperious behaviour to the servants, and utter negligence of her three lovely children, who were now intrusted to the care of a nursery-maid. His indulgent affection attributed this change to disease, and he trembled lest insanity had visited the dearest inmate of his bosom.

Meanwhile both Mrs. Whimsy and Miss Thornton adopted the most extravagant whims of fashion; and their dress, manners, and conversation, were more like those of high-bred demireps than modest women.

The equality of the sexes was the constant topic at table; and Sophister always corroborated the opinion of the ladies in favour of that fashionable doctrine by an appeal to the *generosity* and the *justice* of Mr. W. who was not sufficiently skilled in logic to dispute the question.

While Philosophy thus triumphed, Mrs. W. resolved to obtain *notoriety* by a change in the female garb—"The fashionable world," says she to her cousin,

cousin, "has long been accustomed to see half-booted ladies; but I do not recollect the seeing one of our oppressed sex in trowsers, except upon the stage. I shall make the experiment," added she, with an air of triumph; "and if this improvement should obtain the sanction of Fashion, my name will be *immortalized*! Only think, my dear Nancy, how glorious it will be to read in the newspapers that the Duchesse of R——, Lady L——, and Mrs. W——, appeared at the Marchioness T.'s rout, dressed in *Whimsy-trowsers*, adorned with brilliants!"—"I own," replied Miss T. "that although I perfectly coincide, I'm afraid the gentlemen will not be willing to give up the trowsers."—"Let us make the trial, however, my dear," rejoined Mrs. W.; "there are no bounds to the power of female influence."

Enthusiastic in the prosecution of her favourite improvement, the lady sent for her husband's tailor, and desired him to make her half a dozen pair of trowsers, similar to those worn by the modern fine gentlemen. *Snip* suppressed a rising laugh, and went home to obey the lady. An aspiring mind like hers, panting for celebrity, was not to be confined to the mere improvement of dress at the suggestion of Sophister; she entreated her husband to convert his *counting-house* into an *observatory*! Full of this sublime philosophic idea, she communicated the project to her husband. He considered this whim as another symptom of approaching madness, and only answered with a deep sigh. She then repeated the proposal with all the power of female eloquence, exclaiming, "O my dear! you will make me happy by complying with this *reasonable* request. You know I have long objected to your counting-house being joined to the dwelling-house, it looks so mercantile and vulgar; and then the rank smell of your samples of rum, sugar, and tobacco, must be very offensive to the delicate olfactory nerves of persons of distinction,

distinction, who honour us with an occasional visit." "I know nothing about their *oil-factory* nerves," replied Mr. Whimsy; "but I cannot comply with your wishes in this instance."—"I insist upon it, my dear," rejoined she, with infinite spirit, and in an authoritative tone; then, softening her voice to the persuasive, "Pray, my love," said she, "oblige me; this grand improvement will excite the *envy*, and perhaps the *imitation*, of all the merchants' wives in town. The observatory must be built at least as high as the dome of St. Paul's; and even when furnished with a variety of astronomical instruments, Mr. Sophister says the whole expense will not exceed five thousand pounds. Consider, my dear, how celebrated we shall be. All polite and learned foreigners will honour us with a visit; and Mrs. Whimsy's splendid observatory will be a favourite topic in the fashionable circles." This flood of eloquence was lost on Mr. W. who not only continued inexorable respecting his counting-house, but, tired with the importunities and frenzy of his wife, he resolved upon a separation, and wrote to his father-in-law on the subject.

Mr. Trueman hastened to town, demanded an explanation from his daughter, and finding that she had been deluded by Mr. Sophister, he sent for that gentleman, and on threatening him with manual chastisement, compelled him to acknowledge, in the presence of the ladies, that his design was to corrupt their hearts, and afterwards seduce them. Mrs. Whimsy was shocked; her eyes were opened to her own extravagant levity and credulity; she besought and obtained her father's and husband's pardon, and resumed her place as the mistress of her own house, not a domineering virago inflated with pride. She now finds that the felicity of the human race depends upon both sexes performing the moral and social duties of their
respective

respective situations, and laughs at the absurdity of her former projects when she aspired to the character of a *philosophic wife*.

BENEVOLUS.

MODERN SONNET.

ARTHUR.—A SUBLIME DESCRIPTIVE PEECE.

DARK was the night, and loud the wind-storm howl'd ;
 Around, above, the vivid lightnings glare :
 The thunder's awful noise unceasing roll'd
 In dreadful peals along the troubled air !
 When Arthur, silent, bent his careful way
 Across the landing's dun and dang'rous gloom ;
 Seiz'd on the massy door—that straight gave way—
 And enter'd slow the horror-breathing room !
 Trembling, with dumb amazement now he trod,
 While hope and fear his breast alternate sway'd !
 Reach'd where full well he knew there erst had stood :
 A table dimly gleaming in the shade.
 He felt—but utter'd, with terrific fear—
 “G—d—n the tinder-box ! it is not here ! ! !”

Quia.

MODERN NOVELS.

[From the Oracle.]

EVERY absurdity has an end—and, as I observe that almost all novels are now of the terrific cast, I hope the insipid repetition of the same *bugbears* will at length work its own cure. In the mean time, should any of your female readers be desirous of catching the *season of terrors*, they may compose two or three very pretty volumes, from the following recipe :

Take—An old castle, half of it ruinous ;
 A long gallery with a great many doors, some secret ones ;
 Three murdered bodies, quite fresh ;
 As many skeletons, in chests and presses ;

G. 5,

Ad

An old woman hanging by the neck, with her throat cut;

Affassins and desperadoes, *quant. suff.*

Noises, whispers, and groans, threescore at least. Mix them together, in the form of three thin *pills*, or volumes, and let them be taken or swallowed, at bedtime or any other hour, in any city, village, or watering-place, in England or Wales, and the town of Berwick upon Tweed (as proclamations are), where they will be found equally palatable and sanative by young and middle-aged ladies; with or *without pockets*! I mean in the way of fashion only!—No offence to the provincial ladies, from

PROBATUM EST.

THE SQUEAKING GHOST!

A TALE IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN, ACCORDING TO THE TRUE AND GENUINE PRINCIPLES OF THE HORRIFIC, BY M. G. L——S, ESQ OF *Spectre Hall*, IN THE County OF *Hobgoblin*.

[From the same.]

THE wind whistled loud! Farmer Dobbin's wheat stack
Fell down! The rain beat 'gainst his door!
As he sat by the fire, he heard the roof crack!
The cat 'gan to mew and to put up her back!
And the candle burnt—*just as before!*

The Farmer exclaim'd, with a piteous sigh,
"To get rid of this curs'd noise and rout,
Wife gi'e us some ale." His dame straight did cry,
Hem'd and cough'd three times three, then made this reply—
"I can't mun!"—"Why?"—"Cause the cask's out!"

By the side of the fire sat Roger-Gee-ho,
Who had finish'd his daily vocation:
With Cicely, whose eyes were as black as a floe,
A damsel indeed who had never said no,
And because—*she ne'er had an occasion!*

AM

All these were alarm'd by some loud piercing cries,
 And thrown into a terrible state;
 Till opening the door, with wide-staring eyes,
 They found to their joy, no less than surprise,
 " 'Twas the old sow fast stuck in a gate!"

THE IRISH GHOST.

BY OLD NICK,

[From the British Press.]

O nuova, o fiera, o strana maraviglia * ! !

IN days of yore, but since the flood,
 While Teague in bed was snoring,
 A spectre 'fore him ghastly stood,
 And wak'd him with its roaring.

No nose it had, nor e'en an eye,
 Nor mouth to eat its bread;
 And, would you know the reason why?
 Alas! it had no head!

With horrid gape Teague view'd the sprite,
 Then cried, "Ah! now be *spaking*,
 And *aise* me from my sad affright;
 And tell me if I'm waking?"

"Arrah, my dear," the shade replied,
 "I cannot *spake*, you know;
 But I'm thy father's ghost; who died,
 Beheaded, Lord knows how!"

"Alack, poor ghost!" the son exclaim'd,
 "No wonder thou art not frisky,
 For he most surely must be d—d,
 Who cannot drink his whiskey."

* This ejaculatory line is taken from the 11th canto of the *Ricciardetto* of *Porteguarri*, where it relates to a certain gentleman much more cunning than our Irishman, who, after his head had been cut off by Count Orlando, snatched it up, and carried it down stairs with him, to the great surprise of the good Count.

(Il buon Conte),
 Non cade il tronco busto, anzi s'inchina;
 E la recisa testa in mano piglia,
 E le scale discende.—ST. 16.

THE LETTER-CARRIER.

" Ah, honey, true!" the sprite resum'd,
 " Therefore I *laive* the dead;
 And that I mayn't to H— be doom'd,
 I'm *looking* for my head!"

THE WAY TO BE WISE.

POOOR Jenny, am'rous, young, and gay,
 Having by man been led astray,
 To nunn'ry dark retir'd:
 There liv'd, and look'd so like a maid,
 So seldom ate, so often pray'd,
 She was by all admir'd.

The Lady Abbess oft would cry,
 If any sister trod awry,

Or prov'd an idle slattern;
 " See wife and pious Mrs. Jane;
 A life so strict, so grave a mien,
 Is sure a worthy pattern."

A pert young slut at length replies,
 " Experience, Madam, makes fools wise;
 'T is that has made her such:
 And we, poor souls, no doubt should be
 As pious and as wise as she,
 If we had known as much."

THE LETTER-CARRIER.

A WAG at the gallows, who relish'd a jest,
 With a risible phiz, thus the hangman address'd;
 " Well, Jack, I am going to visit that place
 Where your father is gone, and the rest of your race;
 'T is a chance but I see him—and you, my good friend,
 May by me your respects to your family send."
 Ketch gravely replied, as he fasten'd the twine,
 " I'll beg leave to trouble you, Sir, with a *line*!"
Leaves.

JACK.

JACK KETCH AND THE FRENCHMAN.

A JEW D'ESPRIT.—BY AMBROSE PITMAN, ESQ.

[From the Morning Post.]

A FRENCHMAN once, at some assizes,
 'T was Nottingham, the Muse surmises,
 Fell justly by the course of law,
 A victim for—*un grand faux pas*.
 When he approach'd the fatal tree,
 (*Un autre Place de Greve pour lui,*)
 And when Jack Ketch prepar'd to tie
 The noose that did exalt him high,
 Instead of praying to the Lord,
 Monsieur exclaim'd, "*Ah ! misericorde !*"
 "*Measure the cord ?*" replied Jack Ketch ;
 "*Measure the cord yourself, you wretch !*"
 Still *misericorde* was all his cry ;
 "*Ah ! misericorde !* dat I should die !
Ah ! misericorde ! good folk, good by !"
 "*Measure the cord !* you sniv'ling our !"
 Rejoin'd the executioner :
 " 'T is long enough—I know 't will do
 To hang a score such rogues as you ;
 And since you 've been a thieving elf,
Measure the cord, I say, yourself."

ON OPERAS.

AN Opera, like a pill'ry, may be said
 To nail the ears down, but expose the head !

QUAVER.

ENVY AND IMPOTENCE.

AGAINST the letters Vindex writes, 't is said :—
 That is not *publish'd*, which is never read.

BON

BON TON.

Plus fellis, quam mellis habet.—MART.

SIR Hal and Lady Sneer were heard
 Disputing which had most regard :
 Says Madam, " When I die, my love,
 Your guardian Angel I will prove,
 And hover round you night and day,
 Lest you, my heart, should go astray !"
 " And I shall be so blest, my dear,"
 Cried Spouse, " beneath your *phantom-care*,
 That *speedy as you please*, my love,
 You may my *guardian-Angel prove*."

PUNCTUM SALIENS.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies the Devil—ask no other name.
 Well—but you mean Lord——? Hush! we mean the
 same.

PARAPHRASE OF AN EPIGRAM FROM:
MARTIAL.

" Omnia, Castor, emis—sic fiet, ut omnia vendas."

[From the General Evening Post.]

WITH careless Tom a weighty purse
 Is often found a heavy curie ;
 He neither rests by day nor night,
 Till he's contriv'd to make it *light*,
 By purchasing an hundred things,
 Canes, nicknacks, baubles, watches, rings.
 His purse run out—to raise some cash,
 'Tom instant sells his tinsel—trash—
 At such a loss, that the poor ninny
 Scarce gets three shillings in the guinea :
 Yet such his rage to *buy*, we're told,
 'Th' amount for which his baubles sold,
 He laid out, ere he reach'd his home,
 On trifles at an *auction-room* :

Thus

Thus Tom, to *buy* and *sell*, went on,
Till *guineas—shillings*—all were gone!

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WARTON; SENT TO THE REV.
DR. WARTON BY A FRIEND.

SAY, shall thy Muse o'er the fallen hero's bier
Th' eternal monument of glory raise,
Swell the loud Pæan of harmonious praise,
And high Ambition's banner'd trophies rear,
While silent flows the tributary tear
Which to her fav'rite son the sorrowing pays,
Unstrung her useless lyre, and mute her lays?—
But, hark! a strain divine now strikes mine ear:
The sacred bard his independent fame
Shall from his own immortal verse receive!
Soon dies the warrior's and the statesman's name,
His aid if no recording poet give;
But wreaths of endless bloom shall Warton claim,
While wit, while learning, and while fancy live!

CRANIOGNOMY.

DIALOGUE ILLUSTRATIVE, BY LUCIAN, JUN.

[From the European Magazine.]

BOOKSELLER *descends by a Flight of Stairs, and
speaks to the SHOPMAN.*

Bookseller.

WHAT the devil has been the matter? There was such a noise below stairs, while I was at breakfast, that I found it impossible to get through the first page of Dick Dry's last political pamphlet. Hey-day! how came the upper tier of vols thrown from the shelves, and the lower rows in such confusion? Have we had the Stockwell Ghost here? Or have the French and English authors declared war against each other? If so, in spite of the Definitive, we shall have another battle of the books.

Shopman.

Shopman. The carpenters, Sir, repairing the next house, have shook them down. I am sure that ponderous Locke on Human Understanding has almost cracked my skull.

Bookf. Then yours is not an Egyptian cranium, as my worthy friend the Magistrate observes. Mercy on us! What a noise these fellows make! What a dust they raise! One ought to have the eyes of little Eagle, the great Critic, to be able to tell one author from another.

Shopm. They have so totally displaced the books, that Homer *now* lies under Virgil.

Bookf. Gad, that's the situation in which some of the Commentators seem to have wished to place him! What are those vols at bottom? I suppose treatises on the Bathos.

Shopm. No, Sir! They are Descartes and Gassendi.

Bookf. This is like Topsy-turvy, the poem that came out yesterday. I thought they would have mounted to their kindred stars. Why, you blockhead, you are mingling Novels and Sermons, Pious Tracts and Plays, Politics and Philosophy, Morality and Medicine, together, like the contents of a Magazine.

Shopm. These folia vols of controversy have so lacerated the Practice of Piety and Whole Duty of Man, that they will want binding.

Bookf. So they will, as surely as if they had taken the pills of Dr. Laxative. Send to the fellows, and bid them stop. Put the shelves in order; lay the papers on the counter. I expect the Loungers directly.

Enter an AUTHOR.

Author. Good morning, my little Decimo-Sexto: Any news? Bless me! Why, your shop's as dusty as the Knightsbridge road in summer. I see every author in it through the medium of a fog.

Bookf. That's because you are a great Critic. However, my books have been a little deranged this morning.

ing. Abundance of works, which I thought nothing could have *stirred*, an accident has set flying about my ears. I have been pelted with my own stock.

Author. Then you have *felt* that there is some weight in learning.

Books. Oh Lord ! I have known that a great while : I have sold many hundred reams of it by the pound.

Author. None of my works have been wasted ?

Books. No ! I'll be sworn they have all been *properly* used.

Author. Yes ! I think, while I have corrected, I have improved the age.

Books. You know the Critics said, that you should have been *improved* in the same way.

Author. Spiteful dogs ! I'll be revenged of them and their works.

Books. Then you mean to praise the latter, I presume.

Author. Praise their works ! Yes ! a likely matter ! If I do, it shall be as I do Mr. Laudanum's draughts, for their narcotic properties. Why, the last pamphlet you sent me was as dull as the Blagdon controversy, which I have yawned through with greater difficulty than I once did the folio about the Brownists and Mugglestonians.

Books. One of our Christian Observers was observing, that that contained some pretty writing. I think, from the turn literature has lately taken, we are likely to see all the *wit* and humour of the Scotists and Thomists, and a hundred other of those *weighty* authors, whose works, or, as they are more emphatically styled, whose *labours*, have frequently pressed the British press, revived. May the tree of knowledge, which has produced fruit so large and *pleasantly* acrimonious, flourish, say I !

Author. I do not know what fruit your metaphoric tree has produced : all I can say is, that it has *had*

leaves in abundance ; but we are as stupid as if we had taken a nap under its shade. I wonder where all your diurnal visitors are this morning ? Oh ! I think I spy one.

Bookf. What ! that little fellow on the other side of the way ?

Author. The same.

Bookf. He's a bit of a wit ; he generally passes my shop a dozen times every day, and calls it travelling in the Dilly*.

Author. Good ! But I think you have a customer at last.

Bookf. What ! that queer fellow that crosses the way, his pockets stuffed with papers like the postman's letter-bags ? I'll be hanged if he's not an Author ! Smoke his great coat.

Author. Pardon me, it seems to have been pretty well smoked already.

Bookf. Step into the back shop ; you'll there find abundance of amusement ; there's all the new works ; and if you have any objection to their *quality*, I am sure, when you consider the price of paper, you'll praise the liberality of the proprietors with respect to *quantity*.

Enter a second AUTHOR.

2d Author. A good morning, dear Sir. I presume you are Mr. Decimo Sexto ?

Bookf. I am, Sir.

[*Bowing.*

2d Author. It's fortunate I have met with you, Sir, as I wanted to take your opinion with respect to a work which is, as I may say, a maiden effusion.

Bookf. Which you want married to the Press, put into sheets, &c.

2d Author. Though jocular, Mr. Decimo Sexto,

* Query, Piccadilly ?

you are certainly right ; but as, in the Athenian style, I expect a portion on the delivery of the bride——

Bookf. Bless me, Sir ! if the bride is so near delivery, I'll have nothing to do with her.

2d Author. Very well indeed ! you are quite a wag, Mr. Sexto : but to be serious. I should be much obliged to you if you would read this work, which is moral, political, and philosophical.

Bookf. Moral, political, and philosophical ?

2d Author. Yes. I want your opinion, and your terms : therefore, in order that you may form your judgment, I'll leave it with you to read.

Bookf. To read ! absurd ! that 's the old-fashioned way ! Perhaps Tonson, Lintot, or even Johnny Barber, might have read a new work. I have a surer criterion to form my judgment. Take off your hat.

2d Author. My hat !

Bookf. Yes !

2d Author. I did not know it was necessary to pay you this mark of respect in a public shop.

Bookf. Respect ! nonsense ! I want to see your skull.

2d Author. My skull !

Bookf. Yes ! Whether it is depressed or elevated. Is this wig from Cornhill or Bishopsgate ?

2d Author. Sir, do you mean to affront me ? This is a Bond-street *natural*.

Bookf. Well ! take it off, however ; let me measure your cranium : it seems the *futures* have never been properly closed. Gad, I'm afraid to have any thing to do with your work.

2d Author. Why ?

Bookf. I am fearful that some of those volatile thoughts, those effusions of fancy, which we call *flights*, may have evaporated.

2d Author. Impossible ; because I always write in a double night-cap.

Bookf. Perhaps if your readers were to take the hint,
it

it would not be amiss. You know Swift says, they should always, if possible, place themselves in the situation of the author. Well ! I see no great objection to your work from any observations I can make upon your skull. Perhaps if the learned Dr. Gall were here, he would say it was *too long*.

2d Author. Is that an objection ?

Books. I think not : I had rather have a long-headed author than a *round-head*. I am afraid there are still too many of these in this country.

2d Author. Perhaps that 's the reason why you examine the cranium instead of the work ?

Books. Certainly I like to revert to first principles, to fathom the mine before I look at the ore, the type before the figure, the soil before its productions, the—

2d Author. This is ingenious !

Books. It is ; and so useful, that I intend to have all my authors' heads cast in plaster, or papier-machée, or brass ; or models of them, when they are mere nobs, turned in wood ; and set them in the windows as they do the busts in the hair-dressers' shops, so that every passenger may become a *reviewer*.

2d Author. A lucky thought !

Books. I shall carry it still further : like Snip, my tailor, I shall never stir without a *measure* in my pocket. I intend, as the High German Doctor has given the hint, not only to gage the capacity of my authors' skulls, but the dimensions of those of my customers.

2d Author. But you may affront the latter if you make free with what Hogarth used to call their *idea-boxes*.

Books. Certainly ! I shall therefore go another way to work with them.

2d Author. How ?

Books. I shall apply to their hatters and peruke-makers ; this you know refers to either sex. By the
depth

depth of the *crown* or the *caul*, I shall soon be able to judge of the *depth* of the wearers ; and, by observing the expense which they bestow upon the outside of their heads, I shall not only be able to determine the value they set upon them, but pretty accurately to conjecture, what kind of works they would deem necessary to ornament their inside : whether they delight in botanical writings, which may be deemed *flowered paper*, some of which, by the bye, is as highly coloured as the fair readers ; whether landscapes in black and white please them ; whether they would have them adorned with history, maps, sea-pieces, domestic scenes, love stories, emblematical figures, representations of the Muses, the Arts, Scripture pieces, and a hundred other subjects.

2d Author. Upon my word, Mr. Decimo Sexto, this is a science equally new and ingenious. You'll open the doors of your authors' and customers' craniums, and form a chart of the whirlpools, eddies, shoals, and shallows of their minds.

Bookf. Yes ! I shall soon be able to ascertain the place of every passion ; I shall, as you observe, open their skulls, and fold them up as I do these papers.

2d Author. Bless me ! What are you about, Mr. Sexto ? You'll tear my manuscript to tatters.

Bookf. Adso ! I beg ten thousand pardons ; though it would, had it become a fragment, only have made it the more valuable. What shall I do with it ? Put it to the press ?

2d Author. Pay me for it, and *put* it where you please.

Bookf. Pay you for it ! Though I like the structure of your skull, this demands consideration. If you'll call in a few days you shall have an answer : I'm like literature, going backward : you see I am not one of your costly critics. You'll excuse me. Good morning.

[Exit AUTHOR one way, BOOKSELLER another.

LINES

LINES ON THE MAGNIFICENT EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE,

RECENTLY COMPLETED BY THE BOYDELLS.

THOUGH many a bard and critic sage intwine
 Their votive wreaths round Shakspeare's honour'd shrine,
 How poor such homage to a poet's name,
 Whose peerless works secure eternal fame!
 Lo! of those peerless works a splendid pile,
 An off'ring worthy of his native Isle;
 Design'd by lib'ral Zeal and classic Taste,
 In simple grandeur elegantly chaste;
 Where, nobly fir'd with emulative rage,
 Painting illumines her tuneful sister's page,
 And gives a vivid omen of the day,
 When British arts full lustre shall display,
 Nor longer humbly yield to ages past,
 But spread a richer radiance that shall last.
 The patriot impulse from the Boydells came,
 Whose fost'ring aid sustain'd the rising flame;
 And hence with Shakspeare shall they proudly stand,
 Protected by the Genius of the land.

ON PAPER.

[From the London Chronicle.]

SOME wit of old, (such wits of old there were,
 Whose hints shew'd meaning, whose allusions care,)
 By one grave stroke to mark all human kind,
 Call'd clear blank paper every infant mind;
 When still as opening Sense her dictates wrote,
 Fair Virtue put a seal, or Vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
 Methinks a Genius might the plan pursue.

I—can you pardon my presumption?—I,
 No Wit, no Genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,
 The wants of Fashion, Elegance, and Use:

Men are as various, and (if right I scan)

Each sort of paper represents some man.

Pray note the sop, half powder and half lace,
 Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place;

He's

He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the scrutore.

Mechanics, farmers, servants, and so forth,
Are *copy paper* of inferior worth;
Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.

The wretch whom av'rice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich—an heir,
Is coarse *brown paper*, such as pedlars choose,
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys:
Will any paper match him?—Yes—throughout
He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark naught.
He foams with censure; with applause he raves;
A dupe of rumours, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *fool's-cap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel if you step awry;
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure,
What is he?—What?—*Touch-paper*, to be sure.

What are our poets, take 'em as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are—the mere *waste paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet!
She's fair, *white paper*, an unsullied sheet:
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring,
'T is—the *great man*, who scorps a little thing:
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone:
True genuine *royal paper* is his breast,
Of all the kinds, most precious, purest, best.

NATURE

NATURE THE BEST PHYSICIAN.

IN Bladud's old city surrounded by hills,
 Where the fount always heals, but the physic oft kills;
 Liv'd a medical Doctor of excellent fame,
 Whose wife was a Jewess—a fat, jolly dame;
 And so well were they match'd, that if rightly I ween,
 Like a couple of rabbits—one fat, and one lean.
 The law and levitical rites, it is said,
 Enjoin the femmes couvertes to shave all the head.
 To a beautiful Jewess how hard is the fate,
 For her long flowing ringlets to wear a false tate!
 Though comely, yet beauty our dame could not boast,
 Few glasses were crown'd with her name as a toast;
 Though no charms her hard features were form'd to express,
 Yet her head was a proverb in lustre of dress,
 And when frizz'd to extent, with her jewels adorning,
 Appear'd like a bush in a dew-spangled morning.
 Thus dizen'd and stiffen'd, she came from a ball,
 Where lords, rogues, and pimps, from the great to the small,
 With a small squad of virgins, and many a h—,
 Met to dance, play, and chatter, in honour of Charlotte*.
 The poppy-crown'd god had not long clos'd their eyes,
 Ere the Doctor's profession oblig'd him to rise;
 "Poor old Sir John Dory is at his last breath,
 If your skill, my good Doctor, can't bail him from death."
 In great haste and darkness he cover'd his pate,
 Not with his own bag, but his wife's *shining tate*,
 And thus sallied forth:—"Oh! I fear 't is all hollow,"
 Quoth the Doctor, "good nurse! for Sir Dory can't swallow."
 At a sound so terrific, Sir John rais'd his eyes,
 And view'd with amazement the opening skies:
 Bold Fancy soon led him from matter terrestrial
 Through regions of space, to the archives celestial.
 Here were suns, moons, and comets—the lacteal way,
 And the zodiac arrais'd in the brightest array;
 But here she forsook him—th' illusion was fled—
 And he found his eyes fix'd on the Doctor's droll head.
 Convulsions of laughter the dying Knight seiz'd—
 The quinsy was broken—the patient was eas'd.

* 18th of January.

" Good

"Good morn," quoth the Knight; "see how Nature surpasses. All the skill of your college, and proves you but asses."

ON THE WORD ADDRESS.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is a particular propensity inherent in us all, the effects of which are the same, but the mode of application extremely dissimilar, and which may be known by the general term of *Address*. The *address* of an old man consists in persuading his mistress that he is young; and that of a youth, in insinuating that he has arrived at the age of maturity and secrecy. A sharper has attained the height of his wishes if he has the *address* to pass, in the opinion of the world, for an honest man; and the latter is often suspected of being otherwise, if he displays too much *address*: modest women frequently are mistaken for courtezans, by affecting their *address*; neither is a Cyprian qualified to succeed in her profession till she has acquired the seeming *address* of innocence. A creditor displays his *address* in discovering the *address* of his debtor, and the *address* of a debtor consists in cautiously concealing his *address* from his creditor.

YOUR DEBTOR.

FASHIONS.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHATEVER be the manners of a beloved object, they are always those with which we are best pleased. When Fashion is that object, it is natural that we should find its forms agreeable, whatever they may be. Thus even the most ridiculous and extravagant ones always find a multitude of coxcombs and women ready to extol and defend them. In their estimation

the very name of Fashion answers all objections, justifies and adorns every thing. It pleases them by its fickleness, it enchants them by its caprices, and consoles them for the ridicule which it bestows upon them. When moroseness or reason would examine its conveniences and advantages, after the example of the Gaul, who threw his sword into the scale, they throw in their dresses and toys: the most impartial will employ artifice to make the inconveniencies "kick the beam."

There is but one thing that is capable of curing a coquette of her passion for the modes; and still that recipe is not very certain of success. Champfort gives an instance of a lady who quarrelled with her lover because he put on a stocking awry.

A young and handsome woman who is only a demi-coquette, and is but half infatuated with fashion, passes for reasonable; a man who comes within the same degree passes for a fop; from which it may be concluded, that to be a woman, and handsome, is to have the privilege of being foppish with impunity.

It is the fashion of some people not to follow the fashion; they profess to disdain and criticise it. These are as ridiculous in the eyes of people of fashion as the latter are in theirs. Thus is there a compensation for epigrams and sarcasms, and it is to be presumed that both sides are quit. Neither of them ever examine what the fashion is; it matters nothing whether real taste would condemn or approve it; it is sufficient that it be the fashion, in order to obtain the suffrages of the one, and incur the censure of the other. It appears so amiable in the eyes of some, that it even seduces those whom it does not become; and others are so strongly prejudiced against it, that they would scruple to adopt it even if it were becoming, agreeable, and useful to them. Be that as it may, the rule will hold good, almost generally, that the

the party which attacks it is almost always the most reasonable, and the party which defends it the most amiable.

If you meet an old man who does not rail strongly against fashion, boldly pronounce that he has never been its slave, and in that respect has been always reasonable: if you adopt a different opinion in a contrary case, it will rarely happen that you will find yourself mistaken.

There are more old men than there are old women who speak impartially of the fashions. Almost all the latter feel an irresistible propensity to hurl against it the anathema of their vexation. This is an immediate consequence of what we have already observed; for there are more women than men who are in love with fashions.

I said the anathema of vexation, and in fact it is less the sentiment of violated taste than the bitterness of regret, that dictates their censure. But even though their satire be unjust, they do better to amuse themselves in proscribing the fashions, in the way of consolation, than to render their decency subject to its caprices. What can be a more ridiculous spectacle than to behold the craziness of years heavily tottering after this light and fugitive idol—like the garrulity of old age diffusing itself over the transactions of past times?

In this last whim, however, do we not find a text appropriate to our purpose? That Calchas who never dies—that unrelenting pitiless sacrificer, Time—comes to demand his victim. Alas! let that victim crown itself with flowers, if that attire can furnish a consoling amusement, and a veil to conceal from its views the scythe which is ready to strike it!

Fashion is frequently an injury to natural graces, and the effect of beauty, and is nearly always its most dangerous

dangerous enemy. Truth invented the graces, but vanity perverted the use of them.

It is not enough to have the grace corresponding with the age—the grace of figure is also requisite. A noble and simple elegance becomes all features and all ages.

Elegance is to fashion what a fine woman without rouge is to a coquette who paints herself—elegance is linked with taste, and fashion with enjoyment. The first pleases generally, and the other still more; the one is only successful, the other is triumphant; but in such a way, that the success is durable, and the triumph no more than the extreme success of a moment.

Elegance has the merit of reality, fashion has only that of circumstances and locality. The latter is arbitrary; elegance is elegance at all times and in all places.

The delicate arrangement of dress and features, the art of following the fashion with taste—that is to say, only of using so much of it as is becoming and pleasing, so however that the infringement made upon it may not amount to a violation of its laws—that art, I say, is to dress what grace is to beauty.

Fashion and Reason are two powers that seldom agree; now that the negotiations are stripped of their difficulties, are there no means of acceding to the following treaty? May we not, if I may say so, adapt fashion to reason, and bring reason into fashion?

1st, From the present date hostilities shall cease, and all grievances be forgotten.

2d, Reason shall cease to declaim against Fashion, and Fashion to ridicule Reason.

3d, Reason shall direct the caprices of Fashion, and the latter shall correct the sermons of the former.

4th,

4th, Reason shall defend Fashion against the incessantly renewed attacks of peevishness and old women.

5th, Fashion shall make no changes without consulting Reason.

6th, The troops of the one shall assume the uniform of those of Fashion, and the troops of the other shall be disciplined like those of Reason.

7th, Reason shall furnish Fashion with the subsidies necessary for the support of its power, and Mode shall supply Reason with the Graces, in the quality of auxiliary troops.

8th, In fine, Reason shall no longer be growling nor savage, and Fashion shall break off all alliance with Bad Taste and Folly.

T. L.

FASHIONS CHANGE!

[From the same.]

YES, Mr. Editor, Fashions *do* change, and in this *refined* age one naturally expects them to change for the better: but, except when former fashions, according to the usual rotation, come round again, they seem continually to change for the worse.

The truth is, that *Fashion* has undergone a total *revolution*—and no wonder, since *revolutions* have been all the *fashion*.—Formerly the two great constituents of Fashion were, elegance of appearance, and urbanity of manners. My Lord Chesterfield particularly recommended something of this sort: but certain grave readers, confounding his Lordship's ideas of *elegance*, which were very correct, with his *moral* notions, which were certainly exceptionable—elegance itself fell into disrepute; and, lest we should appear to be of the School of Chesterfield, the contrary extreme was adopted, and the *Blackguard School* preferred; for

can give no other denomination to that which abolished what all the world acknowledged to be elegant, and introduced the *dress of the stable*, and the *flang of Bow-Street*. Ever since that time, what a routine we have had of every thing disgusting, in the name of Fashion!—slouched hats, jockey waistcoats, half-boots, leather breeches, cropped heads, unpowdered hair—in short, every thing that can give an idea of a *Russian*—I say, a *Russian*; because the dress and manners which are now deemed fashionable, would, twenty years ago, have made a *gallows* impression on a jury at the Old Bailey.

I am ready to acknowledge, that, under the Chesterfield system, elegance often degenerated into frivolity; and a *man* sometimes seemed little better than a *monkey*. This, however, could only happen among the middling and lower classes, *aping* the dress and manners of their superiors; and even these were infinitely preferable to the *boorish*, *wolfish*, and *affectedly terrific* exhibition of the present race of *Bucks* without *blood*, *Beaux* without *taste*, and *Gentlemen* without *manners*!

I have been led into such egregious errors, and have committed such blunders, by mistaking—*Dukes* for *Grooms*, *Earls* for *Postillions*, and *Squires* for *Stable-boys*, that perhaps I may not express myself with sufficient accuracy or candour on this subject. But I cannot help taking the present system to be *confusion confounded*; and therefore I hope, since even Bonaparté requires *Sans Culottes* to be *dressed*, that in this country, remarkable for good sense and propriety, we may again, and speedily, see the

FASHIONS CHANGE !

VERBAL

VERBAL INVASION.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM an old-fashioned mortal, known by the name of a *true Englishman*; a plain speaker, a lover of beef, and an abominator of foreigners and foreign customs. The invasion of the French *men* I value not a rush. We are ready! but I must confess there is another species of *Invasion* which vexes me exceedingly—I mean the confounded custom of introducing *French Words* into our language, which is arrived to such a height, that a plain country Gentleman can scarcely understand one word in ten of his *mother tongue*—it is so frittered away—by what our sailors call *puppy lingo*.

One man, at a loss to explain himself, comes out with a “*Je ne sçais quoi*.”

A second won't describe particulars, but praises the “*tout ensemble*.”

A third drops in when dinner is serving up, and declares he comes quite “*à propos*.”

A fourth can't enter a crowded Theatre without exclaiming “*What a coup-d'œil!*”

A fifth vows that Mrs. Maudlin is not handsome, but her face has a pleasing “*tourmure!*” and

A sixth sagaciously doubts whether Ministers are “*au fait*.”

I don't find fault with certain women being styled “*Elegantés*,” simpering Misses “*Belles*,” and effeminate fellows “*Beaux* ;” but I am transported with rage when I reflect that this unaccountable innovation has even crept into our army, as our soldiers are instructed to “*deployer*” and fire a “*feu de joye*,” whilst our Volunteer Associations are universally called “*Corps!*”

Excuse my warmth, Mr. Editor, and allow your
H 4
patriotic

patriotic paper to be the vehicle of an attempt to dissuade my brave countrymen from uttering the *sentiments of Britons with the tongues of Frenchmen.*

Yours, SIMON STERLING.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY CONCERNING A MARRIED STATE.

TO *wed*, or *not to wed*—that is the question :
 Whether 't were happier in the mind to stifle
 The heats and tumults of outrageous passion,
 Or with some prudent fair in *solemn contract*
 Of matrimony join.—To *have*—to *hold*—
 No more—and by that *have*, to stay we end
 The heart ach, and the thousand love-sick pangs
 Of celibacy—'t were a consummation.
 Devoutly to be wish'd —In nuptial band
 To join till death dissolves—Ay, there's the rub :
 For in that space what dull remorse may come,
 When we have ta'en our leave of liberty,
 Must give us solemn pause.—There's the respect
 That slackens our speed in suing for a change :
 Else who would bear the scorn and sneers which *Bachelors*
 When *aged* feel, the pains and flutt'ring fevers,
 Which each new face must give to roving fancy,
 When he might rid himself at once of all
 By a bare *yes*? Who would with patience bear
 To fret and linger out a single life,
 But that the dread of something yet untried,
 Some hazard in a state from whose strict bond
 Death only can release, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather choose those ills we have,
 Than fly to others which we fancy greater?
 This last reflection makes us slow and wary,
 Filling the dubious mind with dreadful thoughts
 Of poutings, discords, jealousies, and cares
 Extravagantly great, entail'd on wedlock,
 Which to avoid, the lover checks his passion,
 And, miserable, dies a bachelor.

IMPROMPTU,

IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING OF THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN FOOT,
OF THE ROYAL NAVY, WITH MISS PATTEN, WHICH
WAS SOLEMNIZED ON A WEDNESDAY MORNING.

MAY the union cemented on Wednesday, at Matin,
Be blissful, and crown'd with abundance of fruit !
May the *Foot* ever firmly adhere to the *Patten*,
The *Patten* for ever stick close to the *Foot* !

And though *Pattens* are us'd but in *moist, dirty* weather,
May *their* journey through life be *unclouded and clean* !
May they long *fit* each other ;—and *moving* together,
May only one *sole* (*soul*) be still cherish'd between.

Fareham, Hants.

PHILO-NAUTICUS.

VERSES ON A PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS
MARY,

IN THE CHARACTER OF AN ARTIST.

BY P. PINDAR, ESQ.

SWEET Nymph, accept a verse from him,
A pupil in the school of Whim,
Too prone to make *great folks* his sport ;
Yet, if he catch one glimpse of merit,
He snatches up the pen with spirit,
To praise it, though it comes from court.
'T is true, that courts are fat hot-beds ;
Eugend'ring reptiles, noisome weeds,
Which Satire's scythe will ne'er keep under ;
But lo ! a charming *rose* art thou,—
Receive, then, *nymph*, my lowest bow ;
For giving to the world, a *wonder*.

TO MARIA,

WHO COMPLAINED SHE HAD LOST THE KEY OF HER
CABINET.

[From the Morning Post.]

WHY vex a moment for the key you've lost ?
A simple key, as trifling as its cost :
But, charming maid, could chance e'er make you
With that cross-warded key, which locks your h

Could you but lose it, and some star arise
 To guide me to the wish'd-for precious prize,
 I'd then unravel each alluring grace
 My eye that rivets, but denies th' embrace;
 And prove each seeming sally of caprice
 Is but the coquetry of love's device:
 Thus have we often seen fair Luna's ray
 In sportive dalliance on a riv'let play,
 Vexing the bosom of the murmur'ing stream
 With all the gambols of a chequer'd beam;
 Till the inconstant winds her veil remov'd,
 When all was brightness to the stream she lov'd.

H.

THE CHOICE.

BY HENRY FOX COOPER.

MIRANDA, fair as op'ning day,
 With eyes of heav'nly blue,
 And lips as sweet as new-mown hay,
 One morn tripp'd o'er the dew;
 Her steps towards the garden bent,
 To view her fragrant flow'rs;
 For thither led by young Content,
 She'd pass some pleasant hours.
 That morn a beau was by her side,
 Who sought her heart to move;
 But she, of innocence the pride,
 Had never thought of love.
 To mark the beauties, Nature's claim,
 Was all her wish and care;
 And thus, to turn his am'rous flame,
 She spoke with sprightly air:
 "Come! tell me whether you admire
 These charming flow'rs so gay;
 And which of them you'd most desire,
Roses or tulips, pray?"
 "Your *roses*, Ma'am," the beau replied,
 "Are charming to my eyes;
 But then—" (poor Amoroso sigh'd,)
 "Your *two-lips* most I prize!"

THE

THE following little Poem has lately been in circulation at Tunbridge Wells. It conveys a delicate compliment to the present father of English poetry, the justice of which will hardly be disputed by those who have the advantage of knowing him. It is understood to be the joint composition of Mrs. Riddell and Sir James Burges: rumour ascribes to the former the first three stanzas, and the remainder to the latter.

WITH the Muses and Nature once loit'ring, quoth Time,
 "Your skill you might better employ,
 Than in idly contriving such works to sublime,
 As one stroke of my scythe can destroy."
 "Peace, boaster! your laws," cried a Muse, "you will find
 One pupil of ours can defy;
 Your touch has improv'd the rich stores of his mind,
 Without quenching the fires of his eye."
 "See, where CUMBERLAND smiles as our contest he hears,
 And displays, as a proof of this truth,
 With the treasures of science and knowledge of years,
 The spirit and graces of youth."
 "Scoff on," Time replied; "the example you bring
 As a proof of my pow'r may be shewn:
 The Muses and Graces may boast of his Spring,
 But his Winter I claim as my own."
 "You, Nature! endow'd him with talents, 'tis true,
 And his mind by the Muse was allur'd;
 Yet 't was I who directed the shoot as it grew,
 And by me was his harvest matur'd."
 "Of your gifts I allow you to say what you will,
 But here I assert my own claim;
 I confess you're the guardians of Helicon's rill,
 But I keep the Temple of Fame."
 "Be content," cried Apollo, "and hear what I say;
 We may equally claim him as ours:
 At his birth I illumin'd his soul with my ray,
 You, each, have augmented his powers."

"To make him immortal then let us unite,
 And wide, like his worth, be his praise:
 Set our Riddell at work his encomium to write,
 Let her hand weave his Chaplet of Bays."

~~THE NEW~~

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF MR. JOHN KIRBY,

LATE KEEPER OF NEWGATE PRISON.

HENCE be the dictates of obtrusive mirth,
 Far hence the levity of thoughtless souls,
 While to the manes of departed worth
 The solemn knell of dissolution tolls.

To each slow sound, that strikes the list'ning ear,
 The heart responsive heaves the sad reply,
 With some kind act remembrance holds most dear,
 And burdens each recital with a sigh.

Though plac'd the scenes of wretchedness to scan,
 (Too apt to harden the accusom'd heart,)

Yet was he known the feeling friend of man,
 And oft to mis'ry would a smile impart.

His was the active charity, to sooth

The guilty wretch his efforts could not save:—
 How few, like him, will have the wish to smooth
 The passage to an ignominious grave!

The hapless sufferers, for crimes expell'd—

Whose every hope with liberty is gone,
 Will ever bless the gentle hand, that held
 Power unabus'd—a thing almost unknown.

E'en in the sad receptacle of woe

Will tears of sympathy for once be shed,
 Not for themselves—but for this public blow—
 Tears—that can best embalm the honour'd dead.

F. L. M.

AN EXCUSE FOR PREJUDICE.

[From the General Evening Post.]

WHEN prejudice fetters the judgment of man,
 It impairs nice distinctions of thought;
 But the sentiment let us applaud when we can,
 For 't is often from principle caught.

Both

Both kindred and country are themes to extol,
 Which a Cynic alone will deride :
 'T is from principle Roger caresses his Moll,
 Nay—is vain to announce her his bride ;
 For, perhaps, none except his fond self will admit
 That rotundity argues true grace,
 Or a masculine beard for a female is fit,
 Or that carbuncles mend a fair face.
 This impulse, methinks, is most kindly ordain'd :
 For if, guided by taste, all were wise,
 What rude savage clans to our shores would be gain'd,
 Their old native haunts to despise !
 If feminine beauty to all were the same,
 What charms would *our* females disclose !
 But their want of true ornament some would proclaim—
 As—a ring, or a bone—through the nose.
 The Esquimaux prizes his dear native home,
 The Hottentot too does the same ;
 And the former prefers his rude hut to the dome,
 The latter his unction—to fame.
 Aye, and proudly they vaunt their respective delights,
 Their sources of comfort and ease ;
 The one boasts his prowess in tomahawk fights,
 The other his talent—to grease.
 When national vigour in arms is the theme,
 Let us look at our true British Tar :
 That Frenchmen should threaten—to him is a dream,
 And he's glum—that they keep off so far ;
 "For," says Jack, "if so be that they start from their holes,
 And shew their lank jaws on the main,
 We'll so pepper their Frenchified soup-meagre souls,
 That they never shall sink home again !"
 This prejudice surely is dear to us all,
 For it serves our proud land to uphold ;
 And never shall tyranny Britain appal,
 Whilst her tars are so ready and bold.

Carey Street.

LEANDER.

A PETR

A PETER-PINDARIC ODE.

BY OLD NICK.

AS Joan, one eve, according to the plan
 Of many Dames as wise as can be,
 Trudg'd to a neighb'ring house—the Granby—
 To fetch away her good old man ;
 She found him, as the story goes,
 Sprawling in the street
 With feet
 In kennel, taking a comfortable doze.
 “ What, holla, John !” the Dame now cries,
 “ You drunken beast, arise !”
 At the well-known voice, John op'd his eyes ;
 But,
 As the Poet says, *their sense was shut* :
 And, thinking 'twas a bed, I ween,
 And not the street,
 He mumbled out, his teeth between,
 “ Put, put more clothes upon my feet,
 And take (the moon shone bright)
 Take, take away the light.”

THE LAST BOTTLE..

 THE TOPING FUNSTER'S ADDRESS TO HIS LAST BOTTLE
 OF FINE RUM.

BY OLD NICK.

Si quid adhuc ego sum, muneris omne tui est.
 TRISTIUM lib. I. Eleg. VI:

I GRIEVE to see thee go so fast,
 My warmest friend, my nearest, last !
 Rich son of Sugar, sweet'ning strife,
 To me the greatest sweet of life :
 No dry companion thou, but mellow,
 And sure, of all, the rummest fellow :

Oft,

Oft, oft have I with rapture glow'd,
 At what from thy *round mouth* * hath flow'd :
 Oft, too, when sinking with thy fill,
 Hast thou, my friend, *flood by me* STILL ;
 Oh ! I would sooner cease to be,
 Than lose one single drop † of thee !
 Thy love I'll drink ‡, and never stop
 Until I've suck'd § thy latest drop—
 Alas ! too soon, too soon 't will come,
 And I must *pine* without my *rum* :
 How deep my grief, of thee bereft,
 He best can tell, who hath no *spirits* left !

THE BRUSH-MAKERS.

BY THE SAME.

Κοίμῃ καὶ τρυφῇ τρυφῶν —HESIOD..

“ Two of a trade never agree.”

TWO brush-makers of small renown,
 Long had been rivals in the town :—
 Whate'er Wilkes ask'd you for a sweeper,
 Old Dellman straight would sell you cheapert
 This conduct strange so much oppress'd him,
 That, meeting once, he thus address'd him :
 “ I *steals* the stuff, to save my pelf,
 And then I *makes* 'em up myself;
 So cannot think, though oft I try,
 How you can cheaper sell than I ?”
 “ I'll tell you, friend,” old Dellman said—
 “ I *steals* my brushes ready made !”

* It appears that our Toper's Bottle enjoyed the same advantage as the ancient Greeks—

“ ——— Graiis dedit ore rotundo

Musa loqui.”—HOR.

† “ Lose not a drop of the immortal man.”—DRYDEN.

‡ “ Ex diis vinum totum spera.”—BION'S Epit.

§ “ Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.”

POPE'S Abeland.

THE SALISBURY CHANTER.

[From the General Evening Post.]

IN Sal'sbury cathedral, fam'd;
 A wight, belonging to the choir,
 The congregation oft would tire,
 With lungs, as if of leather fram'd;
 For, being proud
 Of singing loud,
 He set at nought all modulation;
 And, though the delicate of ear
 His braying talent struck with fear,
 He felt, at least, self-approbation.
 Up to the London stage he goes,
 His vocal service to propose;
 And by the manager was heard,
 Who thus observ'd: "Upon my word,
 I would advise you to go home,
 And never quit the sacred dome:
 The L—d is merciful and kind;
 No better master you can find.

In *pity* you'll be heard the while you pray;
 But quit the church, and you'll be d—'d next day."

Carey Street.

LEANDER.

ON THE CANAL CUT BY THE SIDE OF THE
SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

SOUTHAMPTON's wife sons found their river so large,
 Though 't would carry a *ship*, 't would not carry a *barge*;
 So wisely determin'd to cut by its *side*
 A *sinking* canal, where small vessels might glide:
 Like the man, who contriving a hole in his wall
 To admit his two *cats*—the one large, t' other small—
 When a great hole was cut for the first to go through,
 Would a little one have for his *little cat* too!

INNS

INNS FOR BALLOON PASSENGERS.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

[From the European Magazine.]

WE have often heard of castles in the air : probably many of my readers may have been *speculators* in these kind of buildings, which seem to possess advantages not always concomitant to more substantial erections, as they are not, in the first instance, attended with the risk and expense of those whose foundations are upon the earth ; and, secondly, every man is his own architect, and, consequently, avoids the trouble and litigation which, in former ages (for I would by no means insinuate that such things *ever* happen in the present), have been known to arise from the active zeal, and *disinterested* assiduity, of persons to whom the execution of great and elegant designs hath been delegated. The ingenious sect of *castle-builders* have therefore, from the time of Aristophanes, ~~how~~ long preceding him it is not material to inquire, been extremely numerous ; and, while terrestrial materials are *so dear*, as, in contradistinction to other builders, they *work cheap*, I intended to have patriotically proposed, that they should, in the modern jargon, have been systematized, organized, and made a part of some *national institute*, perhaps *in petto*, which, I conceive, would have been as useful as some other branches of a Society of that nature actually in existence ; but upon looking at some *late Transactions*, I found that many of these soaring geniuses have anticipated me, and have it now in contemplation to descend from their sublime altitudes, and to place their, at present, “ cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces” upon *terra firma*, to the great *improvement* of the metropolis.

Leaving them, therefore, to the execution of their *great designs*, which, I have a presentiment, will, like noble and virtuous actions, bring with them their own reward

rewards, I would only just hint, that when in consequence they do remove the hospital for lunatics from its present site, which may now, for reasons too obvious to need explanation, be deemed *classic ground*, they also improve, *i. e.* enlarge, the building; because I foresee, if the other schemes of improvement which are suggested are carried into effect, such a receptacle may, in the end, be found the most useful part of them.

Having, with some degree of anxiety, hinted the coalition which I conceive has taken place betwixt the ærial and terrestrial architects of the present day, it may be easily imagined that anxiety was increased by the reflection that, now the buildings that have adorned the *clouds* are likely to be *drawn downwards*, the immense space above us, which is not subject to any *ground-rent*, will be entirely unoccupied, for no better reason than because access to it has been deemed *rather difficult*.

While I was puzzling betwixt eagles and baskets, pendent bridges and inclined planes, in order to facilitate the elevation of *bodies*, I was at once relieved and comforted to find, that ingenuity, *ever on the wing*, had smoothed the way to the regions above, and that a method to “elevate and surprise” had, after it had lain dormant almost twenty years, been revived with success; so that I should little wonder to see the travelling in air-balloons, the method alluded to, as regularly systematized as that in mail-coaches, to which, indeed, they seem to possess advantages infinitely superior.

This invention, unless we admit the claims of some artists of remote antiquity, which, perhaps, it would be wiser to drop, it is said, originated among our ingenious neighbours the French; a nation whose inventions and *executions* have, within these last dozen years, astonished the world; but as it has been often observed, that, although they have the most brilliant,
or,

or, according to modern phraseology, in which I delight, the most luminous, ideas, we, in our John Bull or John Trot ways (who, *entre nous*, are persons of exceeding good sense), generally make improvements upon them, which renders useful what probably was before only curious or ornamental. To elucidate this proposition, two inventions, very opposite and apposite, have been quoted, viz. the application of the experiments on the contraction and expansion of metals by cold and heat, to time-keepers, with a view to facilitate the discovery of the longitude, and the *small* addition of a shirt to a ruffle. Now as we have succeeded in these two instances, and in two thousand others, I think we have a right to suppose that we shall be equally fortunate with respect to the balloon system, which an eminent and ingenious Gallic philosopher, of whom the pickpockets say that "he has deserved well of *this* country," had the goodness last summer to revive, upon the same principle which had enabled many of his countrymen, in a former age, to see what was doing above; and although the English *son of Phœbus*, who attempted to rival him, failed; and his balloon, from being hawked about till it became a *drug*, was considered as a *large bolus*, which the public mouth would not open wide enough to swallow; as an immense glyster, which would not produce *one motion*; as a vehicle which it was impossible to fill even *with puffing*; as a receptacle for *gasconade* rather than *gas*; yet I do think it likely, that, in the course of this summer, we shall find among our own countrymen some capable of *rectifying* the errors that were too apparent in the former experiments, of volatilizing the ethereal spirit, which, perhaps, the interested malice of foreign emissaries had condensed, and very possibly by its powerful medium of elevating even a metallic or crystalline orb, enduing them, or either of them with the ideal property of poetry, such as has form

ex

existed in the arrow of Abaris, or the broomsticks of the Weird Sisters, and conveying us

“——through the air

To Thebes, to Athens, when they will, and where.”

Now as this ingenious invention will probably be carried into effect, and the castles at which I have hinted, even if the rage for *improvement*, which, as has been observed, I think will soon ascend to the sky, suffers them to stand, would unquestionably only, like the castles of the feudal Baron or romantic Knight, let down their drawbridges, when the bugle-horn from their ramparts had announced the arrival of some King, Hero, or Princess, in distress, and the dwarf had communicated these *glad* tidings to his Lord; while persons in inferior stations, nay even *Squires* of low degree, like those who dare visit the mansions of opulence upon earth, in that vulgar vehicle a stage coach, would be left to shift for themselves.

As this is supposed to be the situation of things above, I would, for the encouragement of the middle and lower ranks of *ascendants*, humbly propose, that there should, as soon as the nature of the undertaking will admit, at every convenient station in the clouds, be established inns for their reception and accommodation. We know that there are already some *houses*; but I doubt whether, as dwellings, they are very comfortable, or *strictly legal*, because I have understood they are the freeholds of Artemidorus, Merlin, and all the learned Philomaths of old, though they have been leased to Albertus Magnus, Dr. Faustus, Friar Bacon, Kelly, Dr. Dee, Wing, Partridge*, Poor Robin, &c. who,

* Perhaps the framers of the Vagrant Act would, by these philosophers, have been deemed *no conjurers*, because, though they seem to have considered these houses as disorderly, they have made it as difficult to suppress them as other *disorderly* houses: though others are of opinion, that this part of the salutary statute alluded to was left open for the

who, while on earth, might, with propriety, be considered as their *undertenants*. Now these sages, to whom the little knowledge they had, when here, was a *dangerous thing*, may, if they are there, which for aught I know is the case, by their conferences with the stars, their new neighbours, by finding out and revealing secrets, by knowing every one's fortunes and misfortunes, become very troublesome inmates. One does not think so much of their dealing in the *black art*, because we have heard of some *individuals* of the ingenious fraternity of *coal-merchants* that are nearly as *skilful* as themselves.

Having considered these premises, and, in my turn, surveyed this immense space, and all its appurtenances, with that attention which its sublimity demanded, I must certainly coincide in opinion with Swift, that it has not, at least till some late attempts, been *made so much of* as, in this *speculating* age, might have been expected. I also most perfectly agree with him, that let an assembly at a fair, a race, a boxing-match, an *execution*, or any other *amusement*, be ever so numerous; let them squeeze till they, perhaps, blunt the asperity of their bodies, and sharpen the asperity of their minds; let them puff and blow for respiration, and bawl and wrangle for elbow-room, there is always a considerable vacuum over their heads: to this vacuum many aspiring geniuses have, at different periods, ascended, by the means of machines of different constructions, which have enabled them to rise far above

the wisest and best of reasons; namely, that it was probable they would be one day more easily come at. Perhaps their sagacity enabled them to foresee the advantage to the nation that would be, at a future time, derived from the balloon system; and therefore, although stolen goods, they knew, were as frequently taken to the planetary houses as to the moon, they thought it would be better to *wink* when they looked up to these receptacles, till the ingenuity of our *gloud surveyors* had ^{at} covered an easier way to them than that which is *generally* supposed to elevate us to the skies.

the common level of mankind; but although they have attained a surprising altitude, and have, indeed, sometimes *been exalted* in a very *particular* manner, all these specimens of ingenuity fall far short of that useful invention: air-balloons, upon which I scarcely know how sufficiently to congratulate the land, which may *now*, as *Egypt* was of old, be termed the cradle of science; to which cradle I understand that some of our own countrymen have had the honour to be appointed *rockers*: I say, I scarcely know how sufficiently to congratulate that happy land which is said to flow with milk and honey, which seems an admirable diet for the infantile Arts and Muses, upon this useful invention, or our own, upon the importation, *duty-free*, of an *institute* and engine, which, though it is not meant to insinuate that we were ever *short-sighted*, has certainly increased our optical powers, and enabled us to see farther than *we* ever saw before; the latter of which, indeed, seems to bid fair to supersede the necessity for horses, carriages, vessels, and all such vulgar terrestrial conveniences as have heretofore been used for the removal of goods and passengers, and to render even our aquatic *improvements* of comparatively little importance.

The only thing which, to my apprehension, seems to be wanting to complete this system, and to make us as well acquainted with what passes in the Zodiac as at Court, Westminster Hall, in Parliament, or the Stock Exchange, is, if it is not a solecism, *above all* to suffer a *free press* in the atmosphere, to encourage an unlimited circulation of all such *reports* as may be engendered by *vapours*, to have some nimble operators ready to take advantage of every appearance of *rupture* in *the clouds*, men of active minds and ethereal bodies, who are so dauntless that they fear not even the *rack* of elements, and so courageous that they can, without dismay, behold, and indeed take advantage of, the
operations

operations of the fierce fiery warriors which are often seen upon their march, and sometimes fighting till they

“ Drizzle blood upon the Capitol ;”

men that are withal so clear-sighted, that they scorn to borrow any part of their perceptive faculties from *northern lights*, which they consider only as *spectacles* for those *beneath* them. I would also have coffee-houses established above, such as they formerly were on earth, wherein these grave and important matters might be properly discussed. But, in preference to all the rest, inns for the accommodation of a sect which may with great propriety be deemed *highflyers*, who, as ambition is said to know no bounds, which must apply to *low ambition*, which, let its situation on earth be ever so commodious, is very apt to want elbow-room, and to endeavour, by every laudable means, to exalt itself, may take their flight into another sphere, where at present (how long it will continue Heaven only knows) there seems to be an expanse admirably adapted to their talents.

Hail to that original genius Shakspeare ! who, unaided by the lantern of antiquity, was the first English author that turned his eyes towards the Zenith. From his Pharos he discovered a great cloud in the shape of a camel ; he then saw this animal pursue his march cross the Desert, and his place occupied by an ouzel : a whale then appeared to have taken the situation of this bird. Whether these were ideal forms, the mere creatures of fancy, whether they really exist, or whether, like Butler's elephant in the moon, a deception was practised upon the eye of the poet, may be matter of future discussion among the learned, who have, indeed, in former ages, disputed about *smaller matters* in the works of this author than a camel, a whale, or an elephant. I believe they are as surely there as the twelve signs, which by the bye I would have *taken down,*

down, and placed against those *houses* that are, or, if this kind of speculation goes on with the success which is likely to attend some others of less importance, may be, erected.

In support of this proposition, Pope, who may be considered as our poetical Newton, does not discountenance the idea of dolphins sporting in the skies; which, as I take it, was exhibited in the theatre in order to give to the minds of the audience an astronomical, and consequently a sensible turn; and whosoever will take the pains to look upward, which every one that has got *a place* (than which, it is said, nothing causes a man to carry his head more erect) generally does, will, especially if his mind is turned toward such discoveries, see still more extraordinary objects. He will see what has been observed at the beginning of this speculation, castles innumerable *in the air*, palaces, in the phrase of a celebrated auctioneer, standing *isolé*, surrounded by lawns, gardens, *office*, pleasure grounds: he will see state and other carriages, ribands of various colours, maces, wands, truncheons; robes, black, red, purple, blue, &c. powdered with ermine; wigs of different bottoms, ties, length, and description, powdered with meal; all hanging upon pegs in the clouds: he will, perhaps, see some delightful vacancies in the most *eligible* situations, and only be puzzled how to arrive at them. Now if this should be the case, he will agree with me that balloons will greatly assist him in the art of *soaring*. Inns will by that time be licensed, where, after the fatigues of the pursuit, he may *repose* till he can find a *better place*.

In order to facilitate this useful undertaking, I should, in pursuance of my scheme, propose, that, till a conveyance better adapted to the dignity of the objects can be procured, a number of *eminent surveyors* be appointed, and *sent up* in the manner of Æsop's children, in whose time the same idea was afloat, that they

they should form *plans* in which rocks should be removed, tunnels constructed, the courses of rivers turned, churches demolished, public edifices be dilapidated, hospitals destroyed, and such other *improvements* made as the ingenuity of the artists, and the necessity of the case, may suggest. Only I should wish, in order to secure a *plentiful inundation*, which may ultimately be beneficial to *the earth*, that wheresoever the face of the country seems most *repugnant* to the operation, it shall be cut into *canals*, upon which, as a balloon is nothing without a *boat*, the passengers may securely sail. The *milky way* will serve admirably for this purpose; and if part of its contents were bottled, and sent down to us as an article of commerce, like Seltzer and Spa waters, they might probably have the effect of lowering the prices of butter and cheese; which, such is the operation of sublunary ingenuity, nothing upon earth will be able to effect. I do not know whether it would be amiss to send down some of the *celestial* horned cattle for the same laudable purpose.

It may here perhaps be said, that if we credit Homer, Virgil, and a thousand other poets, ancient and modern, sufficient accommodations, not only for passengers, but horses and carriages, are already to be found above. The steeds of Apollo, it is well known, besides their short stages, annually travel through the Zodiac, like a London rider through the country. Whether, like these, they stop at every *proper* sign, it is impossible to conjecture; but it is certain, with respect to the diurnal rotation of the chariot of the god, when it arrives at its last stage, the feet of the horses are, by the care of the celestial ostler, as is the practice with ostlers on terra firma, washed in the Atlantic, which seems to be a *pond* sufficiently capacious, and therefore properly adapted to the sublimity of the objects.

The chariot of Juno, which may be compared to the carriage of a modern matron of fashion, many of whom have been complimented for their similarity to that goddess, in *more respects* than that of equipage; the car of Mars, who seems to have travelled like one of our artillery-men, loaded with combustibles; the shell of Venus, drawn by doves, by which our citizens may observe that these birds are fit for other purposes than enclosing in a *pie*; and that, if properly trained, they might, as well as peacocks, be used as *cattle*: these instances, with many other of curious beasts, birds, fishes, &c. from the dragons of Medea to the butterflies of Psyche, shew us, that travelling in the air is not a new invention; and indeed, from the amazing traffic that was formerly carried on *over* sea and land, we might suppose that the roads were as thoroughly beaten as the highways to Brentford, Uxbridge, Barnet, or Romford: but as those kinds of machines have long since ceased to run aloft, though they sometimes creep in *verse below*, we may reasonably suppose, that the places where they used to put up are gone to decay: I should therefore propose, while the surveyors are so much *above the world*, that they should consider whether chains of inns, magnificent and *reasonable* as those from London to Holyhead, for instance, should not be established for different directions; so that our aerial travellers, who will unquestionably ascend to behold a country, the *forms* of which are *continually changing*, with the same avidity as numbers have lately, as the saying is, flown across the Channel, may be sure to be *properly treated* upon their arrival; which however, it is to be lamented, has not always been the case in Parisian tours.

To prevent these and other terrestrial emigrations, which experience tells us, like all sublunary things, end in disappointment, I must in conclusion repeat my advice, that the balloon system be immediately carried into effect: that inns be erected in the clouds as soon

as possible, as there is no question but those who, from a laudable desire to *improve* their *constitutions*, and see the world at the same time, go to Paris; or those who, tired of the confinement of this, wish to range *at liberty* in a new hemisphere on the other side the Atlantic, will, instead of these excursions, take their seats in the first of those machines that are regularly established, as they will soon perceive, provided they can meet with proper *places* for their reception, that all these desirable objects may be attained with very little trouble or expense; and while, as Shakspeare says, they “sail through the air,” they may have a bird’s-eye view of our forests dwindled to gooseberry-bushes, rivers appearing like skeins of red silk, and a hundred other wonders, such as would tax the credulity of the believers in Mandeville or Munchausen; and if ever the time should arrive that they also become tired of their elevated prospects, and wish to return to their mother earth, should they then happen to be unprovided with that ingenious invention a parachute, they have only to take a bold leap, and they will be sure to come down much faster than they *ascended*; which may not always be the case with those that either cross the Channel, or the Western Ocean, if they should ever be troubled with that patriotic disorder which the Swiss emphatically term the *home sickness*.

THE HALF-CROWN.

A DRAMATIC ANECDOTE.

[From the Sussex Chronicle.]

AGE and difficulties having reduced a performer, once of some distinction, to a state of distress—the sons and daughters of Thespis, whose liberality (at least) must ever remain unimpeached, set on foot a subscription in the green-rooms of the London theatres. *Guineas*, single or in pairs, were the general donations:

donations : an actress, whom talents and good fortune have equally conspired to place in the car of *Melpomene*, distinguished herself by the gift of *three pieces*, viz. *two shillings* and *one sixpence* !—Soon after, at the rehearsal of a new tragedy, a question arose upon the tiara or head-dress best adapted to the heroine of the piece—when the late Mr. Palmer drily, and perhaps undesignedly, observed, that nothing would in his opinion be so truly *characteristic*, as a semi-coronet or *half-crown* !—A risible titillation became contagious, and the pleasantry was never forgiven. The following lines resulted from the circumstance :

TO MELPOMENE.

Rhet'ric's full scope, Expression's mimic aid,
Are thine, great mistress of the scenic art !
While conscious Nature, of her pow'r afraid,
In pity to mankind, denied—a heart !

GIDEON JUVENAL, JUNIOR.

SONNET,

ON THE REPRESENTATION OF BELVIDERA, BY MRS.
SIDDONS.

[From the True Briton.]

SHADE of that bard whose bold yet tender muse
Poor Belvidera's "glorious faith" design'd,
What Fancy form'd we now embodied find—

Lo ! Siddons equals thy sublimest views.

Hence thou thine erring judgment must accuse,

That gave to Jaffier so unfirm a mind

As such exalted passion could not bind,

And bade him all its sad, fond claims refuse.

Hadst thou foreseen a Siddons for the part,

Thou wouldst have made him scorn Ambition's strife ;

Careless of wealth, despising factious art,

He would not meanly have deserted life,

Rich in his Belvidera's glowing heart,

But brav'd his fate with such a matchless wife.

T.

I

ECONOMY.

ECONOMY.

[From the Morning Herald.]

The nightly allowance of young Benson, who plays the *Child* in Pizarro, having been reduced from a *crown* to *half* a crown, the following Epigram on the occasion was handed about the Green-room :

WHEN fell Pizarro Cora's infant seiz'd,
Great Rolla, mindful of his high renown,
Rescu'd the babe, its hapless mother eas'd,
But kept the young Peruvian from a *crown* !

TO MR. KEMBLE,

ON SEEING HIM IN THE CHARACTER OF KING HENRY
THE FOURTH (PART II.).

[From the British Press.]

WHEN Bolingbroke (weaken'd by sickness and age)
Lectur'd Hal, he spoke *feebly*, no doubt ;
But when Shakspeare brought forward this scene on the stage,
He meant that the King should *speak out*.
His precepts so wise, and his maxims so clear,
In pauses and whispers *you* smother :
Do you think 't is not right that the Audience should hear
All that passes 'twixt you and your brother ?
We know that you stick very close to *costume*,
But *here* close to *character* too ;
For because you are sick i' th' *Jerusalem room*,
You put on the face of a *Jew*.
At your mantle so fine, and your chin so besmear'd,
We laugh, when we ought to look grave ;
Either give ev'ry one of your actors a beard,
Or else (*please your Majesty*) shave.

Yours,

SKETCH OF MR. KEMBLE AS AN ACTOR.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

* * * * *

TO close in order due, our long career,
 See Kemble march majestic and severe;
 Fraught with uncommon pow'rs of form and face,
 He comes the pomp of tragedy to grace.

Fertile in genius, and matur'd by art,
 Not soft to steal, but stern to seize, the heart,
 In mould of figure, and in frame of mind,
 To him th' heroic sphere must be assign'd.

August or daring, he adorns the stage:
 The gloomy subtlety, the savage rage,
 The scornful menace, and the cynic ire,
 The hardy valour, and the patriot fire—
 These shew the vigour of a master's hand,
 And o'er the fancy give him firm command;
 As Richard, Timon, and Macbeth proclaim,
 Or stern Coriolanus' nobler aim.

Nor fierce alone, for well his pow'rs can shew
 Calm declamation and attemper'd woe;—
 The virtuous Duke who sway awhile declines,
 Yet checks the Deputy's abhorr'd designs,
 And, in the sov'reign or the saintly guise,
 Benevolently just, and meekly wise;
 The Dane, bewailing now a father's fate,
 Now deeply pond'ring man's mysterious state;
 Tender and dignified, alike are seen—
 The philosophic mind and princely mien.

When merely tender, he appears too cold;
 Or rather fashion'd in too rough a mould:
 Nor fitted love in softer form to wear,
 But stung with pride, or mad'ning with despair;
 As when the lost Octavian's * murmurs flow
 In full luxuriance of romantic woe.
 Yet where Orlando cheers desponding age,
 Or the sweet wiles of Rosalind engage,
 We own, that manly graces finely blend
 The tender lover and the soothing friend.

* The Mountaineers.

Though

Though Nature was so prodigally kind
 In the bold lineaments of form and mind,
 As if to check a fond excess of pride,
 The pow'rs of voice she scantily supplied :
 Oft, when the hurricanes of passion rise,
 For correspondent tones he vainly tries ;
 To aid the storm, no tow'ring note combines,
 And the spent breath th' unequal task declines.
 Yet, spite of nature, he compels us still
 To own the potent triumph of his skill,
 While, with dread pauses, deepen'd accents roll,
 Whose awful energy arrests the soul.

At times, perchance, the spirit of the scene,
 Th' impassion'd accent, and impressive mien,
 May lose their wonted force, while, too refin'd,
 He strives by niceties to strike the mind ;
 For action too precise, inclin'd to pore,
 And labour for a point unknown before ;
 Untimely playing thus the critic's part,
 To gain the head, when he should smite the heart.

Yet still must candour, on reflection, own
 Some useful comment has been shrewdly shewn ;
 Nor here let puny malice vent its gall,
 And texts with skill restor'd, *new readings* * call ;
 Kemble for actors nobly led the way,
 And prompted them to think as well as play.

With cultur'd sense, and with experience sage,
 Patient he cons the time-disfigur'd page.
 Hence oft we see him with success explore,
 And clear the dross from rich poetic ore,
 Trace, through the maze of diction, passion's clew,
 And open latent character to view.

Though for the muse of tragedy design'd,
 In form, in features, passions, and in mind,
 Yet would he fain the comic nymph embrace,
 Who seldom without awe beholds his face.
 Whene'er he tries the airy and the gay,
 Judgment, not genius, marks the cold essay ;
 But in a graver province he can please
 With well-bred spirit, and with manly ease.

* The *cant term* by which useful researches have been discouraged.

176 LINES ON MR. S. KEMBLE IN FALSTAFF.

When genuiue wit, with satire's active force,
And faithful love pursues its gen'rous course,
Here, in his Valentine, might Congreve view
Th' embodied portrait, vig'rous, warm, and true.

Nor let us, with unhallow'd touch, presume
To pluck one sprig of laurel from the tomb;
Yet, with due rev'rence for the mighty dead,
'T is just the fame of living worth to spread:
And could the noblest vet'rans now appear,
Kemble might keep his state, devoid of fear;
Still, while observant of his proper line,
With native lustre as a rival shine.

IMPROMPTU

ON SEEING MR. STEPHEN KEMBLE IN FALSTAFF.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

WITH *mind* as enlarg'd as his stature,
And *heart* quite replete with good nature,
Yet satire enough to affright;
Friend Stephen, a princely good fellow,
Who rocks like a first rate when mellow,
Presents oft a whimsical fight.

In arm-chair when gaily reclining,
Quaffing, laughing—his wit sprightly shining,
He makes our sides shake all the night.
Their rammers laid down when he's walking,
Pavours bless him as homeward he's stalking;
Great Stephen's the *paviour's* delight.

New Inn.

W. D.

ON THE POPULARITY OF THE GREAT MR.
S. KEMBLE

IN THE CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

[From the Oracle.]

A. THE Newcastle Wight
Draws thousands each night
To see Sir John—*without stuffing* :—

B. Without stuffing he may
Draw crowds to the play;

But, hark ye, Jack—*not without puffing* !

Quiz.

NOON.

WRITTEN BY STEPHEN KEMBLE, ESQ.

NOW in the south the ardent god of day
 Restrains the foaming couriers of his car;
 And now the dial flaming with his ray,
 Denotes the rustic at his simple fare.
 He earns his food in the remoter scene;
 In flaxen folds that shame the lily's bloom,
 His sun-burnt prattler rambles o'er the green,
 To share the feast among the yellow broom.
 Contented Labour soon to work returns,
 Her modest thanks are borne above the skies;
 No poison lurks within her delphic urns—
 The dying groans from golden goblets rise.
 Now blooming damsels give the bubbling rill
 Their home-spun vests, and bleach them on the thorn;
 While the pert coxcomb poppies on the hill
 Nod their gay bells amid the waving corn.
 Now Vegetation through her countless host
 Feels in each fibre the creative power!
 Ecstatic Nature, in the transport lost,
 Unfolds her odours to the spangled shower,
 The busy bee now rifles ev'ry sweet,
 And stores the luscious treasure for his hive;
 Now swarming millions leave their dark retreat,
 And mountains, woods, and waters, are alive.
 And now the linnet on the poplar bough
 Warbles in softest notes the song of love;
 The melting fair believes the pleasing vow—
 Take heed, ye nymphs, fly Cupid's in the grove!
 Down the parch'd cliffs now drive the bleating flocks,
 And seek the shelter of the spreading shades;
 The scorching heat, reflected from the rocks,
 Saps the kind moisture, and the herbage fades.
 The toiling peasant prostrate lays the grass,
 And now exhausted on his scythe reclines;
 The sun-beam dancing on the wat'ry glass,
 Where, with a mimic beauty, Flora shines.

The lusty bull now scours across the mead,
 Stung by the hornet, bellowing out his pain;
 And now the curse pronounc'd on Adam's seed,
 Drops from the rustic's forehead fast as rain.
 Yet, happy rustic, low as is thy lot,
 Still Joy and Peace, those nymphs of rosy hue,
 With meek Content, live only in the cot
 That shelters Labour from the evening's dew.

EPIGRAM

ON OUR THEATRES ROYAL HAVING A NEW PIECE
 D——D ON THE SAME EVENING AT EACH HOUSE*.

WHAT! two new dramas d——'d the self-same night!
 The audience could not do it out of spite;
 For had they been *well charg'd* with wit, perforce
 Their *pieces* would have *gone off well* of course.
 A VOLUNTEER.

ON A MODERN DRAMATIST.

"**NOT** for the stage his plays are fit,
 But suit the *closet*," said a wit:
 "The *closet*!" said his friend; "I ween
 The *water-closet* 'tis you mean!"

IMPROMPTU.

HINT TO A MONO-DRAMATIST, HOW TO AVOID
 DAMNATION †.

DEAR Mat, if again you should write for the stage,
 Extinguish your *madness* and silence your *rage*:
 Return to your *nature*; and, when you're *quite cool*,
 Be stupidly flippant, or playfully dull;
 It's the way to be safe:—and the secret is this,
 When an audience all *yawn*, they're unable to *hiss*.

* The Three per Cents, and Scapin in Masquerade.

† Written about the time that the Captive was acted at Covent Garden, March 22, 1803.

PITY: AN IMPROMPTU.

I HAVE been robb'd, Sir—I pity your grief.
I've lost my poem—I pity the thief.

CONSOLATION.

THE HIGH-CROWN'D HAT: A PINDARIC STORY.

BY ONE OF THE FAMILY.

[From the Oracle.]

GOOD pious reader, no offence I hope !
Though a church-tale be mine, 't is not profane ;
I scorn to satirize e'en Turk or Pope,
Or saints of Drury or of Warwick Lane.
Once, an old woman (as I've heard the story),
Resolving she'd no more a heathen live,
Would of her piety example give,
So dress'd herself for church, in all her glory.
'T was in the country—Reader, pray mark that—
Where seldom folks disguise their native faces ;
Yet the old lady had a high-crown'd hat
She thought would mightily call forth her graces.
How old might be this venerable relic
The muse not guesses ; but thus much can tell,
When Cromwell rul'd the roast, with cant angelic,
Hats of that sort look'd very well,
Were quite the mode, and since ten times I ween
In London have the tip-top fashion been ;
But in the country, 't is another thing ;
There people wear their clothes to keep them warm,
In russet brown, as fine as any King ;
Though not quite fashionable, where's the harm ?
Yet was this hat of dress a blazing comet,
A prodigy indeed,
Whence did such terror-darting beams proceed,
That few came near, but pray'd deliverance from it.
Wits have short mem'ries, or I should have said,
That honest Gammer was not deeply read ;

In fact, she had not master'd A, B, C,
 (Call'd Alphabet by some, as much to seek
 In their own language as in 'Greek,)

Nor held of literary door the key;
 Yet, sooth to say,

She just as able was to read as pray.

The church not occupies a rustic's brain,

He goes just to be christen'd, to be wed,
 And thither carried by his friends when dead;

At other times he thinks attendance vain,
 Nor goes five miles in house of pray'r to sleep,
 But naps it out at home, or counts his sheep.

And our Old Lady had not seen the place
 Since there the Priest threw water in her face;
 Nor what to do, when she to church was come,
 Knew, she declar'd, *no more than Pope of Rome!*

Well, Sunday came; and, clad in all her best,

Away to church she hied with lofty crest;

But since old age must hobble, and not run,

Ere she got there was Litany begun.

As stately down the aisle she made her way,

Her figure drew full many a staring eye;

And many a gaping mouth forgot to pray,

As she pass'd by!

Nay, Piety itself would look askance,

To see this strange phenomenon advance.

Alternate with the Priest, the pious crowd

With one accord twang'd out responses loud,

Which our old Gammer heard with admiration,

But could not guess what meant this exclamation;

For though some bawl'd amain, and some but mutter'd,

"Good Lord, deliver us," was all they utter'd.

At length the devil whisper'd in her ear,

'T was at her high-crown'd hat that all this noise

Was made by men and women, girls and boys,

And was an insult far too gross to bear.

Now did she pass a buxom damsel by,

Who, raising from her book a roguish eye,

Pronounc'd "Good Lord deliver us," in a tone

Th' old woman thought might vex a very sone!

Ange_r

LINES ADDRESSED TO R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ. 181

Anger betrays us from the paths of grace,
Nor pays respect to persons, time, or place;
So honest Gammer, like with rage to burst,
Exclaims, "Indeed! your impudence be curst;
Good Lord deliver us! heigh! you giggling w—
Did you ne'er see a high-crown'd hat before!"

Say, reader, art thou apt to take offence,
Quarrel, and squabble on each slight pretence;
Fretful and jealous, thinking ev'ry tongue,
Which names thee not, yet means to do thee wrong?
Look at thyself—If so, my story 's pat,
Thou 'rt the old woman in the high-crown'd hat.

LINES ADDRESSED TO R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.
ON THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE ELECTING
HAYDN IN PREFERENCE TO HIM.

THOUGH dumb the lyre that Orpheus once inspir'd,
By brutes e'en follow'd, and by all admir'd;
Though great Apelles' far-fam'd colours die,
Colours that seem'd with Nature's tints to vie;
Though the proud bust from Praxiteles' hand,
Nor brass, nor marble, can decay withstand;
Though all the arts unrivall'd Athens gave,
Temples, Pantheons, share one common grave—
Yet Homer lives, whom ev'ry age admires,
Undamp'd his genius, and unquench'd his fires:
So when poor Haydn seeks Oblivion's shore,
And his "Creation" is ne'er thought of more;
Thy works, oh Brinsley! shall exalt thy fame,
And crowded theatres admire thy name,
Where Niagara rolls her foaming waves,
And all the shores the wild Atlantic laves—
Where Europe's standards never were unfurl'd,
Through the wide regions of the western world;
When great Columbia's unfledg'd, rising power
Surpasses Rome, in her meridian hour—
When Albion, shipwreck'd by Corruption's gale,
Serves for a beacon, or "*adorns a tale.*"

HAYDN AND ORPHEUS.

'TIS said of old, when Orpheus thrum'd his lute,
 The *sticks* and *stones* he mov'd to tell his fame :
 It may be true ; for Haydn's German flute
 In France has lately done the very fame.

BORN.

THE GAMES OF LIFE.

[From the Morning Herald.]

THE little Miss at three years old
 Plays with doll, and prattles :
 But little Master, stout and bold,
 Plays with drums and rattles.

The Boy, detesting musty books,
 Loves romping with the lasses :
 And Miss, grown older, studies looks,
 And plays with looking-glasses.

The Jolly Toper, fond of fun,
 Plays with his friends at drinking :
 The Sportsman plays with dog and gun,
 And Wise Men play at thinking.

The Beauty, full of haughty airs,
 When young plays at tormenting ;
 But, wrinkled, turns to other cares,
 And sports at last repenting.

Wretched from self-created woe,
 The Miser's game is hoarding ;
 And when he meets his country's foe,
 The Sailor plays at boarding.

The Alderman, with bloated face,
 A Glutton plays at eating ;
 And such as long to have a place
 In Parliament—at treating.

We, ledger-busied Merchants, take
 A game at calculation ;
 And Ministers too often make
 A plaything of the Nation.

With

With looks profound, and thoughtful mind,
 Projectors play at scheming;
 Till, worn with care, at last they find,
 They've all along been dreaming.

The Lover sad, and woful wan,
 Plays day and night at fretting;
 Whilst laughing at the silly man,
 His Delia sports coquetting.

Cowards, with none but cowards nigh,
 Are fond of gasconading;
 And Courtiers fawn, and cringe, and lie,
 And play at masquerading.

The Lounger plays at killing time,
 The Soldier plays at slaying,
 The Poet plays at making rhyme,
 The Methodist at praying.

The Player plays for wealth and fame,
 And thus all play together,
 Till Death at last disturbs the game,
 And stops the play for ever.

Greenwich.

H. P. O.

A CATALOGUE RAISONNE'

OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS AT THE
 DUTCHESS OF BEDFORD'S MASQUERADE AT WOBURN
 ABBEY, ON TWELFTH NIGHT, JAN. 6, 1804.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

WHAT a strange rabble-rout was collected together!
 Two scarcely alike, yet all birds of a feather!
 There were Turks without harams, if not without wives;
 Though horn'd with the crescent, yet Christian their lives!
 Who, in Mahomet's spite, guzzled wine with their cake;—
 And Jews, who pay interest much more than they take;
 Dull Wits, for stale jokes who their memories were jogging;
 Sturdy Beggars, who never had met with a flogging;
 Pious Nuns, whose sad tears had a mischievous twinkle;
 Old Witches, without a grey hair or a wrinkle:
 A sweet little Girl, who soon chang'd to a Boy;
 A group of young Misses, nor bashful nor coy,

Whose

Whose tongues ran too fast ! a Chinese Mandarin,
 Exactly the same as you see on a screen ;
 Brave Tars, whose sweet persons ne'er ventur'd to sea ;
 Grave Physicians, whose palms never itch'd for a fee ;
 And a Quack, who would drag the political body—
 Like the regular Doctor, he seem'd a Tom Noddy ;
 Gave physic to Christians not fit for the stables,
 And sicken'd the sick by mistaking the labels :
 There were Pilgrims from Mecca, Loretto, and Rome ;
 And a Stranger I noted, who *seem'd quite at home*.
 A grave Matron appear'd in a child's slip array'd ;
 We will candidly hope 't was the first slip she made.
 An Old Scotchman was there from the island of Skie,
 Who could *paint* this assembly much better than I :
 With Carters and Carmen, and Old Clothes-man Moses,
 And Gipsies, that rubb'd out their lilies and roses,
 Who por'd on Fate's volume, pretending to spell it,
 Who could make a man's fortune, much sooner than tell it.
 A strange creature was one, whom I could not but mark—
 An impudent Baggage in quest of her spark ;
 Her tongue went as fast as the fly of a jack—
 I wish that her wit had kept pace with her clack.
 There were Tailors who ~~knew~~ not their goose from their
 scaffars,
 And bare-fac'd Divines, who came there without vizors.
 A Jew Broker I met, whom I knew upon 'Change ;
 That the Stocks should be steady he thought very strange,
 For Omnitum was plenty (no thanks to the war),
 Sober sense at a discount, and wit above par.
 An Old Fiddler was there, and his merry Old Wife ;
 I wish that their mirth may continue for life.
 Among others with whom this assembly was stor'd,
 Were a learned grave Sergeant, if not a law Lord,
 And an honest Young Barrister, modest and wise ;
 Yet they both (and I fear it is more than surmise)
 Soon insolvent must prove, with their deeds and their clauses,
 For effects, we all know, can proceed but from causes ;
 And their palms (now can any thing make the case plainer ?)
 Ne'er had felt a refresher—no, not a retainer.
 But hearing the Humdrums, a splenetic race,
 Had conceiv'd the design of indicting her Grace,

For

For disturbing the peace of our Sovereign the King,
 By making with riot the Abbey roof ring,
 And for levying of forces to aid her design,
 (Who her summons obey'd from the pole to the line,)
 They both had come here with intention to plead,
 (But not till they both by both sides had been see'd.)
 The grave learned Sergeant first open'd the case,
 Then the young one replied with a still graver face—
 " Shall the Humdrums pretend that their peace is destroy'd,
 Because with my client each moment 's enjoy'd ?
 Shall they fancy life's current is running to waste,
 When with pleasure it flows, they want spirit to taste ?
 As well might the oysters, pack'd close in a barrel,
 With my client's sweet notes, when she sings, pick a quarrel;
 As well might complain their fine feelings the wounds,
 When light in the dance like a fairy she bounds.
 Of our final success we've no fears, I assure ye—
 Prepare for the trial, empannel the jury;
 Of her peers, a fair jury is all we exact,
 A jury to try both the law and the fact."
 Says the man of the eöif, " Through the whole country
 Found

Her peers (for I've search'd) are no where to be found;
 So, of course, the indictment must fall to the ground." }
 Their labours how fruitless, how idle their fears!
 For how could the peerless be tried by her peers?
 There were Quakers, who horrible oaths out were rapping,
 And rough-handed Shavers, whose wit wanted strapping:
 Kitchen Wenches and Scullions, so sweet with perfume!
 And a Housemaid who never yet handled a broom;
 We every one thought her a sweet pretty blowze,
 A lively young hussy, *who rul'd the whole house* *.
 There were Dairymaids too, who, if rightly I deem,
 Of pleasure, perhaps, may have skimm'd off the cream;
 But as for their butter, were 't all he could get,
 Rouvere would have thrown up his place in a pet;
 We, hungry and sulky, had fat on our cruppers,
 Or been sent, like bad children, to bed without suppers.
 There were Haymakers too, now so blooming and gay—
 Then while the sun shines, my advice is, " Make hay ;"—

* The Dutchess herself, as a Housemaid.

That

That cheerful and happy, when hay-time is over,
 Though their sun may decline, they may still live in clover.
 An Old Spark caught my eye, who, though turn'd of four-
 score,

Had I daughter or wife, should not enter my door.
 And his Grandmother too! he, who makes her a wife,
 Will find the young romp be the plague of his life;
 Turning night into day is her dearest delight!
 But another sweet Guest had turn'd day into night—
 Such a night as is not to be purchas'd with money—
 May its stars be propitious! its moons be all honey!
 Who their days for a night such as that would not barter?
 And the mild moon, it seem'd too, was in the first quarter;
 And yet, had we judg'd by the whirl in each skull,
 We all must have thought it had been at the full.

THE LAWYER.

[From the Monthly Mirror.]

PROFESSIONS will abuse each other:
 The priest won't call the lawyer brother;
 While Salkeld still beknaves the parson,
 And says he *cants* to keep the farce on!
 Yet will I readily suppose
 They are not truly bitter foes,
 But only have their pleasant jokes,
 And banter, just like other folks,
 As thus; for so they *quizz* the Law!
 Once on a time th' attorney Flaw,
 A man, to tell you as the fact is,
 Of vast chicane, of course of practice,
 (But what profession can we trace
 Where *some* will not the corps disgrace?
 Seduc'd, perhaps, by roguish client,
 Who tempts him to become more pliant,)
 A notice had to quit the world—
 And from his desk at length was hurl'd!
 Observe, I pray, the plain narration:—
 'T was in a hot and long vacation,
 When time he had, but no assistance,
 Though great from courts of law the distance,

To

To reach the Court of Truth and Justice,
 (Where, I confess, my only trust is :)
 Though here below the learned pleader
 Shew'd talents worthy of a leader,
 Yet his own fame he must support,
 Be sometimes witty with the court,
 Or work the passions of a jury
 By tender strains, or, full of fury,
 Misleads them all, though twelve apostles,
 While with new law the judge he jostles,
 And makes them all give up their pow'rs
 To speeches of at least three hours !

But we have left our little man,
 And wander'd from our purpos'd plan :—
 'T is said, without ill-natur'd leaven,
 " If ever lawyers get to heaven,
 It surely is by slow degrees ;"
 Perhaps 'tis slow they take their fees !
 The case, then, now I'll fairly state ;
 Flaw reach'd at last to heav'n's high gate :
 Quite spent, he rapp'd—none did it neater ;
 The gate was open'd by St. Peter,
 Who look'd astonish'd when he saw,
 All black, the little man of law !
 But charity was Peter's guide,
 For, having once himself denied
 His Master, he would not o'erpass
 The penitent of *any class* ;
 Yet, never having heard there enter'd
 A lawyer, not of one that ventur'd
 Within the realms of Peace and Love,
 He told him, mildly, to remove—
 And would have clos'd the gate of day,
 Had not old Flaw in suppliant way,
 Demurring to so hard a fate,
 Begg'd but to look, though through the gate.
 St. Peter, rather off his guard,
 Unwilling to be thought too hard,
 Opens the gate to let him peep in :—
 What did the lawyer ?—Did he creep in ;
 Or dash at once, to take possession ?
 Oh, no—he knew his own profession :

He

He took his hat off with respect,
 And would no gentle means neglect;
 But, finding it was all in vain
 For him admittance to obtain,
 Thought it were best, let come what will,
 To gain *an entry* by his skill;
 So, while St. Peter stood aside,
 To let the door be open'd wide,
 He skimm'd his hat with all his strength
 Within the gates, to no small length!
 St. Peter star'd: the Lawyer ask'd him
 "Only to fetch his hat"—and pass'd him:
 But, when he reach'd the *Jack* he'd thrown,
 Oh, then was all the lawyer shown!—
 He clapp'd it on; and, arms a-kimbo,
 As if he'd been the gallant Bembo,
 Cried out, "What think you of my plan?—
 "*Eject me, Peter, if you can!*" T.

ANECDOTE.

A GERMAN Bishop, who was also a temporal Prince, being much addicted to swearing, was reproached by his Confessor for the practice of a vice so peculiarly disgraceful to an ecclesiastical character. The Prelate, however, excused himself by saying, "that he swore as a *Prince*, and not as a *Bishop*."—"All that may be very true," replied the Confessor; "but I should be glad to know, when the *Prince* goes to the Devil for swearing, what will become of the *Bishop*?"

THE BLINDNESS OF HOMER *.

[From the *Suffex Chronicle*.]

WHAT time the pensive evening's twilight gray
 Had dimm'd the brightness of the setting day,
 When Phoebus' car the western surge had gain'd,
 And sober stillness o'er the landscape reign'd;

* A Prize Poem, May 1803.

Wrapt

Wrapt in poetic dreams by Meles' flood,
 The boast of Greece, immortal Homer stood;
 Oft had he stray'd its verdant banks along,
 Whilst humbler themes attun'd his native song;
 But ne'er did Fancy's visionary fire
 Pourtray such glories to th' enraptur'd fire,
 As when contending nations clad in arms,
 The ten years' war, and Helen's fatal charms,
 The Grecian conquests, and the fall of Troy,
 And great Achilles' acts, his deathless strains employ:
 His sparkling eye with magic frenzy beam'd,
 Wide to the sweeping breeze his tresses stream'd,
 With high-wrought vigour heav'd his struggling breast,
 As his lov'd hero's shade he thus address'd:

"Hail, goddess-born! sage Chiron's darling care,
 Propitious grant thy suppliant vot'ry's pray'r;
 Oh! could one momentary glance infuse
 Some faint conception to my longing muse,
 Did but thy rising image once impart
 Thy manly graces to my votive heart,
 Then might my verse become thy matchless fame,
 And unborn ages celebrate thy name."

He spake, when instant through th' illumin'd air
 The pealing thunder told the vision near;
 High o'er the altar's top, the awful form
 Rose, like the demon of the troubled storm;
 His nodding plumes attach'd the passing gale,
 Bright gleam'd his falchion's blade and burnish'd mail,
 His full-orb'd shield diffus'd a dazzling light,
 And all the hero burst upon his sight:
 Lost in the wild emotions of surprise,
 Resistless darkness veils the poet's eyes,
 Yet still entranc'd his wakeful fancy roves,
 And paints in varied tints the theme he loves.

First, baleful Discord rears her snaky crest,
 And struggling passions fire each royal breast;
 The king of men asserts a monarch's right,
 Pelides boasts his prowess in the fight;
 And now, by strife impell'd, his brandish'd sword
 Had wreak'd his vengeance on Mycene's lord,

But

But that the sage Minerva's prudent aid
 Check'd his rash hand, and sheath'd the glittering blade ;
 Sternly seceding from th' embattled host,
 Silent he wanders on the lonely coast,
 No more in triumph dares th' ensanguin'd field,
 Whilst to his hate e'en hopes of conquest yield ;
 Nor yet can time with opiate balm remove
 The keen remembrance of his ravish'd love.
 No kingdoms proffer'd from Atrides' hand,
 Not Hiera's pastures, or Ceteas' land,
 Not Ajax' threats, or Phoenix' former care,
 Nor wise Ulysses' more enticing pray'r,
 Can rouse th' inexorable prince to war.

At length, in milder traits, the chief appears
 O'ercome, and yielding to Patroclus' tears ;
 Yet, ah ! what ills the granted boon attend,
 How swiftly fate o'erwhelms his hapless friend !
 Now view him bending o'er the mournful bier,
 Pay the sad tribute of a parting tear,
 With human victims load the sacred flames,
 And celebrate with pomp the fun'ral games,
 Then vow, the last, best offering to the dead,
 Unerring vengeance on the murd'rer's head.

Like Mars descending from his native sky,
 When Rage and Terror'fore his chariot fly ;
 He marks him next, in hoarse Scamander's flood,
 Deal death around and tinge the stream with blood ;
 Th' unfathom'd depths inspire no chilling dread,
 Or foaming surges bursting o'er his head ;
 Dauntless th' impetuous tide he firmly braves,
 Stems the proud torrent, and defies the waves :
 Thus in Dodona's groves, when winds contend,
 Some giant oak, the forest's pride, to bend,
 Strong in itself, we find its sturdy form
 Deride the whirlwind and endure the storm.

What throbbing tumults swell the poet's soul,
 What mingled shapes in quick succession roll,
 When flush'd with conquest, through the thickest war
 Th' insulting victor drives his rapid car ;
 Thrice round the Trojan walls (a scene of woe).
 Drags at his wheels his pale, disfigur'd foe,

Whilst frequent accents ring from shore to shore,
 "Hector is slain, and Ilion is no more!"

'Mid these fell scenes of cruelty and fate,
 As satiate Vengeance feeds her utmost hate;
 See dove-ey'd Pity from her throne descend,
 Dejected Sorrow's sympathizing friend;
 Weigh'd down by years, by piercing sorrow bow'd,
 The wretched father parts th' astonish'd crowd,
 And dares that hand to seek whose destin'd force
 Strew'd Ilion's plain with many a bleeding corse;
 "Oh grant me Hector! let these streaming eyes
 View his lov'd form adorn'd with obsequies;
 Let Trojan matrons deck his honour'd bier,
 And his lost country grace it with a tear."

He spake—and Mercy, Valour's soothing bride,
 In great Pelides' name with weeping joy complied.

Thus, matchless bard, thy active fancy caught
 What great Pelides' godlike actions taught;
 Like his celestial shield, thy numbers trace
 The living manners of the human race;
 'T is thine each warring passion to control,
 That prompts the mind, or leads th' aspiring soul;
 And while thou paint'st thy chosen hero's praise,
 Eternal laurels crown his poet's lays.

MAXWELL, Sen.
 Aged 17.

Midhurst School.

ODE

ON THE GENIUS OF HOMER.

THOU to whose ample soul was given
 The first, the noblest boon of Heaven,
 Bard divine! who, blind and old,

To the deep lyre attun'd thy sacred song:
 I hear thee now the tale unfold,

That wrapt in mute suspense the Grecian throng;
 I see them pant and gasp for breath,
 And half unsheath the sword of death:
 Near, and more near, they press around,
 And catch with fierce delight the lofty sound:

Fort

192 INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNIMEDE.

Forth issuing from the Scæan gate,
For ten long years delaying Fate,
The black battalions rise;
They hear their shouts, their loud alarms,
Again the world is bright in arms,
Again! again! a woman is the prize!
They tread no more on Attic ground,
They think no more of fallen Troy,
They see her with her glory crown'd,
And burn with fury to destroy;
'Gainst Hector's self in thought advance,
Raise the broad shield, and grasp the quiv'ring lance,
Such was the power of Homer's song;
Resistless still his numbers flow,
As Alpine torrents forc'd along,
Swell'd by the melting of the winter's snow.

R. W.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNIMEDE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

STOP, courteous stranger, and with joyful eye
Mark this proud column, tow'ring to the sky;
And, if thy breast with love of Freedom glows,
Feel all the pride a British patriot knows.
This spot, where Thames glides gently to the main,
Gave the first blow to Superstition's reign;
Here the first stand 'gainst lawless sway was made,
And in the dust despotic Pow'r was laid!
Here the first struggles for fair Freedom's cause
To the poor vassal gave both rights and laws,
When Albion's warlike sons in days of yore
In shining arms their brave retainers bore,
Humbled a Tyrant whom no tie could bind,
Crafty, revengeful, bigoted, and blind;
And left a lesson for the latest age—
No brighter lesson in your country's page!
But oh, remember, what their valour gave,
Your firmness, constancy alone can save.
View wealthy Athens with her wide domain,
Like you triumphant o'er the azure main;

View

View Tyre's gay palaces and crowded mole,
 Whose flag, like yours, was wav'd at either pole;
 View haughty Rome, long since to ruin hurl'd,
 Like you, once mistress of a subject world,
 By Wealth dissolv'd in Pleasure's flow'ry train,
 Unnerv'd, unmann'd, though insolent and vain,
 When ripe for ruin, sunk without a blow
 Beneath a foreign or domestic foe!
 Then by these barons, once your pride and boast,
 By the great Alfred's wife and awful ghost,
 By Sydney's scaffold and by Russell's doom,
 By virtuous Hampden's much-lamented tomb,
 By all that Charles, by all that James design'd,
 By the Eighth Henry's fierce, despotic mind,
 Guard for your children, as their greatest good,
 The freedom gain'd by your forefathers' blood;
 Transmit that blessing, first of all below,
 By which Misfortune loses half its woe.
 Be you, though others shrink seduc'd by gold,
 First with the brave and foremost with the bold;
 Whilst some are frighten'd, some enslav'd by Pow'r,
 In the last rampart, to the latest hour,
 True in Desertion, in Corruption found,
 Firm at your post may you be ever found!
 But, if ordain'd by Fate that fall we must,
 And this proud fabric's levell'd with the dust;
 If vain the struggle, and you're doom'd a slave,
 Sink in the ruins that you cannot save.

LINES UPON AN OLD ABBEY,
 WITHIN TWENTY MILES OF LONDON.

BY W. J. DENISON, ESQ.

[From the same.]

NO thoughtful Priest in yonder moss-clad tower
 Trims the pale lamp at midnight's silent hour;
 No ev'ning vespers with their solemn knell
 Rouse Contemplation from her pensive cell;
 The mould'ring cloister and the ivied wall
 No longer hear Misfortune's plaintive call.

No more the altar views the Virgin's tear,
 Youth's modest blush, and soft bewitching fear;
 When the sweet girl, her mother's darling pride,
 With anxious hope, becomes the blooming bride.
 No parish politics are canvass'd o'er
 Ere the grey sexton opes the massy door;
 No cheerful bell the hamlet calls to pray'r,
 And gives to toil a short reprieve from care.
 No anthem's chanted through the roofless quire—
 No sacred precepts teach us to aspire;
 Teach us the changes of this transient state,
 Arm us to meet the awful blow of Fate.
 No more yon pile views Friendship's soften'd eye,
 Its mournful look, its agonizing sigh;
 No more it views Affection's bursting tear,
 When youth and beauty fill the sable bier;
 Or some fond parent, silver'd o'er with age,
 Quits for a better—life's eventful stage.

The neighb'ring peasant at the close of day
 Feels Superstition's vile degrading sway;
 In trembling haste, pale with unmanly fright,
 Avoids thy precincts at the dusk of night;
 Ideal forms his falt'ring step assail;
 The nurse's legend, and the gossip's tale.—
 Emblem you stand; whatever mortal's made,
 Like you, alas! must sink, decay, and fade;
 Like all the empires fam'd in days of yore,
 Though now forgot on cold Oblivion's shore.—
 Where 's Thebes or Memphis with their lofty wall,
 In ruin great, majestic in their fall;
 Where first 'midst rude and savage tribes we find
 That ray of Heav'n—the cultivated mind;
 Where laws, where science beam'd their cheering light?
 Lost beyond hope, in ignorance and night.—
 Where 's all that Athens, all that Greece bestow'd—
 The sage, the hero's once below'd abode?
 Cradle of Genius, Liberty, and Art;
 Whate'er can soften, or can fire the heart:
 Where 's all that Socrates, that Plato taught?
 Where 's all Praxiteles or Phidias wrought?
 Her groves, her forums, and each learned hall,
 (Which Mem'ry's sad, though soothing thoughts recall;)

Her

Her works of proud magnificence and grace,
 Destroy'd by Othman's unrelenting race ;
 Her trophies gone—her glories all decay'd ;
 Artists and statesmen in one ruin laid.—
 Where are the cities Persia's monarchs rul'd,
 With all their wealth—" *barbaric pearl and gold ?*"
 Where's proud Persepolis's stately tower,
 The scene of pomp, of pleasure, and of power ?
 Each gilded palace, and each glitt'ring spire,
 Sunk in the flames to please a Strumpet's ire ;
 Ages ago, a vestige scarce remain'd
 Where Cyrus triumph'd, or Darius reign'd.
 E'en haughty Rome, whom once the world obey'd,
 Long since the forfeit of ambition paid ;
 Her tow'ring eagles in their turn brought low,
 Her temples plunder'd by a barb'rous foe ;
 Unnerv'd, unmann'd by Superstition's rod,
 Though kings and princes trembled at her nod ;
 Sunk and debas'd to Gallia's servile tool,
 Though once her Cæsars bore imperial rule ;
 No friend to pity, and no arm to save,
 She with her vassals shares one common grave.

Perhaps, alas ! some stranger here will say,
 When distant ages shall have roll'd away ;
 When Commerce, transient as the April gale,
 For other regions hoists her fickle sail ;
 When she no more her golden treasure pours,
 And Empire seeks Columbia's rising shores ;
 When Albion's self, unstain'd by guilt or crime,
 Falls the sad victim of remorseless Time ;
 Albion distinguish'd from her earliest birth,
 For mind, for talent, probity, and worth ;
 (Where no harsh lines life's varying ranks divide,
 Nor dawning merit's cramp'd by feudal pride ;)
 Who oft for Europe pour'd her gen'rous blood,
 Brav'd ev'ry danger, ev'ry toil withstood ;
 Who nobly rose above the meaner crowd,
 And spar'd the feeble, while she crush'd the proud ;
 When all her laurels, all her triumphs fade ;
 When the whole fabric sinks in endless shade ;
 When Locke, when Milton, and when Marlbro's fame,
 When Shakspeare's self is but an empty name ;

When weeping Freedom shall her Fox deplore,
 His matchless thunders shall be heard no more,
 (Such as of old immortal Tully pour'd,
 When Rome's great matter first to empire soar'd ;
 Such as of old made haughty Philip fear,
 And dread their magic more than Phocion's spear ;)
 When he no longer pleads Misfortune's cause,
 The guard, the bulwark of his country's laws ;
 And, like those rivals of his heav'nly art,
 Lives but to warm the embryo patriot's heart ;
 Some pensive moralist, perhaps, will say,
 Pointing to turrets, then with Time grown grey :
 " Those distant ruins on the desert plain
 Shew where Augusta held her splendid reign ;
 Augusta once, of Trade the crowded mart ;
 The seat of Empire, Elegance, and Art ;
 Adorn'd with Beauty's fascinating smile,
 The charm, the boast of Britain's favour'd isle,
 (Form'd for the friend, the mother, and the wife,
 Or the gay walks of high and polish'd life ;)
 Whose free-born sons each manly virtue join'd
 With Heav'n's best gift, a gen'rous, feeling mind ;
 That stay of Europe, and that scourge of France,
 Seems like a tale, a phantom of romance :
 Her seats of Learning, and her classic bowers,
 Where Taste and Science cull'd the fairest flowers ;
 Her melting charities of ev'ry form,
 Which ev'ry victim shelter'd from the storm ;
 Her trophied halls that Gallia's spoils display,
 The well-earn'd fruits of many a hard-fought day ;
 Those matchless works, where Art with Nature vied,
 The stranger's wonder, and the Briton's pride ;
 Those smiling hamlets Industry bestow'd,
 Where each mild virtue fix'd its blest abode ;
 That sense of honour, and that dread of shame,
 Which fir'd the peasant and the peer the same ;
 That energy throughout the globe display'd ;
 Those colonies which empires once obey'd ;
 That conqu'ring fleet which kept a world in awe ;
 That boasted prefs ; that mild, impartial law,
 Which guarded all with just and equal care ;
 The whole are vanish'd into empty air :

The

The whole are vanish'd—save th' immortal mind;
Gone like a dream—nor left a rack behind.

EPIGRAM

ON THE P—T L——T'S MARRIAGE, AND ITS
NATURAL CONSEQUENCES.

WHAT news, pray, in London?—P——'s married his
maid;
And the lady, in gratitude, *twins* hath display'd!
The *pœtical Benedict* wanted a son,
And his rib hath oblig'd him with *two* boys for *one*!

MICHAEL MALMESY,

ORIGINAL ODE:

[From the Oracle.]

What should hinder

A *new* PETER PINDAR

From lighting his candle at a cinder?

THANKS to the goodness of the times,
Pindar in satire does no longer dabble,
Nor, to please the rabble,
Does he publish Hudibrastic rhimes.
Or he, perchance, sagaciously has found,
'Gainst kings 't is vain to scribble,
Or to express his hate
Of Ministers of State,
Thinking to *hook them* with a *biting bait*;
He finds, I say, they will not *nibble*;
For poets, at St. James's, *they* don't care,
And hold cheap the satirizing fry;
They'd rather read the *red book*—that I'll swear:
A poet is so odd a fish,
They think him not a courtly dish,
And they can't relish him, unless in *pye*.
Because then Peter's Muse, an arrant jade,
Has left off trade,
Shall Satire drop,
Nor find a crop

Of modern follies, and of modern vices,
To offer at her shrine for sacrifices?

'T is pity that it were not so!

But, where'er you go,
You'll find the crop as plentiful as wheat;
'T is shrewdly said, whate'er you have,
'T is ten to one you purchas'd from a knave,
And that you feed a rogue whene'er you eat!

But this, I ween, is not the voice of *candour*,
'T is misanthropic *slander*,
Always in extremes,
Muttering malignant dreams,
And crude inventions of her own,
Damning alike the cottage and the throne!

No: I've not *French philosophy* enough
To listen to such stuff;
Nor can I think that *every* man's a knave;
Indeed 't would puzzle any pate
To draw a proper estimate

Of all the wise, the honest, and the brave;
But this I know, Dean Swift has said—
(The Dean had somewhat of a *head*)—

"There are more *fools* than *knaves*." How could *he* tell?
Why, "else the *knaves* could never live so well!"

The shafts of Satire should not be confin'd,
Or to the knavish, or the foolish mind:
Follies and vices are her proper game,
And on *their* ruin she should build her fame.

'T is indeed a pity,
That if a writer's e'er so witty,
His verse will seldom captivate the town,
Unless he picks his man and *knocks him down*.
In this, we know full well,
Facetious Peter did excel.

But then it must be candidly confess'd,
Instead of vicious men, he sometimes fix'd upon the best!
To make the worse appear the better reason,
And with a broad grin to evade high treason,
Was the peculiar fortè of Peter,
In all his skimble-skamble metre.

And

And this he manag'd with such art,
 As to defy the pillory and the cart.
 But now he's run
 His race of fun,
 His Muse exhausted, or control'd
 With a galling bridle;
 Or, as I am told,
 He is himself grown devilish idle!

Then let a new Democritus arise,
 Exalting Virtue to her native skies;
 While Vice with *Ridicule* he keenly stings,
 Nor fears, nor flatters, people, ministers, or kings!
 PHILO-PINDAR.

EPIGRAM.

WHAT! a *new* Peter Pindar?—Delightful, no doubt;
 Yet 't were manners to wait till the *old* were worn out.
 TOM TICKLE.

THE PARSON AND HIS MAID: A TALE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

AN overgrown Vicar, who often had made
 A little too free with his buxom housemaid,
 At length found it prudent, for fear of disgrace,
 To look for another to fill up the place.
 Another soon came, who with fly, sober look
 Fairly own'd she was not very much of a cook;
 As a sempstress or housemaid but little she knew;
 And confess'd that she neither could wash, bake, nor brew:
 Yet still the arch gypsey, demure as a Turk,
 Demanded ten guineas a year for her *work*.
 "Ten guineas!—for what?" says the Vicar, half wild.
 "Please your Rev'rence," says she, "I am never with —."

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. LAMB TO MISS TOOGOOD.

"A WOMAN too good! that I'll never believe:
 Was e'er such a thing from the days of old Eve?"
 "There is, I am sure; and I've made her my wife,
 To bless me with comfort the rest of my life."

"Alas! my good friend, your fine scheme will prove vain;
For indeed she will never be *too good* again."

BENEDICK.

ANOTHER.

"EACH married man," Dick roundly said,
"His antlers needs must carry:"—
"Your father thought the same," quoth Ned,
"And therefore *ne'er would marry!*"

Webster.

P.

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.—BY T. LITTLE ESQ.

—fine me fit nulla Venus.

OUR hearts, my love, were doom'd to be
The genuine twins of Sympathy;
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Our heartstrings musically move,
And thrill with like vibration.

How often have I heard thee say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
When mine no more is moving!
Since now to feel a joy *alone*
Were worse to thee than feeling none,
Such sympathy's in loving!

And, oh! how often in those eyes,
Which melting beam'd, like azure skies,
In dewy vernal weather;
How often have I raptur'd read
The burning glance, that silent said,
"Now, love, we feel together!"

JULIA'S KISS.

BY T. LITTLE, ESQ.

WHEN infant Bliss in roses slept,
Cupid upon his slumber crept,
And while a balmy sigh he stole,
Exhaling from the infant's soul,

He

He smiling said, "With this, with this,
I'll scent my Julia's burning kiss!"

Nay more, he stole to Venus' bed,
Ere yet the sanguine flush had fled,
Which Love's divinest, dearest flame
Had kindled through her panting frame.
Her soul still dwelt on memory's themes,
Still floated in voluptuous dreams,
And every joy she felt before,
In slumber now was acting o'er.
From her ripe lips, which seem'd to thrill
As in the war of kisses still,
And am'rous to each other clung,
He stole the dew that trembling hung,
And smiling said, "With this, with this,
I'll bathe my Julia's burning kiss!"

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

BY T. LITTLE, ESQ.

Sic juvat perire.

WHEN wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie!
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die!
Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flowrets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest!
Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given!
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of heaven!

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS M'CORMICK,

LATE OF DROMORE, STONECUTTER.

THE clock struck six—Dick * rang the bell,
That every morn, in yonder steeple,
From each adjacent hill and dell

Calls to their work the labouring people.

The clock struck seven—again the bell,
With deeper tone, by Dick was toll'd ;

But, ah !—it was thy passing-knell,
Lamented Thomas ! now it toll'd.

Obliging, useful Thomas ! long
Shall old Dromore thy loss regret,

Ingenious, ready, active, strong,
Thy hand to all things thou couldst set.

Did Want require a little hut
To shield her from the wintry storm ?

Or Wealth a ponderous column cut ?
Expertly both thou couldst perform.

E'en to the *Sculptor's* art, 't is said,
Thy towering genius sometimes rose ;

And many a motto-o'er the dead
Thy chisel's graphic neatness shows.

But now among the silent train,
Where oft thy busy day was pass'd,

Forming the tombstone's letter'd plane,
Thou, too, art gone to rest at last !

And, sure, ungrateful were the Muse
That mark'd thy merit many a day ;

If she to it would now refuse
The slight memorial of—a lay.

HAFIZ.

* The name of the sexton.

AN EPITAPH

TO THE MEMORY OF A WELL-KNOWN AND FAVOURITE
SPOTTED DOG, NAMED POMPEY—BELONGING TO MR.
BENJAMIN TRAVERS, OF CLAPTON.

HERE Pompey lies, Pompey of spotless fame,
Yet spots he had, and Spot became his name * ;
Though full of spots, Spot liv'd without a spot—
Ah ! who can count such spots in human lot !
His spots were beauties of a spotless kind,
Spots without spot on good Spot trac'd we find ;
Of honest Spot, this truth may be relied,
In this spot, spotted Spot lies spotless, as he liv'd and died.
Hackney. T. R.

KING CHARLEMAGNE'S SPELL ;

OR, AGATHA'S RING.

[From the *Suffex Chronicle*.]

IT was strange that he lov'd her, for youth was gone by,
And the bloom of her beauty was fled,
'T was the glance of the harlot that gleam'd in her eye,
And all but the monarch disgusted descried
The art that had ting'd her cheek red.
Yet he thought that with Agatha none might compare,
That kings might be proud of her chain :
The court was a desert if she were not there,
She only was lovely, she only was fair—
Such dotage possess'd Charlemagne.
A joy ill dissembled soon gladdens them all,
For Agatha sickens and dies :
And now they are ready with bier and with pall,
The tapers gleam gloomy amid the high hall,
And the bell it tolls long through the skies.
They came ; but he sent them in anger away,
For she should not be buried, he said ;
And despite of all counsel, for many a day,
Array'd in her costly apparel she lay,
And he would go fit by the dead..

* He was occasionally called Spot, as well as Pompey.

The soldiers they clamour, the priests bend in prayer
 In the quiet retreats of the cell;
 The physicians to counsel together repair;
 They pause and they ponder, at last they declare
 That his senses are bound by a spell!

The Archbishop searches with tremulous haste
 For the spell that bewitches the King;
 And under the tongue for security plac'd,
 Its margin with mystical characters fac'd,
 At length he discovers a ring.

Exulting he seiz'd it, and hasten'd away;
 The monarch re-enter'd the room;
 Th' enchantment was ended; and suddenly gay,
 He bade her attendants no longer delay,
 But bear her with pomp to the tomb.

Now merriment, joyance, and feasting again
 Enliven'd the palace of Aix;
 And now by his heralds did King Charlemagne
 Invite to his palace the gay courtier train
 To hold a high festival day.

Oh! happy the damsel who 'mid her compeers
 For a moment engag'd the King's eye!
 Now glowing with hopes and now fever'd with fears,
 Each maiden triumphant or jealous appears,
 As notic'd by him, or pass'd by.

And now as the ev'ning approach'd, to the ball
 In anxious suspense they advance;
 Each hop'd the King's choice on her beauties might fall;
 When, lo! to the utter confusion of all,
 He ask'd the Archbishop to dance!

The damsels they laugh, and the barons they stare,
 It was mirth and astonishment all;
 And the Archbishop started and mutter'd a prayer,
 And, wroth at receiving such mockery there,
 Withdrew him in haste from the ball.

The moon dimpled over the ether with light
 As he wander'd along the lake side,
 When, lo! where beside him the King met his fight;
 "Oh! turn thee, Archbishop, my joy and delight,
 "Oh! turn thee, my charmer!" he cried.

Amazement

Amazement and anger the prelate possess'd,
 With terror his accents he heard;
 Then Charlemagne warmly and eagerly press'd
 The Archbishop's old wither'd hand to his breast,
 And kiss'd his old grey flowing beard!
 "Blessed Mary protect me!" the Archbishop cried;
 "What madness is come to the King!"
 In vain to escape from the monarch he tried,
 When luckily he on his finger espied
 The glitter of Agatha's ring.
 Overjoy'd, the old prelate remember'd the spell,
 And far in the lake flung the ring;
 The waters clos'd round it, and, wondrous to tell,
 Releas'd from the curd enchantment of hell,
 His reason return'd to the King.

JUDGMENT ON A BISHOP.

[From the Oracle.]

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
 That in winter the corn was growing yet;
 'T was a piteous sight to see all around
 The corn lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
 Crowded around the Bishop's door,
 For he had a plentiful last year's store,
 And all the neighbourhood could tell
 His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Halto appointed a day
 To relieve the poor without delay;
 He bade them all to his barn repair,
 And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoic'd the tidings good to hear,
 The poor folks flock'd from far and near;
 The great barn was full as it could hold
 Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
 Bishop Halto he made fast the door;
 And whilst for mercy on Christ they call,
 He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

"I faith

"I' faith, 't is an excellent bonfire," quoth he;
 "And the country is greatly oblig'd to me,
 For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
 Of mice that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace return'd he,
 And he sat down to supper merrily;
 And he slept that night like an innocent man,
 But Bishop Halto ne'er slept again.

In the morning, as he enter'd the hall,
 Where his picture hung against the wall,
 A sweat like death all over him came,
 For the mice had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm,
 He had a countenance white with alarm—
 "My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
 And the mice had eaten all the corn."

Another came running presently,
 And he was as pale as pale could be;
 "Fly, my Lord Bishop! fly!" quoth he;
 "Ten thousand mice are coming this way—
 The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tow'r on the Rhine," replied he;
 "'T is the safest place in Germany;
 The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
 And the tide is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Halto fearfully hasten'd away,
 And he cross'd the Rhine without delay;
 And reach'd his tow'r in the island, and barr'd:
 All the gates secure and hard.

He laid him down to sleep—but a scream
 Woke the Bishop from his dream—
 He woke, and he saw two eyes of flame
 On his pillow, from whence the screaming came..

He listen'd and look'd—it was only the cat—
 But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that;
 For the fat screaming, mad with fear
 At the army of mice that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
 And they have climb'd the shores so steep,

And

And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and the windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the window, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnaw'd the flesh from ev'ry limb,
For they were sent to do justice on him.

A TRUE BALLAD OF A POPE.

[From the Morning Post.]

IT is the Bishop Athendius,
Who now at even tide,
Taking the air, and saying a pray'r,
Walks by the river side.

The Devil had business that evening,
And he upon earth would go,
For it was in the month of August,
And the weather was close below.

He had his books to settle,
And up to earth he hied,
To do it there, in the ev'ning air,
All by the river side.

His imps came flying around him,
Of his affairs to tell,
From the north and the south, and the east and the west,
They brought him the news that he lik'd best,
The things they had done, and the souls they had won,
And how they sped well in the service of Hell.

There

There came a Devil posting in,
 Return'd from his employ;
 Seven years had he been gone from Hell,
 And now he came grinning for joy.
 "Seven years," quoth he, "of trouble and toil
 Have I labour'd the Pope to win;
 And I, to-day, have caught him,
 He hath done the deadly sin!"
 And then he took the Devil's book,
 And wrote the deed therein.
 Oh! then King Beelzebub, for joy,
 He drew his mouth so wide,
 You might have seen his iron teeth,
 Four-and-forty from fide to fide.
 He wagg'd his ears, he twist'd his tail,
 He knew not for joy what to do,
 In his hoofs and his horns, in his heels and his corns,
 It tickled him all through.
 The Bishop, who beheld all this,
 Straight how to act bethought him;
 He leap'd upon the Devil's back,
 And by the horns he caught him.
 And he said a Pater-noster
 As fast as he could say,
 And he made a cross on the Devil's head,
 And bade him to Rome away.
 Away, away, the Devil flew,
 All through the clear moonlight;
 I warrant, who saw them on their way—
 He did not sleep that night.
 Without saddle or bridle, or whip or spur,
 Away they go like the wind—
 The beads of the Bishop are hanging before,
 And the tail of the Devil behind.
 They met a witch, and she hail'd them,
 As soon as she came within call.
 "Ave Maria!" the Bishop exclaim'd,
 It frighten'd her broomstick, and she got a fall.

They

They ran against a shooting star,
So fast, for fear, did he fail;
And he sing'd the beard of the Bishop
Against a comet's tail.

And he went between the horns of the moon,
With Athendius on his back;
And there was an eclipse that night
Which was not in the Almanack.

The Bishop just as they set out
To tell his beads begun,
And he was by the bed of the Pope
Before the string was done.

The Pope fell down upon his knees
In terror and confusion,
And he confess'd the deadly sin,
And he had absolution.

And all the popes in bliss that be
Sung "O be joyful!" then;
And all the popes that damned be,
They howl'd for envy then;
For they before kept jubilee,
In hopes of his good company
Down in the Devil's den.

But what was this the Pope had done
To bind himself to Hell?
Ah! that is the myst'ry of this wonderful hist'ry,
And I wish that I could tell.

But would you know, to Hell you must go,
You can easily find the way;
It is a broad and well-known road,
Which is travell'd by night and by day.

And you must look in the Devil's book,
You will find one debt that was never paid yet,
If you search the leaves throughout:
And that is the myst'ry of this wonderful hist'ry,
And the way to find it out.

LINES,

LINES ON THREE LADIES SKATING AT THE PRIORY, STANMORE.

LONG in Nature and Art for some attitudes new,
In which to depicture the Graces,
The school-models Kauffman had search'd through and
through,
All female creation the traces.

For Art, she still found that the Grecians of old
To perfection so fully had brought it ;
One position alone she had left to unfold,
Saw the H—lt—ns skating, and caught it.

J. S. Gray's Inn.

TO GEORGINA'S EYES.

CHERUB divine ! thy beauteous infant eyes
The Paphian Queen hath surely stol'n from Heaven;
Their rays bespeak the lustre of the skies—
To mortal orbs such radiance ne'er was given !

Bright sparkling eyes, whose beauty-beaming rays
A willing captive have already won,
Ah ! cherish for a while my raptur'd gaze,
Nor cautious seek my eager looks to shun :—

For I would scorn your lustre to bedim,
Or with deceit your Mistress fair pursue ;—
May the fierce tiger tear me limb from limb,
When tears, for me, those pearly orbs bedew !

Cherub divine ! when time brings on the day,
That not in vain thy sparkling orbs shall roll,
Ah ! shun those joys which would thy heart betray,
Or pluck the gem of virtue from thy soul !

Curs'd be the wretch, and blasted be his love,
Who dares thine angel innocence to harm ;
May the red lightnings of Olympic Jove
With forked zeal his purposes disarm !

Sweet child ! thy sire's example lov'd to grace,
Thine be the heart which every baseness scorns,
In thee her * worth and genius may we trace,
Whose honour'd name thy cherub form adorns !

Old Burlington Street.

PHAON.

* Her Grace the Dutchess of Devonshire.

INSTRUCTION TO LADIES OF TON.

[From the Oracle.]

FAIR CREATURES !

IT is the height of presumption in any mortal to have the confidence even to address you ; but what shall be said of the daring arrogance of that luckless wight who shall attempt to *instruct* you ! you, who, when you throw off your leading-strings, discard every preceptor but those who profess the liberal arts of composing *cosmetics*, *gowns* (not *garments*), and *frizzled Brutus-es* !—but, as John Dryden sings,

“ None but the brave deserve the fair ! ”

I'll e'en venture, though first it may be incorrect, to particularize the description of Ladies I mean to have the honour of addressing, and, if possible, of instructing. I do not address myself to you who *save*, but to you who *spend* money—not to you who are economical, but to you who are extravagant—not to you who pay, but to you who contract debts—not to you who study the comfort, but you who break alike the hearts and purses of your husbands—not to you who are strictly virtuous, but you *who keep up appearances*—in short, I address to “ the *Ladies of Ton* ” the following *instructions* :—

If you should have the misfortune to possess a good natural complexion, use every endeavour to destroy it with rouge, fard, &c.—clear white and red may do for a milkmaid, but is *outré* in a *Lady of Ton*. In summer dress warm, and in winter half-naked.—Never go to bed till sun-rise, nor rise till near sun-set ; so shall you have an opportunity of observing that glorious luminary at the two most advantageous periods. Be nervous in the extreme ; start and cry at the sight of a mouse ; but drive unconcerned over a decrepit beggar in the street. N. B. This disorder will authorize

authorize you to *sip* ratafia, sherry, brandy, and other strengthening *liquors*. Never nurse your own children, as suckling will spoil your shape, and their noise distract your head. In the choice of a husband, your only consideration should be a separate maintenance, and, as long as he be rich, never mind a broken constitution. Laugh at the *pathos* of a Siddons, and die away in *ecstasy* at the *cadence* of a Banti—Give half-a-guinea in charity, and ten pounds to a foreigner for his benefit ticket—Never go to church on Sunday morning, but punt at *Farò* all Sunday evening—In fine, learn to talk loud, swear a little, ride a great deal, and stare all modesty out of countenance—and you will then be “*a complete Woman of Ton.*”
Your instructor,

THE SHADE OF CHESTERFIELD.

SLIP-SLOP.

ÆMILIUS-Paulus-Flaminius-Quintus-Julius-Cæsar Muzzlebump is a man of fine natural parts, a great admirer of the liberal sciences, and was educated in the learned profession of a soap-boiler. When he had gone through a regular process of his professional studies, it happened that the beautiful and accomplished Miss Margaretta-Maria-Sophia-Angelica Grizzlelegig became deeply enamoured with this same Æmilius-Paulus-Flaminius-Quintus-Julius-Cæsar Muzzlebump, and was married to him, contrary to the consent of both her papa and mamma, who kept a respectable pawnbroker's repository in the polite neighbourhood of Drury Lane.

A reconciliation, however, was gradually brought about; and, in the course of three years, the father and mother both departed this transitory life, leaving Æmilius-Paulus and Margaretta-Maria in possession of a genteel fortune.

Æmilius-

Æmilius-Paulus now gave up his business, whereby he became enabled to enjoy at large those more accomplishing pursuits for which nature had so manifestly designed him.

It is about five years since Æmilius-Paulus quitted business; in which time, as he himself says, he has made no small progress in the circle of polite literature: but, unfortunately, Æmilius-Paulus and Margaretta-Maria are strangers to that inviolable maxim, upon which subsist all the felicities of wedlock; for, in general, whatever the one admires, the other hath a particular aversion to. In short, they scarcely ever agree two days together; and the subjects upon which they quarrel; are frequently education and family.

It is not many days since I had the honour to attend the above lady and gentleman in a hackney-coach to that agreeable situation called Mount Pleasant. "I do insist upon your going," says Æmilius-Paulus; "for I'll shew one of the most sweetest and most rurallest places you ever seed." But we had not ridden half a mile from Smithfield, when Æmilius-Paulus, putting his head out at one of the windows, ordered the coachman to drive more faster: upon which, Margaretta-Maria, putting her head out at the other, ordered him to drive more slower.—"Drive more faster, I say, coachman," cries Æmilius Paulus.—"I say, drive more slower, coachman," cries Margaretta-Maria.—Æmilius-Paulus submitted, and the horses kept only a gentle trot.

When we were arrived at Mount Pleasant, and had ordered tea and coffee, Æmilius-Paulus, taking me by the arm, assured me, he would now shew me a most captivating prospect. "We'll just," says he, "walk up to the surplus of the Mount, and then we've all before us.—Here!—here!—here's beauty already!—Now here!—now mind!—only observe! —There's Shooter's Hill!—and there!—Don't
you

you see that there white house there?—Don't you see a thing like a cubole?—Skim your eye a little more this way, and then you'll have it.—O ravishing landscape!—and there's St. Paul's church just before us!—and there's the Monument!—and there's St. Bride's church, where my wife and I was married!"—“Ay, hang the church,” cries Mrs. Muzzlemump; “I've hated the sight of it ever since.”—“And so have I too,” replies Æmilius-Paulus.—“And there you see the river Tems, and the hills in Surrey!—Now is n't this the most rurallest and most sweetest place you ever see'd?—This is the place for pholosophers!”

Mrs. Muzzlemump, with a kind of contemptuous smile, observed, “that she had been taught to understand, that pholosophers always chose solitary places to live in:”—but Æmilius-Paulus insisted that she knew nothing about the matter.

When we had sufficiently viewed each attractive object, and had retired to the coffee-room, Æmilius-Paulus, looking very importantly at me, asked me, whether or no I had ever read Pope's works?—“That there Pope,” added he, “was a man of fine talons, and a true son of Parnafficus!” Mrs. Muzzlemump, turning her head gracefully towards me, most politely apologized for the insipidity of her husband's company. Upon which, Æmilius-Paulus, looking dreadfully angry at her, called her “a poor illiter'd wretch!”

“Illiter'd!” replies Mrs. M. with fine spirit—“what do you mean, Sir, by illiter'd?—My family was never none of them illiter'd!—My uncle Hogwash, of Cripplegate Ward (that's now dead and gone), was famous for his larning, and gave me the best of edercashions; and I was always look'd upon as a lady of genus and senterment, till I had the misfortune to take

take leave of my senses, and throw'd myself headlong away upon a paltry soap-boiler ! I mought have——"

"Soap-boiler, Madam !" replies Æmilius-Paulus, with great dignity of resentment—"a soap-boiler !—Surely as good as the daughter of a scurvy pawn-broker ?"

"Intolerable imperance !" cries poor dear Mrs. Muzzlemump, with tears in her eyes—"What do you mean, you villain, by your scandal on the memory of my papa ?—I wish he was alive to hear you."

Æmilius-Paulus would have continued the quarrel, had not I interfered : Mrs. Muzzlemump, however, renewed it on our return home ; and supremely happy I therefore thought myself, when the welcome moment arrived for my taking leave of this blessed couple.

Two of the greatest evils, surely, which deform the human mind, are pride and ignorance united.

The above amiable lady has an only daughter, to whom nature hath indulgently given many personal attractions : but it were better perhaps for the daughter, if she was less pretty ; for the lessons which she receives daily from her accomplished mamma, may render her, in spite of all her beauty, one of the ugliest objects breathing.

Persons of mean extraction, of confined education, and mistaken ideas, are often the most unfortunate, when fortune apparently smiles most on them ; for what is elevation in life without cultivation of manners ?

SYMPOSIUM; OR, ATTIC ENTERTAINMENT,
GIVEN IN DOWNING STREET, ON THE 6TH DAY OF
FEBRUARY 1804.

[From the Oracle]

THE above Fête, equally novel, elegant, and classic, was held on the evening of Monday, the 6th instant, and was avowedly in commemoration
I of

of that illustrious son of Galen, Doctor ——— A———; born on this day, to whom this country is indebted for the existence of our present immaculate Premier. The Minister, whose filial piety and taste are equally conspicuous, thought it neither decent, nor according to the custom of the ancients, to degrade himself by sending forth a common complimentary card of invitation; and, in consequence of this sublime and exalted thought, ordered Mr. S——t to write to his particular friends, adherents, and followers, the following billet. It was copied, in some measure, from divers *fragments, historic notes, and family receipts*, bequeathed to him with other valuables by the deceased Doctor, in whose words it was deemed perfectly appropriate to be couched, and highly fitting to the occasion:

R. De Cibis carn. et pisc. sumatur:
De Vino quant. suff. Recipiatur;
Cum Recit. atque Mus. sumend.
Ad Gaud. et Jocos promovend. H. A. M. D.

In consequence of this (Recipe, we had almost said) Invitation, many of the first characters, eminent for social virtue, high reputation, and distinguished talents, assembled. We regret extremely the not having been able to obtain all their names; but we need hardly mention as the first and brightest stars of this galaxy, the brethren Ad—ngt—s, who, indeed, shone the *Castor* and *Pollux* of the evening; they emanated their radiant beams from their exalted station, seated on two thrones, or *arm-chairs*, of a singular but *convenient* construction, which were said to have been invented by their august Father for the *ease* and comfort of his Patients. These were placed, on this memorable evening, at the end of the Long Room; originally designed by the late Minister for a Hall of Audience. Directly opposite to them were their

their eyes feasted with the bust of the modern Esculapius, that demi-god, whose natal day was now intended to be celebrated. Its head was crowned with a wreath, composed of the *Radix Jalapi*, interwoven with the leaves of *Colocynth* and *Senna* *.

The festive board, extending the whole length of the room, was decorated magnificently, and arranged with refreshments of all kinds. On an adjoining side-table were placed music-books and musical instruments of all sorts, both ancient and modern, and whatever else could induce the guests to call forth their various talents for their own and the general amusement.

At six o'clock precisely, the knocker announced the arrival of the too happy sharers of the feast. After the usual ceremonies, they were seated at table ; and, having satiated themselves with the viands, the entertainments of the evening commenced.

And first, after a becoming and suitable preamble, in which their Right. Hon. Host expatiated upon the vicissitudes of life, and the best modes of rendering it *palatable*, he dilated upon the expediency of *mixing* as much as possible the *drugs* which it contained. He stated, that by well *shaking the ingredients*, pounding the *sweet* with the *sour*—the *noble* and the *base*—the *Jacobin* with the *Loyalist*—and the *Jew* with the *Christian*—such an amiable composition might be produced as would be an *anodyne* to the whole world, and a certain *recipe* for every man to rise according to his own talents. But perceiving some of his guests

* There had been another Bust in this room, which by many was said to resemble the immortal Chatham, which Mrs. A—— had intended to have placed by the side of that above mentioned. After much search, it was found to have been ordered into the *Lumber Room* by the present occupant ; and, perceiving him rather averse to being (from some motive or other) stared in the face by such a memento, she, like a good and prudent wife, ordered the servant not to disturb it but let it remain on its nose where it was.

beginning to look rather queer, he abruptly changed the subject, and, snatching up an ancient lyre, which lay upon the table, he, with a master hand, struck up an Ode to *Friendship* and *Credulity*; and concluded with an antistrophe on the *art of lying*; which having finished, he called upon Mr. W—— for a song; who, being a little exhilarated, sung a hymn which was sent him from St. Domingo, originally exported from this country, and now universally known by the name of the *Black Joke*. Here Mr. H—— B—— burst into a most immoderate fit of laughter, swore by —— that he was a *damned* honest fellow, and instantly took himself to dancing a hornpipe.

After these lively sallies, somewhat more serious was proposed; and accordingly the Right Hon. T——s St——le, with much dignity and emphasis, began reciting an Ode to Gratitude, in which he proceeded very successfully, and with great effect, till, unfortunately, hearing Mr. Manasseh L-p-z ask his neighbour whether this was not the Gentleman who was formerly called *Honest Tom*, the friend and protégé of the Duke of R—— and Mr. P——, he stopped abruptly, damned him for a little sneaking Israelite, for interrupting his recitation by such impertinent questions, and would have knocked him down with a knuckle of ham, which, by accident, had not been removed, but was called to order by Mr. At——n Sav——le, who, grasping him in his arms, confined his head and his hands as if he were fast in the *pillory*, thus restrained him from farther mischief and violence, and requested him, if he had a grain of friendship for him, to be quiet; he calmed his passion, and with a melodious voice restored every thing to harmony again, by singing the favourite song out of *The Beggar's Opera*, which ends with "*Tyburn Tree!*"

This timely exertion so exhilarated the spirits of the

the company, that the moment he had finished, the lively Messrs. H—l—y Ad——, H—B——, and Cousin G—d—g, struck up the well known glee of "*We three merry men be.*" By this time the Right Hon. Founder of the Feast began to wax mellow, and, calling out to his particular friends H—b—se and T—rn—y, "Citizens, give us a sentiment," the worthy pair started up together; and, the head of the Bristol Citizen coming into contact with that of the Citizen for Southwark, the pious orisons of the one for the success of the *Bristol Fortifications*, and of the other for that of the *Borough Volunteers*, were suddenly interrupted, and, both forgetting their new lesson, muttered something about Bonaparté, to which Gen. Mait—d and Mr. T—wh—t J——s cried *Amen!*

This, however, caused some confusion, and a sort of sparring-match between the two Citizens, which was put an end to by the interference of Mr. Sec——ry Y——, who represented to the *Gentlemen* how foolish it was to be *in a passion*, and what great advantages the *cool* and *calm* conduct of philosophy possessed over the headstrong and unruly *tide of impatience*, which always made men say things they were *ashamed of* afterwards, when they were obliged to *retract*. This called forth a compliment from the mellifluous mouth of Mr. R—— P—— Car-w, who joined with his Right Hon. Friend and Relation in deprecating any thing which looked like *haste*; and, as for *wit*, he despised it, and all who possessed it. This was too much for poor Sherid—n to bear, who, for some reason or other, had been sitting silent all this time; but conceiving that this sentence was evidently levelled at him—as the high authority whose respectability and influence he had so repeatedly endeavoured to promote in Parliament (by allusions to *Doctor Fell*—to "*knocking out the brains*"—and to the "*sitting part*"

part" of Mr. Pitt) had assured him, in return for all those kind attentions, that he alone exclusively possessed all the real talent and wit of the House of Commons—he attempted to get up ; but, whether the champaign partook of that soporific quality which pervades every thing that comes in contact with the House of Ad——, or whether the quantity he had drunk overpowered his faculties, he could only belch out a few incoherent sentences and scraps of Latin and Greek epigrams from the *Anthologia*, which could not be well understood ; and he dropt into his chair fast asleep. The Duke of N——k and Mr. E—— rose at the same time, to apologize for their friend ; and, the first having been called upon by mistake, proposed a bumper to " the Majesty of the People," but was instantly set right by Mr. A——, who whispered him "*Honi soit qui mal y pense* ;" when his Grace, recovering himself, gave the company the favourite song of " A-begging we will go," in which they all joined, and cordiality and harmony were restored.

Immediately after this, the *Clerk of the Pells* being called upon by Lord Gr——ve—or to give the company a little *Greek*, read some extracts from an entertaining essay, called *As in Presenti*, while the attendants were preparing for the grand display of all ; but, owing to some mistake, the preparations occasioned delay, in which time the company were entertained by a learned dispute between the learned Tutor of the learned young Gentleman, the Bishop of Gl——r, and Sir Wm. S——, about the Clergy Residence Bill, in which the learned Prelate insisted, that it was perfectly proper and fit for a bishop to reside and administer his duties at the distance of one hundred miles from his diocese, although it was quite right to fine and imprison a poor clergyman for the same conduct.

This was followed by the little Speak——r of a certain
House

House and his tall Chaplain dancing a *maestro* sort of Pyrrhic dance, with swords and pistols, which latter weapon had been previously loaded with Ward's pills, which, at the conclusion of the dance, were completely swallowed by the two performers, without any bad consequences whatsoever.

By this time every thing was prepared, and a curtain drawing up, discovered his Majesty's Chancellor of the Exch——r seated at a table, with cups and balls, and other instruments of white magic, placed before him ; with which he diverted the company. Among other surprising feats of dexterity, we only repeat the following :—

First; he produced the model of a magnificent palace, somewhat resembling the Bank, the rooms of which were filled with ingots of gold and silver, and the turrets adorned with streamers in imitation of Bank notes ; but, touching it with his wand, which had a head upon it very like Mr. Gr-gor's, the astonished spectators beheld nothing but an empty and shrivelled clyster-bag, marked with the initials H. A.

2dly, He produced fifty sail of the line, all manned, who went through all the evolutions of a fleet in presence of the enemy ; then opening his mouth, he suddenly swallowed them all ; but the Admiral's flag happening to tickle him in its way down, he fairly disgorged the whole fleet again upon the table—but it was observed that all the men *remained behind in his stomach*. He then placed on a table, covered with green cloth, two persons, whom he called L—ds of the A———, and, whispering a secret in their ears, they immediately signed an order, which looked like a warrant for a general press of seamen ; he blew upon it, and it was instantly converted into a transfer in the three per cents.

He next took out of a bag a figure, which first looked like a Judge's wig ; then it assumed the !

of a Justice of the Peace ; and, finally, took the resemblance of Mr. Bur——d, who immediately began hopping the Treasury jig round the table with considerable activity, and began to address the audience in a set speech upon rhetoric ; but, unfortunately, having *dropped an idea*, it was eagerly caught up by the Right Hon. Mr. Wall-ce, who claimed it as his own, at the same time that he assured the orator he should be perfectly welcome to it, but that it was the *only one* he possessed, and therefore he could not spare it.

The Conjuring Table now being withdrawn, the Lords H——t and Haw——y began to recite the famous Ode to *Peace*, composed by the Marq—s Corn——s, at *Amiens* ; when the fat porter, followed by a messenger, burst into the room, and declared that the beacons were fired, and Bonaparté landed in Essex ! The whole company were instantly seized with convulsive pangs—each exclaiming, “The devil take the hindmost ;” and in an instant the saloon was evacuated.

Feb. 25.

EPIGRAM.

“HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.”

[From the same.]

“**WHAT** can ennoble knaves, and fools, and cowards ?
 Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.”
 True, Master Pope ; but had you liv’d till now,
 You’d star’d to see the Howard humbly bow
 To beg *St. George’s Cross* from *Glyster’s* son,
 The “*Honi soit*” from *Docter Ad——n*.

L. M. P.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

The following *Jeu d'Esprit*, by a celebrated wit, on the late "potations pottle deep" of a certain Noble Duke, is handed about in the first circles.

THE Duke came in—he swore 't was cold,
He plied the cordial rummer;
Till *swallow* after *swallow* came,
And then he swore 't was *summer* !

A QUINTETTO;

WRITTEN FOR, AND SUNG AT, MR. A—NG—N'S
LAST PUBLIC DINNER.

To the tune of "*If a Body for a Body.*"

[From the Oracle.]

MR. A—NG—N.

IF a body put a body in the Sp—k—r's chair,
Must a body be nobody but a cypher there?
My gown and wig so long and big, they pleas'd the R—l eye;
Both K—g and Q—n admir'd my mien; so Minister am I !

BROTHER H—Y AD—NG—N.

If a body find a body odious to the K—,
Mayn't a body tell that body, he may go and swing?
Like a — you did behave, to prove your loyalty;
I'm Ad—ng—n, thy mother's son; and do the same would I !

BROTHER BR—GGE,

If a body find a body fitted for his school,
Should a body scorn that body 'cause he's thought a fool?
Lord H—t is a man of parts; and Yorke of industry;
My name a'n't Br—gge, 'f fount to lag; in such a list am I !

MR. T—RNEY.

If a body join a body call'd a party whig,
Need a body for that body care a single fig?
Like an ass retir'd D—nd—s from Bench of T—st—
So in his barge I sail at large, triumphant George !

MR. S ———.

If a body every body seeks to please and court,
 Must a body from nobody find the least support?
 Not a man trusts S—— with half a halfpenny,
 Yet all the day I'm blithe and gay, and d—— at night am I.
Cætera desunt.

DOUGLAS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

[From the same.]

Stranger.

MY name's *the Doctor*: on the Berkshire hills
 My father purg'd his patients—a wise man;
 Whose constant care was to increase his store,
 And keep his eldest son—myself—at home.
 But I had heard of politics, and long'd
 To sit within the Commons' House, and get
 A place: and luck gave what my fire denied.
 Some thirteen years ago, or ere my fingers
 Had learn'd to mix a potion, or to bleed,
 I flatter'd Pitt; I cring'd, and sneak'd, and fawn'd,
 And thus became the Speaker. I alone,
 With pompous gait, and peruke full of wisdom,
 Th' unruly *members* could control, or call
 The House to order.

Tir'd of the Chair, I sought a bolder flight,
 And, grasping at *his* power, I *struck my friend*,
 Who held *that place* which now I've made my own.
 Proud of my triumph, I disdain'd to court
 The patron-hand which fed me—or to seem
 Grateful to him who rais'd me into notice.
 And when the King had call'd his Parliament
 To meet him here conven'd in Westminster,
 With all *my fam'ly* crowding at my heels,
 My brothers, cousins, followers, and my son,
 I shew'd myself Prime *Doctor* to the country.
 My ends attain'd, my only aim has been
 To keep my place, and gild my humble name:

DRAMATICUS.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM

ON THE DOCTOR'S FAILURE IN A LATE MOMENTOUS
OPERATION.

IF, whenever a *Doctor* imparts a wrong impulse,
The pain he inflicts were his *own*,
John's *Doctor*, long doom'd to be cut—for the *simples*,
Ought now to be cut—for the *stone*!!

GALENICUS.

NEW MODE OF BLOCKADE.

[From the British Press.]

IT is well known that an offensive operation against some part of the enemy's coast has been for some time in contemplation. The newspapers, with very few exceptions, have stated, that the Minister intends to block up all the enemy's ports, by sinking large cargoes at their entrances. The plan, as we lately announced, was suggested by Mr. Phillips, a Book-feller, No. 71, St. Paul's Churchyard. The following are the particulars:—Instead of employing, at an enormous expense in wear and tear, seventeen ships of the line at Brest, ten at Toulon, and seven at Ferrol, Mr. Phillips proposes that a number of old unserviceable vessels, hulks, lighters, &c. should be filled with old editions of old books, pamphlets, newspapers, &c. and being floated over with a fair wind, should be sunk at the mouths of the several harbours of France and Holland. For Brest, Toulon, and the other principal ports, he proposes that the blockading force should consist of the old *quartos* and *folios*, particularly such as are in the dead languages, all bound in calf, and any other work which the trade has observed to possess a peculiar alacrity in sinking. For Boulogne, Calais, and other ports where the entrance is narrow, shallow, or difficult, he thinks single sheets or volumes will be sufficient. Wherever there is a *shelving* shore,

all the old *shopkeepers* should be brought into action with a sweeping course. Dunkirk and Flushing, being notorious for *smuggling*, a few *pirated* editions of celebrated works, he thinks, ought to be sent against them, it being always considered a fair and generous procedure to fight an enemy with his own weapons. To prevent any attempt of the enemy to avail themselves of the opportunity of a low tide to weigh the sunken cargoes, each vessel is to be accompanied by a barge, containing a *quantum sufficit* of Dr. L—r—ce's speeches, state papers, bills and answers in Chancery, and various law pleadings. A budget or two is also recommended in a difficult case. Government, we are assured, have entered upon this plan with extraordinary energy. For the purpose of carrying it into execution, upwards of a dozen large sacks full of State Papers, belonging to the late Lord Mendip, and which were sold by his butler since his death, at the rate of three-pence a pound, have been recently traced into the hands of different stationers, cheesemongers, &c. and nine of the twelve have been recovered. They consist principally of private dispatches from the different British commanders and agents in America, at the commencement of the war, and other documents upon different subjects, with the whole of the correspondence addressed to Lord Mendip (then Mr. Ellis), as Secretary at War.

Our readers will recollect the recent robbery of all the old papers of Somerset House. This, we now find, was in consequence of the rise in price of the article, or, to speak more correctly, of the bounty for a supplementary force of waste paper. Government, according to report, lately purchased a great number of dead walls, from whence it was supposed that the sinking force was to consist of those materials. These dead walls, however, are only bought for the sake of the literary productions with

with which they are pasted over. The ballads, songs, and other trifles "light as air," are to form a light manœuvring flotilla, while the Quack advertisements, if they can be brought into action, cannot fail to produce great havoc among the enemy. After all the harbours, great and small, of France, Spain, and Holland, have been thus blocked up by the literary lumber of the warehouses, should any superfluous force remain, Mr. Phillips proposes that it shall be applied as follows: The *Crown* and *Royal* to be sent upon an expedition to effect the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France; the *Imperial* to go as a subsidy to the Emperor; the *Demi* to be formed into demi light brigades; and the *Fool's-cap* to be worn as a helmet by the inventor of the plan.

HINTS TO THE MINISTER!

[From the Oracle.]

IN the spirit of fairness which we hope has always distinguished our labours, we lay before the Public a portion of an elaborate Poem which has been sent to us, containing some most *excellent* advice to Mr. Ad—m—n. Our limits will not allow of our giving the whole of this ingenious composition, nor to analyze it with critical severity; but that *our readers* may judge for themselves, we shall extract the following specimen, both of the text and notes.

The title is

THE STONE EXPEDITION;

or,

The Doctor's Head Good for Something!!!

The poet, after a description of the causes and nature of the plan, and of the vessels employed in the expedition, of which, to say the truth, he does not speak

too favourably—(in order, we suppose, the more to recommend the *expedient* which is the main object of his work)—thus continues :

“ Invading myriads Gallia’s shores possess,
While our *stone-fleet* is fix’d at Dungeness !
Dear hopes are fled from sand-bank, filth, and mud :
Stone is too buoyant for th’ opposing flood ! ”

He then boldly and poetically apostrophizes the *Doctor* in the following spirited lines :

“ Thou who hast dragg’d the country down so low,
To save her yet might’st Roman virtue show :
That *ponderous head*, which ne’er presum’d to think
But England totter’d on perdition’s brink—
That *head*, where *army, navy, and finance*,
Are jerk’d about like puppets in a dance ;
Where all is chaos, ~~where no reason’s light~~
Breaks forth to brighten the Bosotian night—
That *head*—that ~~leaden cranium~~—wouldst thou lend,
To the world’s centre must the mass descend ;
Neptune would tremble at th’ impulsive force
Of such a plummet, and permit its course !

“ This act shall *purge* from sin thy guilty soul,
Atone for many a job and action foul :
Buried shall be for this in endless night
Thy wild presumption, and ambition’s flight—
Amiens’ sad peace we’ll ~~tear~~ from our memories blot ;
E’en *thy* perpetual nonsense be forgot.
Hi—y and Br—ge no vengeance shall pursue—
Contempt shall spare the others of the crew.

“ Britons, rejoice ! the sacrifice is made,
And a vast debt to injur’d Albion’s paid,
A second Curtius claims a nation’s love,
For the first act that nation could approve.

“ Doctor, adieu !—Through the green deep, in thee,
The kernel of the gath’ring lump we see !
Slime, soft and smoother than thy smoothest speech,
Shall, to augment thee, leave their neighbouring beach :
A viscous coating for thy length provide,
And double all thy volume in a tide.

Boulogne,

Boulogne, from fragrant Cloacinian store,
~~Strata on strata~~ shall unconscious pour ;
 Sea-weed and spawn shall on thy sides be spread,
 And kindred oysters find a welcome bed ;
 There flat-fish, flattest of their tasteless race,
 Insipid maids, and all-disgusting plaice,
 With the fat porpoise there shall roll and play ;
 Thither no lively thing shall point its way ;
 Birds of the heaviest wing and slowest flight,
 The dullest of their tribes shall there invite,
 With tones as wearying as thy own, thy ghost delight !
 Meanwhile the Consul sees the lump appear,
 Blasphemes, and storms, and weeps, and tears his hair." }

The poet proceeds to state the coming out of the
 flotilla, for the attack of England, in spite of the
 Ad——onian mud-bank.—We regret that we have no
 room to insert the spirited description of the various
 losses of the enemy ; some ships having their bottoms
 beaten out by striking on the Doctor's *os frontis* ;
 others foundering on the *occiput*, &c. &c.

NOTES FOR THE CONTINUATION.

Mr. Vanfittart proposes to the Cabinet to visit, in a
 diving-bell, the remains of the late Doctor Ad——n,
 now, for his country's sake, converted into a mud-
 bank. They all admit the propriety of paying this
 tribute of gratitude to a person once so respected by
 and so dear to them ; but make different excuses for
 declining the enterprise.

Lord Hawkesbury is always sick in a diving-bell.

Lord Castlereagh cannot absent himself from his
 office till the arrival of dispatches from India shall in-
 form him why we are at war in that country.

Lord St. Vincent, from the first, washed his hands of
 the project, it being a naval enterprise, in which the
 Admiralty did not interfere.

Mr. Secretary Yorke was entirely occupied in fram-
 ing

ing a question for the Attorney General's opinion, in order to ascertain the real meaning of his (Mr. Yorke's) last explanatory bill respecting the volunteers and the defence of the country against an invasion, which the Administration believed would have taken place nine months ago.

Mr. Vanfittart then applies to others, but without success. Makes no impression on Mr. Sheridan.

Mr. Tierney cannot leave unfinished a pamphlet, in which he means to prove that our ships lost by the war, or worn out by the hard service to which they have been exposed, need not be replaced with new ones, from either the merchants or His Majesty's dock-yards, &c. &c.

THE COBLER WHO HAD GONE BEYOND HIS LAST.

ADDRESSED TO THE DOCTOR.

[From the Oracle.]

IT seems, by some unlucky cast,
That I have gone beyond my *last*.—
Oh, Doctor! we're a curious pair;
For you have gone beyond your *chair*! DOGGREL.

EPIGRAM.

WHILST Bonaparte deals in chains and locks,
The sapient Doctor deals in *foxes* and *blecks*.
DOGGREL.

THE DOCTOR'S NAVAL ADVISERS.

[From the Oracle.]

CONSULT our naval veterans, great and good,
Who rais'd the honour of the British name;
Ask Parker, Duncan, Waldgrave, Bridport, Hood,
How best to guard our coasts, our flag and fame.

“ Nay,

"Nay," quoth the Doctor, "trust to *me* your fate,
 You know not yet how highly you should prize me;
 And, to cut short all ~~doubt and all~~ debate,
 Lieutenants Day and Tokeley shall advise me!!!"
 BRODUM.

ON THE DOCTOR'S NAVAL SUPPORTERS.

[From the same.]

OF Tokeley and Day
 All this we can say
 Of their noble and happy conditions:
 Be seamen no more,
 But, fix'd to the shore,
 Be Ad———n's naval physicians!
 JIGGER TACK.

THE TIMES.

IN former wars, it is allow'd,
 As well by Whig as Tory,
 That if John paid, why John was proud—
 He reap'd immortal glory!
 But John now tells a different tale,
 For Ad———n has turn'd the scale:
 The glory's fled, th' expense remains—
 Oh! change our Ministers, or give them—brains!
 TIM TELL-TRUTH.

LINES

SPOKEN BY THE SHIPS ON THE STONE EXPEDITION:

DOOM'D to be sunk in death were England's friends!
 Some folks would sink were Pitt to gain his ends.

THE NAVAL DEBATE; OR, A SECOND SHOT
AT PITT.

DOCTOR, your nerves to close with Pitt are slack;
 But why again *prime* Tierney to th' attack?
 At Wimbledon (*where you stood by*) you know
 He miss'd him; and *he has not hit him now*. L. M. P.

POLITICAL SONG.

[From the Oracle.]

"I consider the events of the 23d of July as a premature birth, or rather as an abortion of Ireland, cured by the care and precaution of HER DOCTOR."

(Vide the Speech of an Irish Member; or, a New Lecture on Midwifery, delivered on the Irish Rebellion Debate, and set to the old tune of Nancy Dawson.)

PILLARS of the obstetric trade,
Accoucheurs, midwives, bow your head,
And bend to all so wisely said
By Doctor Dicky Dawson!

"For births, however premature,
And for abortions, he was sure
That he could find a perfect cure"—
Rare Doctor Dicky Dawson!

The House they gap'd with eager gaze,
The Speaker look'd with sage amaze!
And all prepar'd to sing the praise
Of Doctor Dicky Dawson!

He said "th' abortion now was clear;
Ireland, the mammy, would appear,
Rebellion too, her embryo"—dear,
Rare Doctor Dicky Dawson!

And how, "what Galen ne'er had done,
Th' accoucheur Doctor Ad——n
Cur'd Ireland of this embryo son"—
Rare Doctor Dicky Dawson!

Alas! for that ill-fated land,
Ad——n lends th' obstetric hand,
With clystering Alexander, and
Rare Doctor Dicky Dawson!

BRODUM.

AXING PARDON.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

NOTHING can be more uncivil than to interfere between two gentlemen who may have had a little difference of opinion; and therefore when my *friend* and countryman, the *Member* for M-n-ghan, had so civilly *axed* pardon from Mr. Ad——n before all the *whole tote* of the House of Commons, after they were gone home, for having called him a *Doctor*, it was not so civil of you to talk so much about an *abortion* and a *premature birth*—unless you *mane* to insinuate that my *friend*, the *Member* for M-n-ghan, was either the one or t'other of those hard names: and if that is your *maning*, I must tell you that he is as entirely, and as well *borned* as any man in Ireland; and so far from being a *premature birth*, his head is as hard as any other *jontleman's*; and he shall be ready to prove it, by breaking yours, or that of any body that calls him an *abortion*. And so, Sir, without any farther *botheration*, all his *maning* was, that the Irish Rebellion that *brake out* on the 23d of July, was not born *at all, at all*; but was only born *prematurely*, and so being an *abortion*, and not being *at all, at all*, it was cured by the *Doctor*, by which his *maning* was Mr. Ad——n; but he did not *mane* to call him a *Doctor*. And now if any body has any farther questions to *ax* about this, or any *message* to send to me as a *jontleman*, they will always find me at home to give them satisfaction; but I do not choose that my lodgings should be known, for at present I have none; and so, as I said before, I don't choose to give you my address; but I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

MURDOCH O'MONAGHAN

A LECTURE UPON HEADS.

TIS proverbially handed from father to son,
 And agreed, that "*two heads are much better than one*;"
 But Foster has provid'd (oh, unfortunate lost!)
 "That *one head with brains, far excels two without.*"
 CORNELIUS CAPUT.

"PAR NOBILE;" OR, IRISH EXCHANGE.

[From the Oracle.]

HAIL, illustrious Alexander!
 I do not mean King Philip's son,
 That very great renown'd Commander,
 Who got so drunk for Persia won.
 The one I mean is *not* the Greek,
 But *Ch—r—n of the Means and Ways*;
 Fam'd for that hubble-bubble squeak
 That gives such grace to all he says;
 One who ne'er thinks of wounds or bruises,
 Of Vict'ry's wreath, or Glory's scar;
 On double salary *he* muses,
 And Irish pension paid at "*par.*"
Hephastion Corry by his side,
 The *noble* Ormsby at his heels—
 And Castlereagh, that "*Eastern Bride,*"
 With Grant *sharp-set* at Irish scale.
 But, hush! the *Doctor* rises; sent,
Timothues-like, to sooth their care;
 To sing the joys of *seven per cent*,
 The "*good the gods*" provide at "*par.*"
 "Clear accounts are toil and trouble;
 Salary the placeman's pleasure;
 Honour but an empty bubble,
 So we share the nation's treasure."
 Congenial souls, in full-ton'd choir,
 Unite to shield each others' fame,
 And duly grateful to the Ly—t,
 Hail your *Time-hunt Doctor's* name.

BRODUM.

THE CALDRON, A POLITICAL MASQUE,

ALTERED FROM SHAKSPEARE;

*As intended to have been performed at a PRIVATE THEATRE,
on Sunday Evening, by HIS MAJESTY'S DISCARDED SER-
VANTS, and some other RISING ACTORS.*

[From the Herald.]

SCENE—A PORTER'S LODGE.

SYMPHONY *Obligato.*

PORTER. BY the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes!

VOICE *within.* Open locks, whoever knocks!

ARIETTA, *by an Invisible.*

Black spirits, and white,

Blue spirits with Grey,

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may!

RECITATIVE, *by the Municipal Officer of the Night, on the
appearance of various Spirits.*

How now! ye secret, black, and midnight hags,

What is't you do?

SPIRITS *All.* A dead without a name! [They enter.

AIR, *affettuoso, by the Lady of the Castle.*

"Foul whisperings are abroad! unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:

Oh that these fell conspirings had an end!" [Exit.

SCENE—A Midnight View of a MARINE TEMPLE.

Enter WITCHES, with their brooms, &c.

RECITATIVE.

1st WITCH—Where hast thou been, sister?

2^d Ditto, —Feeding our swine.

Sister, where thou?

*1st WITCH—In yonder naval court—a sailor Lord
Had chevrons in his lap: Give me, quoth I.

* The rehearsal was postponed on account of the performer who was to enact the *Chief Witch* sending word, that he should not be ready in his part before Thursday next.

Arpint thee, Witch, the rump-fed runnion
cried ;

He to the *Ind'* hath sent his barques of war
To scour that coast of furious infidels :

But in a sieve I'll thither fail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do ! I'll do ! I'll do !

3d WITCH—I'll give thee a wind.

1st Ditto —Thou art kind.

4th Ditto —And I another.

1st Ditto —And I myself have all the other.

I will yet his progress stay,

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his penthouse lid ;

He shall live a man forbid !

Weary seven nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost !

[*A smoking CALDRON rises—Thunder.*]

HECATE—Twice the brinded cat hath mew'd,
Twice and once the hedge-pig whin'd,
Harper cries, 'T is time ! 't is time !
Round about the *Caldron* go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

DUETTO—*Con Spirito.*

Toad that swells with *Envy's* cud,

Teeth of *Wolf*, still wet with blood,

Tears of *Crocodile* now bring,

Serpent's venom, *Blind-worm's* sting !

For a charm of pow'rful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil, and bubble !

QUARTETTO—*Furioso.*

Root of *hemlock* digg'd i' th' dark,

Maw of rav'nous *salt-sea* shark,

Statesman's glib, deceitful lips,

Blacken'd by the moon's eclipse ;

And with flaver from his gab,

Make the gruel thick and slab :

Cool it soon with *mighty* blood,

Then the charm is firm, and good !

HECATE

HECATE—Oh, well done! I commend your pains,
 And ev'ry one shall share his gains;
 And now about the *Caldron* sing,
 Like elves, and fairies, in a ring!

FULL CHORUS,

*By the WITCHES, who joining hands, dance round the
 CALDRON.*

Bubble, bubble! toil, and trouble!
 Fire, burn! and, Caldron, bubble!

March 14.

[Exeunt omnes.]

MORE OF THE DOCTOR.

[From the Oracle.]

Effugere est triumphus!

IN former times, when France provok'd the blow,
 Fleet, Army, Statesmen, grappled with the foe;
 Zeal, Courage, Wisdom, Britain's standard bore,
 And Gallia felt her to her inmost shore:
 But since the Quack has dar'd to lay his hand
 On England's "hallow'd Ark" of proud command,
 Our strength and name disgrac'd, nor laurels faded,
 Our Doctor's triumph is—*we're not invaded!* **BROD.**

ANECDOTE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE language now held in Parliament reminds us of a story to be found in an early edition of Joe Miller. A Jack Ketch insisted upon leading an innocent man to execution. While the noose was preparing, the unhappy victim remonstrated with great earnestness, and said there must surely be some mistake, as he had committed no crime, and there was no warrant for his death. "Put in your neck," said Jack; "you can complain against me if I am wrong. *You know my responsibility.*"

THE

THE KETTLE AND THE POT; OR, THE CONSISTENT SENATOR.

[From the Morning Post.]

“ Let him change his opinion with decorum.”

Debate on Sir John Wrottesley's Motion.

IN the debate above alluded to, a Right Hon. Gentleman, whom we shall designate as the *Kettle*, taunted a brother Privy Counsellor, who will probably not be mistaken, as the *Pot*, with “inconsistency and coarseness!” As imputations have double force when they come from clean hands, it may possibly amuse your readers to be reminded of some strokes of character in the *Kettle*, which will demonstrate at once his peculiar fitness for venting *such* a reproach, and the justice of his title to those encomiums which his panegyrists so frequently mingle with their *vespers*.

Mr. *Kettle's* outset in public life was in the loftiest flight of Toryism; and the first object of his worship, Mr. Pitt!—disappointed in certain Oriental speculations (an early presage of recent realization), a few months displayed him upon the directly opposite extreme—a blazing Whig—a flashy Foxite. The only difficulty was to decide, for which of the two systems honest *Kettle* was most resolute; *that* which, trampling upon the Commons of England, and reducing the Imperial Magistracy of the British Constitution to the likeness and the littleness of private life, asserted, that the King had as clear a right to appoint or dismiss a Minister, as any gentleman to hire and turn off his groom; or *this* which, though never denying the legal prerogatives of the Crown, maintained that all the functions of the English Kingship are public trusts, confided for the benefit of the people, not for the capricious gratification of the reigning Sovereign, always to be exercised with reference to the feelings of Parliament and the interests of the Nation (as contra-

distinguished

distinguished to the whim and fancy of the Prince), and marking, more than by any other act of authority, the eternal difference between limited monarchy and absolute despotism. Of these contrary principles, the same year saw the good *Kettle* as the zealous disciple, equally ardent on both sides.

A new and grand epoch furnished a fine opportunity for *Kettle's* transitions; a scene where many a *Kettle* flourished and faded—the French Revolution. Before their shoes were old who trod the Bastille to dust; whilst the Revolution was as yet only reproached with excess of benevolent philosophy, and aiming at Utopian perfection; even then, when as yet Mr. Burke had scarcely made one convert—even then, was honest *Kettle* a profound alarmist! A Court of Law, solemnly deciding upon human life, recognised the moral decorum and legal discretion of the first public celebration of the French Revolution which took place in this country, namely, on the 14th of July 1790; but though the Chief Justice and Primate of England could not but vindicate every sentiment that was uttered on that occasion, yet honest *Kettle* was the first, and almost the only man in England, to ascribe to such a meeting inflammatory views;—but mark ye, when, by and by, the Revolution assumed a new character, when the butcheries of September, the murder of the King, the Queen, the Princess, the slaughter of the Deputies; when Robespierre turned France into a charnel-house; and when those friends of freedom in England, “who, only in a general honest thought, and common good of all the world,” wished well to the Revolution, hung their heads with sorrow and with shame—then it was that the admirable *Kettle* came forth in a new guise, quite worthy of himself. Tame and torpid, and senseless and lifeless, was every other advocate of the French Revolution, in comparison with the inspired *Kettle*. He became the sudden hope of
British

British Jacobinism; the star by which it was guided, either to spare or fall on. The Whigs!—*they* were impostors! Even the society of the “Friends of the People” were but cold white mortals after all, whose moderation chilled the energies of the sudden apostle. In a word, the stigmatizer of those who rejoiced in the French revolution, whilst the French revolution was yet unstained by crimes, became himself so totally revolutionized, that his patronymic was absolutely lost, and he was, *for years*, *flattered* by being called after the bloodiest ruffian that France ever produced!

Well, therefore, and truly did honest *Kettle* vaunt, on Wednesday se’nnight, that his antagonists “would find it no easy task to fix inconsistency upon *him*.”

After some years spent in a system of hints against Mr. Fox for languor! indisposition to popular courses! illicit aristocracy! in short, for not risking the uproar of universal peace—behold the honest *Kettle* stand forward in the face of the Whig Club, spontaneously own his repented error, and proclaim, with the phlegm of a true professor, “*unalterable adherence*” to the object so suspected—(his hearers on that day will never forget his words.)—He is a candidate at a popular election; the Foxites sustain him; they canvass; they subscribe; they write for him, in prose and in verse; they make his cause their own. Trace him onward, he plays a game most embarrassing to his connexions, and gives a glimpse of that spirit which his conduct has since so notably verified. Reasoned with, he pleads “duty,” and justifies himself by criminalizing all his friends in a body. Does the motive break through the disguise? he gets desperate; renounces all tie; declaims against party (the common practice of the venal), declares he never belonged to any*; libels upon a hustings, the object of his for-

* Cicero probably knew as much of these matters as our accomplished

mer devotion (in fealty for whom the Whig Chib can testify, that he would not succumb to even the earliest friends of his life, whom he *then* so worshipped) vindicates his right to make the most of himself, and *changes his opinion with decorum!*

In the war, you see him as in a magnifier.

He opposed the late war with fury, as being frantic and absurd; in which war the distress of France (who fought single-handed), and the alliance of the states of Europe (who fought with us), rendered any vital blow at our national existence hardly possible: the present war, in which all Europe refuses to co-operate, in which *our all* is put to hazard for a rock in Africa, confessedly against the *latter*; and in which the contrast of possible results stands thus—though the invasion fail, France continues great and mighty; if it succeeds, we are utterly extinguished—such a war the wise *Kettle* supports as sane and judicious, and, in favour of *that*, he has no objection to a coalition with *Pots*, or pipkins.

Well and wisely did the *Kettle* reproach his old friends on Wednesday night, or, in the language of a zealous proselyte to war and Ad——n, “courageously did he unmask their real designs,” on the score of coalition with the late Ministers—surrounded as the *Kettle* sat with the former sycophants, slaves, and satraps of those decried Ministers. Well and wisely did he interpose upon an Irish question, and sport the topic of torture, side by side, with a noble person, in all things full brother to *Kettle* himself; equally voracious and consistent; ripe and ready; *et pares ambo et parati*—the grand inflictor and grand negator—one who in doing or denying stands nearly unmatched, and who can brazen down even the gentle Claudius—

plished *Kettle*; and his *very expression* is, that he should have deemed it a *turpitude* to have continued in a scene which Brutus had quitted. *Turpe mihi videretur me manere in urbe e qua Brutus cederet.*

“even Irishmen outswear!” in refuting that *notorious fiction*—a suckling of the Belfast school, who enforced the “Majesty of the Sovereign People,” in the very meridian of the French philosophy, and presently handed his own associates to the gibbet—the proper leader of the peerless *centumvirate*—genuine Spartans as ever messed upon black broth.

Well and wisely did the *Kettle*, paired with such a compatriot, thrust in the subject of Irish torture. Aptly and appositely did *he* ridicule coalition; for as the Duke of P——d still wears his head, in spite of Marat, the *Kettle*, capacitated for conference by his new honours, can now, with all the resignation of the elect, discuss the Colchester election with the President of the Council. The incomparable *Gemini* can measure consistency, and illustrate each other to perfection. “*Alter alteri solatium erit.*”

They are mistaken, who think that the *Kettle* is capable of nothing beyond counting-house combinations. No man is a better trimist than the *Kettle*; he would have convened the largest city in England, Westminster, in Palace Yard, to take their cool council upon public affairs, at the very moment that, on a pretence of punishing crimps, an infuriated multitude were destroying the habitations and property of innoxious citizens:—*per contra*, in a short time after, he voted for depriving the whole people of England of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, merely because a grand jury found a bill of indictment against Mr. Arthur O'Connor; whom, by the way, the *Kettle* courted and cultivated, till the fortunes of the former blighted the calculations of all such pious patriots as the *Kettle*.

Kettle is indeed a man whom all conditions, colours, and concerns, become and fit, as naturally as Aristippus himself. In the boundless region of political opinion there exists not one principle which he has
not

not adopted; nor a tribe nor a class of public men with whom his hospitable heart has not fraternized.

From a Lacedemonian theory of incorruptibleness, to the prudent practice of Downing Street, and the thrift of 'Change Alley—from democracy in the extreme to the extreme of aristocracy—from war to peace, and from peace to war—moderate only in his talents, the honest zeal of his nature has never stopped short of the *ultimate limit* of the most repugnant systems. A successive votary of all possible opposites, his candour has been able to amalgamate the most absolute contraries; and he has been fervid in devotion to, or bound in brotherhood with, all the rivals who have divided the public interests during the whole course of his career—Pittite, Foxite, Addingtonian—Tory, Whig—Alarmist, Jacobin—Patriot, Courtier—High Church, Low Church—the Dissenters he lauded as models of good faith, and presently accused them of “deliberate treachery.” Infelicitous even when least wrong, his destiny seems to have entrapped him in every direction, and made it impossible that he should either condemn any man whom he has not applauded, or support any system which he has not reprobated. Courted by the sordid, *more than endured* by the oscillating, his example makes fellowship a burlesque, and political alliance a hot-bed for infidelity. The decoy of power, and always on the wing, he tempts the great by the success of the little; and the fortune of the stragglers furnishes nutriment to the wavering, and infuses aspiration into dulness itself. To qualify singularity, and be identified with his betters, he propagates negotiations only to equalize character and infuse disgrace. Always at work, though his operations are commonly invisible; indefatigable and yet inconstant; good-humoured; well governed; wary; vigilant when most social, when most communicative reserved; as ef-

fectual in silence as in speech; prevailing more by muteness than by words; and deciding upon character without uttering a syllable; steady to arrest, and discerning to appropriate, the fugitive stigma: the hesitation to accede, followed close by the eagerness to enforce—the ambiguous givings out, and the unambiguous promptings that are pent within; the sympathy by which no enjoyment is disturbed; the friendship too impartial to reject animadversion; the zeal for another's honour, which excludes no blemish—the dry, designing, fixed eye; the nod; the stillness; the pause; the shrug; the heuristical,

“ The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on the highest ear!”

With abilities cast, as it were, in the mould of his morals; neither insipid nor brilliant; knowing in locals, ignorant in generalities; profoundly versed in Cocker, not quite so much in Horace; at nearly equal distance from sterility and richness of mind; a planet in a system whose altitude is short of mediocrity (whence genius is put out, as something baleful), and formed, both by nature and art, to be the *ancient* of his Treasury leader.

Surely, surely, if Inconsistency would appear in mortal shape, she would embody herself in the person of the *Kettle*. There may, however, be some who think that the *Pot* should, if the *Kettle* yield not the prize to him, at least divide the crown, *et vitula dignus et hic*; but into the question of their comparative pretensions I certainly shall not enter, because I am satisfied, that to analyze the rights of the *Pot* to the glories of paradox, would be contributing to the gratifications of those whom I conceive to be the *most deadly enemies* to the tranquillity, the security, and the liberty of the British empire, not denying to them, at the same time, the merit of good intentions—merit
which

which they only share with almost every man in England; and because my conviction is absolute, that the act cannot be good for the public which is good for the *Kettle*, for his patrons and his clients—the virtuous aggregate of whom may be assured, that the cry of *coalition* shall not serve as a shelter for their crimes and follies.

Mar. 17.

A WHIG.

QUACK! QUACK!

[From the Oracle.]

DOCTOR Brodum lays the following letter, which he has received, before the public: the great and exalted personage who has thus highly honoured him, affords to the world a strong and melancholy picture of the many wonderful effects produced by the human mind being stretched beyond its proper pitch and compass; and it marks, in the most affecting and interesting manner, the implicit faith this able and penetrating Brother Financier, Practitioner, and Minister, places in the effects of the Nervous Cordial. Doctor Brodum scarcely thinks it necessary to assure the public, that Mr. A——n is, in consequence of his earnest desire, going through a course of that invaluable medicine, of the effects of which Doctor Brodum will give the earliest notice to the public. The melancholy cause of the complaint which has unfortunately afflicted the C—k of the P—ls, and to which, with true paternal feeling, Mr. A——n alludes, has fortunately given way to the invaluable medicine of Dr. Ching; and the monster with an hundred mouths and ten heads, exhibited in his shop-window, to the curious, is the undoubted production of that hereditary statesman.

“ TO DOCTOR BRODUM.

“ SIR, *D——g Street, March 23, 1804.*

“ IMPRESSED with the strongest respect for your profession and character, and considerably gratified by the recollection that I have the honour to rank as my brother and fellow-labourer in the same vineyard, one whose skill, whose talents, and whose practice, place him at the head of our profession, I cannot refrain from recommending to your consideration the symptoms which, for many months past, have oppressed me beyond all bearing, and which I cannot but conceive are the fittest subjects for your invaluable medicine, the Nervous Cordial, or Botanical Syrup. Quite from the moment, Sir, of my rising in the morning, I feel a weight and heaviness in my head, such as I can only describe, by desiring you to fancy a considerable portion of lead, or other ponderous substance, imposed upon the surface of the cranium, with a dull, uniform, heavy pressure, which nothing relieves; and which, I am quite convinced, no one has felt to the degree that I have done. Your penetration, Sir, will easily point out to you the dreadful inconvenience of this oppressive companion, in my present situation, as a Minister, a husband, and a man; this ominous preponderosity and overbearing depression haunt me, cramp my faculties, my energies, and my spirits, and render me unfit for company, for business, for enjoyment either of social, domestic, or official life. As the day advances, my misfortunes accumulate, and the symptoms of my melancholy case increase; a tremor comes on, for which I cannot account, but which usually augments about four o'clock, P. M. Often, Sir, when going down to the House of C——, this tremor has come on in so violent a manner, attended by swimming in the head, loss of recollection, and deprivation of faculties, that I have
found

found myself obliged to have recourse, upon my arrival at the House, to the assistance of Mrs. Bennet, the good and kind housekeeper, my very old and dear friend, who has more than once administered to me, with her own hands, such aid as her pocket or her cupboard afforded, before I became fit to appear in the House with that gravity of mien and demeanour, for which, doubtless, you have heard me so much extolled. I never shall forget one time, Sir, when oppressed as I have described, Mrs. Bennet had kindly administered some lumps of sugar immersed in a pungent, but not unpleasing spirit, contained in a phial within her pocket; I proceeded instantly to my place, and, refreshed and invigorated, delivered an oration, which my much-valued and estimable friend Mr. I. Hawkins Browne declared to be the most brilliant and exquisite piece of oratory he had ever heard within those walls; and in consequence of which, my worthy and respectably able friend, Sir Alderman Curtis, declared to me, *he should lay his head upon his pillow* with more content, and with the conviction of being able to *obtain a sounder sleep*, than he had enjoyed for many a debate. I mention this only as one of the many favours I have received at this estimable old woman's hands, and which I shall never cease to remember with gratitude. But, Sir, to return: I no sooner find myself seated in my place, than an effect arises which I can hardly describe, and describing cannot account for. A violent perspiration breaks forth, and lasts during the whole of the debate; every symptom (even approaching to actual diarrhoea) which characterizes intense fear, appears most strongly marked, accompanied by an affection of the mind most distressing and embarrassing. Whilst I am speaking, a desire perfectly irresistible, involuntary in its commencement, and not to be checked in its progress, of perverting the truth of

every fact I state, carries me along with it. In this melancholy state I tell the most direct falsehoods; no fact is plain that I do not misstate it; indeed, Sir, to so melancholy a pitch have I known these attacks carry me, that I have detected myself in speaking, for an hour and a half, without telling one word of truth from the beginning to the end of all I have said. When I have done, the fit goes off, but returns the next day with the same symptoms; when I have often found myself stating facts in direct contradiction to the facts I had stated the day before. Only fancy, Sir, my embarrassment, my difficulties, and my distress. Such, Sir, is the state of my case; which, upon the maturest consideration that I can give it, I can only conceive to proceed from the too great irritability of my nerves, stretched and kept upon the rack by intense application and overwhelming access of business. I know not whether you can relieve me: if you can, I think this a fit subject for your Nervous Cordial; I beg of you to send me immediately a large case thereof, deducting the value of the stamps, which I will take proper care shall not, in this instance, be charged to you. I have the honour to be, my dear, great, and good Sir, with warm regard and esteem,

“Your very faithful humble servant,

“P. S. My poor little boy, the Clerk of the P-lls, is much and direfully afflicted with the worms; but as I believe you do not deal in the *topo* business, I shall apply on that head to another practitioner.”

COALITION INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

[From the Morning Herald.]

YESTERDAY being a most convenient day, as a *fast* ordained by the Christian Calendar, a meeting, though rather a slender one, of the *molley* troop of Coalitionists,

Conditionists, was holden at the *Goose and Gridiron*, in order to hit upon some new *mountebank tricks*, more effectually to gull the gaping family of John Bull during the Easter holidays. Reports were received, and read, of many of their late experimental *performances*; from which it appeared, that they had not been honoured with the popular success to which such *ingenious devices* were so unquestionably entitled.

The Chevalier P—t's famous *Marine Camera Obscura*, representing a *sea-fight*, in which a *French cock-boat* engaged and sunk an *English man of war*, though so highly coloured and varnished, had not only failed of effect, but had been very roughly treated by an impudent *Tar*, who getting an early peep at it, "stove in," as he termed it, "the dead lights," and then "capsize" the whole apparatus into a horse-pond, where it went to the bottom!

The *Sieur W—d—m*, *fire-eater* in ordinary to the troop, had been equally unsuccessful in his most dexterous trick: for, unfortunately forgetting previously to apply his *metaphysico-chemical* antidote, he so burnt the tip end of his delicate tongue, and palate, in exhibiting, with too broad a grin, how *volunteers* ought to *eat fire*! that it is feared, the undaunted *Sieur* will be obliged, through the rest of the season, "to laugh on the wrong side of his mouth!"

The notorious Master G. C—n—g appeared as *Merry Andrew* of the troop, in *propria persona*: he was characteristically habited in an *oracular* jacket, and trowser-breeches, composed of *typographical bon mots*, cut out of daily journals, hot-pressed, and neatly stitched in suit: the *buttons* on the jacket, though apparently in unison, were fancifully covered with various epigrammatic mottos, such as, "Twig the *Doctor*!"—"the *Doctor* in the Dumps!"—" *Doctor* Sangrado!"—" *Doctor* Double Fee!"—" *Doctor* Factotum!"—"the *Doctor's* last Shift!"—"Death

and the *Doctor!*" &c.—His large pantaloons small clothes were as facetiously impressed with emblematical devices, viz. *clyster-pipes, large wigs, gallipots, pestles and mortars, &c. &c.* On its being remarked by one of the meeting, that his jacket was growing somewhat *threadbare, Merryman*, with a serious air, said he thought so too, and therefore had a notion of *turning it*; but, instead of provoking the *fun* he intended, it began to draw down upon himself some cutting retorts, which he did not much admire. He added, "For my part, I think the *D—l's* in the *Doctor*; for, in spite of all I can scribble, or my master can say, the people will continue to take his d——d *plain pills*, in preference to ours, though never so well *gilded*; nay, my cant cry of *Quack! quack! quack!* instead of being swallowed as a *good joke*, excites no more laughter now than the hobbling of a *lame duck!*"—Poor *Merryman*, however, recovering his spirits a little, closed the business of the day with one of his best strokes of *sheer wit*,—humorously remarking, "that unless some more fruitful *tricks* could be speedily devised for the general benefit of the troop, many of the *inferior performers* must recur to the degrading expedient of "*grinning through a horse-collar for a hasty pudding*,"—to avoid the more painful exhibitions of *dancing on the tight rope!*"—Adjourned to the *Hole in the Wall*.

March 31.

THE DOCTOR'S FRIENDS.

[From the Oracle]

"He has good intentions!"

WHEN Ad——n provides for friends,
And serves them for his private ends—
When he expends the public money,
And feeds the drones with all the honey—

When he increases *posts* and *pensions*—
The cry is—"He has *good intentions*!"

Q IN THE CORNER.

MORE OF THE DOCTOR!

[From the same.]

"Be your case ever so desperate, trust to the Doctor."—BRODUM.

CONFIDE in us, the Doctor cries;
Confide, re-echoes Jenky:
Confide in us—but shut your eyes,
Nor of former times bethink ye.
Bethink ye not how both were pledg'd,
Mercurio tam quam Marte;
Nor how those promises were hedg'd
By peace with Bonaparté.
Bethink ye not how both declar'd
This peace of long duration:
Nor how in eight short months ye star'd,
When threaten'd with invasion.
Bethink ye not of fifty fail,
(The Doctor's promis'd Navy:)
Nor yet of Jenky's flattering tale,
How Russia meant to save ye.
Bethink ye not of all ye heard
That vouch'd for Ireland's quiet,
But trust the Doctor's truth and word,
" 'T was nothing but a riot."
Bethink ye not of all the gold
Coin'd by the Doctor's budget,
But trust his Income-tax; we're told
'T is light, and none can grudge it.
Of wiser heads, or truer hearts,
Nor of Fox nor Pitt bethink ye;
But trust the well-tried truth and parts
Of Ad——n and Jenky!

TELL TRUTH, AND SHAME THE DEVIL.

[From the same.]

WHEN from the lips of Brother Hiley
 A message from the King was heard,
 The Commons start'd, and whisper'd shy—
 "We never doubt a Member's word."

But when this message was receiv'd,
 Vouch'd from the Woolfack by Lord E—n,
 Their Lordships chuckled and believ'd—
 And nothing sure was e'er so well done!

Hiley vouch'd he the King had seen;
 T'other, that he had got quite well;—
 God blefs the King, and eke the Queen,
 And Ministers who truth do tell.

April 15.

MARVEL.

EPIGRAM.

TWO OF A TRADE NEVER AGREE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE M. D.'s give one statement, and I give another;
 For, born to the *trade*, I've no faith in a brother;—
 The four Doctors may write the report of the day,
 But, listen to *me*—never mind what they say.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

[From the Oracle.]

NOW to be disposed of, a *blind man's walk**, in
 a very charitable neighbourhood, from *Downing
 Street* to *St. Stephen's Chapel*. His dog, Hiley, is
 well drilled; and though the *parliamentary staff* is in
 bad repair, and rather *unfound*, it may be spliced by
 an effort of extraordinary ingenuity. The *comings in*
 are very good; but the *poor blind man* has had some

* "The walk of a deceased blind beggar (in a charitable neighbourhood), with his dog and staff," were actually advertised for sale in the newspapers about this time.

awkward

awkward fumbles of late, and now finds that pity is changed into contempt and indignation!

It is not through any confidence in his own powers that he still holds fast the *rotten staff*; but merely to procure some partner or partners, who may be able to keep up the *farce*, and to levy more contributions on public credulity. As he has reason to believe that the decline of his success is owing to the *total want* of genius, eloquence, decision, and energy, these requisites are essential on the part of any new associate, or new supporter.

The *poor blind man*, having made a handsome provision for himself and his children, aims at nothing more than a decent retreat, as well as keeping up a sort of nominal consequence, and securing a little part of the future profits for *two brothers*, some few other relations, and a *principal secretary* of the Yorkshire breed, who certainly mean well, but have very much injured the scheme by their silly babbling and lequacity.

N. B. Applications, either in the way of purchase, partnership, or support, must be made without delay, or the advertiser will be forced to *quit his walk*, the object of public scorn and public ridicule—the place, perhaps, sold by *inch of candle*, and he himself knocked down for much less than the *King's duty*.—*Now or never* is the word to bold adventurers.

BLIND MAN'S WALK.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

STEPPING into a coffee-house on Wednesday last, I observed a knot of politicians and wits amusing themselves with an advertisement in your paper of that day, in which a *blind man's walk* is offered to sale, with a *well-trained dog; staff*, &c. Various comments were
 mac'

made on this singular article, with which I shall not trouble you, as they turned principally on the artifices of street beggars, blind or lame; and perhaps were not uttered in the true spirit of Christian charity for these distressed objects.

For my part, Mr. Editor, if I were to take every article I see in the newspapers in its literal meaning, I should lose very much pleasure as well as profit. As to the advertisement in question, I had no doubt at all, the moment I read it, that it had a meaning considerably remote from what it appeared to express. Ah! Sir, don't think you are to *take in* the sagacious part of your readers. Don't think that we do not immediately perceive what the *blind man's walk* means, and that the whole is a joke at the expense of the *Doctor*, whose entire *practice* has been—What has it been?—Why, it has been nothing but a *blind man's walk*!

His *eye-sight* began to fail him about a year ago; when he mistook a few boats in the French and Dutch harbours for a vast fleet; and he has been *groping* about ever since, making such strange mistakes as *blindness* only can justify, and *stumbling* at every trifling object in his way. Look at his Volunteer system, his Army of Reserve system, his General Defence system; and his Income Tax system, and tell me if any man with his *eyes open* could have wandered so strangely out of the paths of propriety and common sense. Do but ask him the meaning of any *step* he takes? Ask him how far he means to go, and where he means to stop?—and observe how he will *blink* the question. Take hold of him, as you would of a blind man, at any particular part or point in his progress, and ask him if he know whereabouts he is? and I have no doubt he will answer like the old man at the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, "Lord bless your honour; *why, I am blind!*"

To be sure, some people say that he is not so blind but that he can take care of himself, or of his family,
which

which is just the same thing ; but this is a poor excuse, as it implies that he is very *near-sighted*, although not totally in the dark. But pray, Mr. Editor, as you must now perceive you have not taken in *all* your readers, will you be so good as explain that part of your joke which relates to a *well-drilled dog* and a *staff* in *good repair* ? These are matters beyond my comprehension. The Doctor seems but a poor hand at drilling his dogs, although he has contrived to *muzzle* one or two of them ; and as to a *staff*, I really do not think he has any thing of the kind to spare at present. The *charitable neighbourhood* you speak of has afforded him a few *supple jacks* ; but as to a *staff*, poor man ! where is he to fumble for it ?

Yours, &c.

April 30.

PETER PRY.

THE POLITICAL CERBERUS.

A DREAM.

[From the Times.]

HAVING one day lately had some discourse with a friend, on the subject of politics, a topic with which, I confess, I am but little conversant, and my mind being full of it when I went to bed, soon after I dropped asleep I had the following dream, in which persons, place, and things, were all as distinctly before my eyes, as if I had been wide awake.

Methought a tall comely female figure, clothed in white, and having a palm-branch in her hand, conducted me into a large saloon, where there were seats on each side, a grand chair in the centre, and galleries all round. " This place," said my guide, " was once the chapel of St. Stephen the Martyr, though it is now made use of for state purposes ; but, take heed how you approach ; and know that I am the same person, who, under the name of the Sibyl,

Sibyl, once conducted *Æneas* into the infernal shades; at the entrance of which stood the famed and ferocious Cerberus, that triple-headed dog, whose dreadful howlings and barking constituted a part of the horrors of Tartarus, the vaults of which continually echoed with the yells and cries of that first monster of Hell.

“Here also, in this once sacred chapel, stands another *monstrum horrendum*, though more in the human shape than in the canine; it is called, the Triple Coalition: it has three heads and three mouths, like the Stygian Cerberus. The body from which these heads grow is thick and bulky, and its head and eyes bespeak a spirit within full of plots and mischief; the two thin meagre heads, with long necks on each side of this heterogeneous monster, have, to the astonishment of all who hear it, been lately stuck on this large trunk, and are trying to act in concert with the middle head, but it is supposed this never can be effected. However, all the three mouths vomit out fire and brimstone, and all act together in a strange sort of concert, in which no harmony is to be heard or expected; for whilst one of the mouths *barks* against war, another *barks* against peace, and the third *barks* against, what is called, in plain familiar language, *the Volunteer System*. In one thing, however, they are of accord, and that is, they all *bark* against a virtuous administration, in hopes of *barking* themselves into power, though it is most certain, that, if this should be accomplished, they will immediately *bark*, *snarl*, and *growl* at one another.”

I now said to my guide, “Surely this must be a very dangerous creature.” She replied, “Most true it is so; and withal, so crafty and insidious, that when it has most mischief in view, it always conceals its designs behind some plausible covering, and, cameleon-like, suits itself to any colour; often, Proteus-like,
to

to any shape; and seldom, if ever, makes known its true motives and reasons for what it does.

“ Thus, if a Minister be careful of the public money, he is represented as not being sufficiently liberal to those who deserve well of their country. If in any thing he goes beyond the most rigid economy, oh! he is wasteful, prodigal, loads the nation with taxes to carry on his most favourite schemes. If troops for the national defence be called out to be trained and exercised for any length of time, oh! this is laying an intolerable burden upon them, by taking them so much from their families and their occupations. If this time be shortened, then how is it possible they should become good soldiers without more training and discipline?

“ If the Minister talks of invasion, he is an alarmist. If he does not, he is negligent in putting the nation in a posture of defence, whilst the enemy is at the door. In short, do what he will, or what he may, all is wrong, nothing right.

“ The most shining abilities, which have been displayed and universally acknowledged in the most arduous offices, will now lose their name, and weakness and imbecility must be the watchword of the day; and whilst not a single charge of corruption can be found, malice will be raking for something or other to lay the finger on, among the papers which the honour and secrets of Government render it impossible should be produced.”

Whilst my conductress was thus instructing and leading me by the hand, I observed the floor of the place full of rats, all running out of the *burrows* from side to side; happening, as I thought, to put my foot upon one of these voracious animals, the creature gave me a bite, which caused me to scream out so loud, that I waked myself, and finding my *Sibyl* had left me, I cried out, *Behold it was a dream!*

April 30.

TH

THE CAMPHIRE BAG.

[From the same.]

IF aromatic drugs have force
 To check the passions' mad'ning course,
 To wean the soul from base affections,
 And guard it from *impure connexions* ;
 Why will no patriot spirit deck,
 With bag of camphire, Ch—ley's neck ?

See, no blushes paint his cheek ;
 See, no sighs reluctance speak ;
 Though whispering close in either ear,
 G——e there, and W——m here,
 Those gay ones whose warm am'rous flame
 Incites him to repeat his shame !

Love-lorn G——e tells his tale,
 In words and tones that will not fail ;
 And W——m's logic has the art
 To steal into th' incautious heart :
 While kindling Ch—ley, nothing loath,
 Presses the clasping hands of both.

Wilkes and Middlesex can tell
 Where first the *virgin* Ch—ley fell ;
 But, soon grown tir'd of N—th's embrace,
 He faithless prov'd, and lost his place.
 Then gave all England cause to style him
 A Magdalen in Burke's asylum.

But grieving there for joys once tasted,
 And grumbling while his virtue lasted,
 Ambition, with its winning charms,
 Restor'd him to N—th's wither'd arms :
 And, by a course of prostitution,
 He lost his fame and constitution.

Since that, all decent symptoms flown,
 He's been so long upon the town,
 That should some over-sanguine friend
 The patriotic camphire send,
 I fear that Ch—ley han't a rag
 Of *virtue* left to *make the bag*.

ANTI-VULPES.

OPINIONS

OPINIONS RESPECTING THE INVASION.

[From the Morning Post.]

LAWYERS—State of the *case*.—B. alias Bonaparté threatens *assault* and *battery*.—J. Bull enters *action*.—B. delays to *appear*.—J. B. declares for speedy *issue*.—B. *demurs*—*Trial*, in consequence, postponed.—*Opinion*—That Bonaparté dreads *verdict*, *judgment*, and *execution*.

PHYSICIANS—Every *symptom* of the invasion *prognosticates death* positive to the foe.

APOTHECARIES—The enemy will get salt-water *potions*, fulminating *powders*, and leaden *pills*. N. B. "Prescriptions prepared *secundum artem*."

HISTORICAL PAINTERS—It will afford a noble subject for British artists.—In the *fore-ground*, Britannia seated in a triumphal car, crowned by Freedom and Valour—surrounded by her victorious Legions.—In near *perspective*, her all-glorious Navy—in the *back-ground*, the invaders prostrate.

LYRIC POETS—At its onset, "*Britons strike Home*"—in the heat of battle, "*God save the King*"—at its termination, "*Rule Britannia*."

MUSICIANS—'T will produce an infinity of *quavers* and *shakes* to French performers—and to Dutch also, should they join in *concert*.

PLAYERS—Portends a tragical *exit* to every *actor*.

GAMESTERS—It stands upon the *hazard* of a *die*.

ARCHITECTS—'T will shake the whole *building* of the *Gallic Republic* to its *foundation*.

BUTCHERS—British *cleavers* will bring the French on their *marrow-bones*.

COOKS—It will shew the superiority over *soup meagre* of—"Oh! the roast beef of Old England!"

UNDERTAKERS—'T will *ring* out Bonaparté's *knell*.

AUCTIONEERS—Our navy will have to dispose of a lot

lot of a thousand French gun-boats, &c. "A-going
—a-going!—Gone!"

EQUIVOQUE.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
PETITION EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Oracle.]

TO the Honourable the C——s of the United
K——m of G——t B——n and I——d, in Par-
li——t assembled,

The Humble Petition of the Right Honble. H——y
A——n, the Right Honble. the Ld. Vnt.
C——tl——agh, and the Right Honble. Ch——s Y——e,
humbly sheweth,

THAT your Petitioners have, with considerable
labour, exertion, pains, and application, and at great
expense, both of bodily and mental fatigue, formed,
framed, put together, and produced, a certain instru-
ment, paper, or thing, called an Act, entitled, An Act
to consolidate and amend the Provisions of the several
Acts relating to Corps of Volunteers, &c. such as has
never before been seen or heard of, in this or any
other country: and which instrument, paper, or thing,
will, your Petitioners little doubt, have great effect in
increasing, augmenting, and enlarging the Volunteer
force within the United Kingdom, and will much
tend to improve the discipline of such Volunteers, as
you will thoroughly understand, after having com-
pletely read through the said instrument, paper, or
thing. But that this instrument, paper, or thing, as
afore said, requiring, before it can produce its complete
effect, various and many amendments, alterations,
additions, and improvements, your said Petitioners,
sparing neither expense nor pains, have solicited and
applied to all descriptions of persons to furnish, procure,
and provide, all such emendations, alterations, amend-
ments,

ments, additions, and improvements; but, notwithstanding they have, with all imaginable earnestness and importunity, made such application, they find that a considerable period must elapse, before any use can be made of, or advantage derived from, the said instrument, paper, or thing; nevertheless your Petitioners humbly represent to your Honourable House that certain evil-disposed persons, maliciously and wickedly inclined towards your Honourable House and the Government of these Kingdoms, and especially one Napoleone Bonaparté, and other persons, to your Petitioners unknown, do fully purpose and intend to attack, invade, and enter upon the coasts of these Kingdoms, to the great alarm, fright, and discomfiture of your Petitioners,—even though they must be fully aware that your Petitioners have prepared, and are preparing, the instrument, paper, or thing, as aforesaid, for the purpose solely of preventing the wicked, diabolical, and abominable machinations of the evil-disposed persons, as aforesaid, from taking full effect: your Petitioners, therefore, humbly pray this Honourable House either to direct the aforesaid evil-disposed persons to suspend their abominable and diabolical attempt, until your Petitioners' instrument, paper, or thing, as aforesaid, may be amended, altered, augmented, added to, and improved as aforesaid, or to take such steps as that the said Napoleone Bonaparté, and other his vile associates, may be delivered over into the custody of the Serjeant at Arms, and retained in durance, until your said Petitioners have so completed the said instrument, paper, or thing, by adopting all, every, and several the augmentations, improvements, additions, emendations, and alterations, which may be suggested, offered, presented, or devised, by any, all, or several of the persons aforesaid, to whom your Petitioners have made prayer, entreaty, canvaſs,

canvass, and application, for the purpose as aforesaid, and your Petitioners will every pray.

(Signed)

H—Y A—N.

CH—S Y—E.

C—TLE—H.

A POLITICAL DEATH IN 1804.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

A DOCTOR once, so runs the story,
Had rac'd his high career of glory,
And, left with scarce a pint of breath,
Lay gasping on the bed of death.

The cause was, as some folks suppose,
Of his own stuff he 'd ta'en a dose;
But surely he who knew the trash,
Could not (we think) have been so rash.

Fame, who admir'd him to a weakness,
Gives other reasons for his sickness:

She says, that he, in earlier days,

A brisk *Apothecary* was;

Could amongst "*Country Gents*" look big,

Kept a snug "*Chair*," and wore "*a Wig*,"

In "*Order*" kept the "*Hon'rs*" round him,

Or finding riotous *Members*, bound them;

Kept *Colic* down, cur'd indigestion,

In doubtful cases "put the question."

His *Aye* and *No* still rul'd the nation—

Such was the Doctor's reputation.

But as it hap'd, the fiend *Ambition*

Whisper'd, "Good Doctor, turn *Physician*:"

He did, and, seeming quite the *thing*,

Was made physician to the K***;

And now began the Doctor's plague—

Though he 'd an understrapper Bra***,

A *brother* in the healing art,

Still, still, he could not play his part—

(Though Bra***, with any man a fee

Could handle, let who will be he;)

In each new case—Heav'n bless the mark—

Were our sons of *Galen* in the dark.

Amidst

Amidst his numerous patients came
 A female, we'll B—t—a name;
 Women nor states can always last—
 And so *her* better days were past.
 Her natural constitution good,
 Veins never heav'd with purer blood;
 But time, and want of care and wisdom,
 Had lodg'd some *humours* in the system:
 Besides, she had, as some advance,
 A *shaking ague*, caught from France.
 They judg'd it best to *take advice*—
 Call'd in the Doctor:—in a trice
 He *council* took, read *cases*, br—d,
 Bow'd, hemm'd, and then, *alas!* prescrib'd.

Well, the result?—Why then the Doctor
 Lull'd her with opiates, sooth'd her, rock'd her;
 Nor ceas'd he till he saw her lie
 Plung'd in a nine months *lethargy**;
 Then chang'd his plans;—put blisters on her,
 Sullied her *name*, undid her *honour*.
 She stood, as shadowy forms are seen,
 The ghost of what she once had been.

But then her friends?—Why, mark the sequel:
 They've rous'd; and, to the combat equal,
 Have roll'd such thunders o'er his head
 As stretch'd him on yon lowly bed;
 They've brought him to his proper level—
 Incompetence of good or evil.

So Fame reports—we *backward* bend,
 The tale which we begun, to end:
 We left the Doctor spent of “breath,”
 And “gasping on the bed of death.”

When April's three-and-twentieth sun
 Its sickly course had almost run—
 St. Stephen's clock had just struck five,
 The Doctor, now but half alive,
 Summons his friends:—“*pillows of hop*”
 His aching head assiduous prop.

* It is a question among historians whether this event be contemporaneous with our last peace.

"My friends," he cries, "'t is odd or even,
If I this night don't quit St. Stephen—
Here your own Doctor prostrate lies,
With none *but you* to close his eyes.
But we again shall meet."—" *Shall meet,*"
Said a hoarse voice which shook the street—
'T was Carlo's—not in flesh and blood
Array'd, the form terrific stood;
Death-like, "he shook a grisly dart."
"Meet, Doctor!—we must talk before we part."

Stretch'd on a rack, and bound by *spell*
The simple *truth* alone to tell,
The Doctor lies—The foe began:

"Doctor, what made thee, less than man,
Wink at the Slave Trade—balk the nation
In Catholic emancipation?

What made thee to the tempter hearken?"
—"A Royal Villa Richmond Park in."

"In affluent ease what veteran dwells
Rich with the *Clerkship of the Pells*?

To whom a source of well-earn'd joy,
A princely gift!"—"My little boy."

"Who groans beneath the canvas bag,
Six thousand strong?"—"My brother Bra***."

"What veteran troops, nurs'd in the storm,
Cradled in war, with valour warm,
Will meet the Frenchman when he steers
His course towards us?"—"Volunteers."

"What fleet prepares to plough the wave,
The thunders of the Gaul to brave?
Your fleet *who* builds, caulks, bottoms, rigs?
What are your vessels?"—"Little brigs."

'T was said, the mighty spectre heav'd a sigh,
"Thou state empiric, man of medicine, die!"
Aim'd at the head, the heav'n-attempted dart
Rebounds;—unblunted, then, it fought the heart.—
Transfix'd, the Premier totters to his fall,
Th' indignant Spirit stalks to *Surgeons' Hall*.

May-2.

J. W.

A FAREWELL TO THE DOCTOR.

[From the Oracle.]

CAN the Doctor's power miscarry?

Is it true he's gone to pot?

Surgeon, Quack, Apothecary,

Sons of Galen, mourn his lot.

Though rais'd by P—t to place and power,

His friend and patron he betray'd;

Stole on his K—g's unguarded hour,

And, lo! the Quack a Statesman's made.

He found the country great and glorious,

The pride and envy of the world;

Secure at home, abroad victorious,

Where'er our banners were unfurl'd.

A few short months, this vision past,

Our conquests, strength, and credit gone,

The sky with low'ring clouds o'ercast;

No ray to light or cheer us shone.

To gild this gloom that chill'd the brave;

To guide us through the threat'ning war,

He bids us trust *his* power to save,And look to *him*, our polar star!

But England's Genius saves her still;

Her senates speak what none dare doubt,

The sovereign—universal will—

And Ad———B——(THANK GOD!)—IS OUT.

ANTI-QUACK.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

[From the same.]

TO BE DISPOSED OF, AND ENTERED UPON
IMMEDIATELY,In the Neighbourhood of Downing Street,
Westminster,**A**N EXTENSIVE and VALUABLE CONCERN
in the MEDICAL LINE, the FIRM being about
to be dissolved.—This Undertaking is thought to be

an object of consideration to the first talents and connexion in the kingdom, as it affords the prospect of profit, interest, honour, and advantage, in the most unbounded scale. There is no business in Great Britain which has had such a long-established credit and confidence, and few that have been more generally recommended. It requires no capital, the Firm being supported by general contribution.

The present Proprietors deem it incumbent upon them to offer to the Public their reasons for quitting the Trade, which undoubtedly has not answered in their hands, beyond some lucrative provision to individuals. They were under the necessity, in the first instance—(although they did not purchase or possess the goodwill which ought to have followed the business)—to take it under very great disadvantages, in consequence of the great skill and professional knowledge of their predecessors. They had, however, every reason to believe the business would have answered to them; but unfortunately, in the first instance, they made a *treaty* which turned out a very bad speculation, and placed at the head of their Firm, a person who (although he had taken his degree of Doctor) possessed neither firmness, talent, connexion, nor activity. Their Stock, however, was composed of the greatest variety; and no experiment, no quackery, falsehood, or expedient of any sort or kind, was wanting to secure a permanency and success in the business. New Partners were admitted, at great and immoderate salaries, numberless prescriptions offered; but the former were found ignorant, and the Public were not satisfied with the latter. The subordinate Agents in this Firm were likewise greatly wanting in preparing and dealing out the Medicines, and too ignorant and contemptible to give credit and weight to the prescriptions of the Doctor. Notwithstanding these disadvantages the business would have been continued, although the Country and the
Doctor

Doctor himself were aware it was a losing trade, if an unexpected combination of great talents had not been set up to overthrow it. This has created such distress and difficulty to the present Proprietors, and has caused such dismay in the inferior Agents, many of whom were brought by the Doctor from the lowest obscurity, and have no chance of future support, if turned out of their present employ, that it has been found impracticable to keep the Firm united. Under these circumstances, the Doctor, in the name of his Partners, is authorized to advertise the Business, together with the Premises; although, with the advantage of great and distinguished support and influence which they possess, it might have been maintained some little time longer. The Premises, in the neighbourhood of Downing Street, will be evacuated without loss of time; and should any of the Doctor's Prescriptions or Drugs be deemed valuable (though they are at present not in the greatest repute), they may be taken by his Successor *gratis*. The Doctor is likewise at liberty to say, that any of his Partners, or all of them, together with the Runners, Puffers, Agents foreign and domestic, are ready to enter into the service of the new Proprietors, retaining only their present Salaries and Emoluments. The Doctor is also willing to treat for an exchange for himself, although it should be in a more subordinate situation; but should that be deemed inexpedient, he purposes to retire, and practise at a distance from the Metropolis, where his misfortunes may be buried in obscurity.

N. B. Any person knowing of a vacancy in the Medical Line in the country, will be rewarded, by giving information thereof to Doctor A. or to the Licentiate Brother B. or Hiley A. who will be heard of, by inquiring (without loss of time) at the bar of the Coffee-house, near St. Stephen's Chapel.

N. B. We shall make a Bill of Sale out, at the desire of our Correspondent, in a day or two,
May 2.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

[From the same.]

WILL BE SOLD BY AUCTION,
 In the course of a few days, on the Premises, in
 Downing Street,

ALL the ENTIRE STOCK in TRADE, FIXTURES, MEDICAL and ELECTRICAL APPARATUS, LIVE STOCK, together with all the NOSTRUMS, PRESCRIPTIONS, RECIPES, PATENTS, PAMPHLETS, MANUSCRIPTS, and PRINTED BOOKS, the undoubted property of a certain CELEBRATED EMPIRIC, F. R. S. and A. S. S. retiring from Trade.

N. B. The house is distinguished by a large brass knocker on the door.—A back-door into the Park for private Patients.

May 4.

THE DOCTOR'S SALE!

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING seen in your very valuable paper, a hint given of the intended Sale of the Goods and Chattels of my Brother, in Downing Street, I am desired by him to express his sense of the advantage likely to be derived from such an intention being known through the medium of your very extensive and widely circulated paper.

At his desire, therefore, I enclose you a List of the Manuscripts in my possession, and which he thinks might be disposed of by Private Contract; and by giving to the world the advantage of perusing their
 Titles,

Titles, through the same respectable conveyance, you will confer a lasting obligation upon, Sir,

Your very obliged humble Servant,

Treasury Chambers.

J. H— A—.

MANUSCRIPTS, AND PRINTED BOOKS WITH MS. NOTES, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE RIGHT HON. H—L—Y A——N, BELONGING TO THE DOCTOR.

Lot 1. *Cocker's Arithmetic*, a new Edition, revised, corrected, and amended by the Right Hon. the Doctor.—N. B. This is a most valuable article, and the MS. Notes particularly desirable, as many errors are therein pointed out and corrected in the common rules of Arithmetic as now received.

2. That celebrated *Treatise on Lying*, by Fernandez Mendez Pinto: done into English by the Doctor, for the use of himself and family, with an *original Essay*, by the Translator, on the *Utility*, and a project for the *Encouragement of Prevarication*. This copy is, we believe, the only one in England, and is peculiarly valuable on account of the MS. Notes in the handwriting of the *principal professor* of Medicine in the *Marine Department*.

3. *The Art of making War*, by the Doctor.

4. *Horæ Ingratæ*; or, Extracts of which no use could be made, by the Doctor.—Collected from the Speeches of Messrs. Pitt, Fox, Windham, Grenville, and Canning.

5. *Tales of my Grandmother*, as spoken by Brother Bragge.

6. *An Ode to Gratitude*, in Greek, by the late Doctor Addington, addressed to the Great Earl of Chatham—illustrated by MS. Notes of the present Doctor, and his *confidential* Friend, the ingenious Proprietor of Steele's Lavender Water. This copy is in excellent preservation, and as good as new; the

Notes are added at the end, and are somewhat stained with Red Port.

7. *Rabelais's Works*, in which the passage where the Giant *Garagantua* swallows a whole fleet, seems much thumbed and dog-eared. The only Note which appears is in the form of a quere (in the hand-writing of the Doctor), whether the Fleet here mentioned, was manned, or not? and whether the Giant seemed much refreshed after his meal?

8. *An Essay on Magnanimity*, in the hand-writing of the Doctor, bound up with the Report of the Trial of the *Plymouth Tinman*; in which the Doctor got a verdict with costs.

9. *Treatise on the Utility of Casters* for Furniture of all descriptions; by which means, in case of change of residence and situation, the Furniture may be removed without a moment's delay. N. B. Specimens of all sorts of Furniture, fitted according to the plan recommended in this Treatise, may be seen at the House of the Right Hon. H—A——n, by application to Brother H—l—y.

10. *How to turn*; an Irregular Ode: with some Thoughts on the *Pirouette*: addressed to Monsieur Des Hayes. Both by the Right Hon. G—r—e T—m—y.

11. *Lord Hawkesbury's March to Paris*, set for a full Band.

12. *A Copy of Vattel*, with the leaves uncut; with the *Navigation Act*, much injured and defaced.

13. *A Bundle of Remonstrances* to the Powers upon the Continent, as good as new. A parcel of *Manifestos* to ditto, never sent.

14. *A Map of the Island of Lampedosa*, with a *Memoir* attached, shewing how, by removing the Bar at the Mouth of the Harbour, building a City, compelling Inhabitants to live in it, and moving the whole Island only one Degree to the North-west, it could be made

made a most valuable Colony to Great Britain, and a complete *Equivalent* for Malta.

15. *The whole Art of rubbing Paper*, by Benjamin Boghouse, Esq.

16. *Grim-grace*; or, the best Bow for a Bear-ward for the House of Commons: written, put together, composed, and executed by Tyrwhit Jones, Esq.

17. *Speaking made easy*; or, the Way to lengthen Speeches, by prolonging Syllables: by I. H. Browne, Esq.

18. *Loose Thoughts of the Post at the Corner of St. James's Street*, with the Topography of all the Streets leading to the Admiralty, by that celebrated Pedestrian, Mr. Professor Ubiquity Adams.

19. *The Use of the Pivot made easy to the meanest Capacity*; together with the Advantages of wheeling backwards: by General Maitland.

20. *Pertness made perfect*, with the whole Practice of giving false Opinions, by the A—— G—— —l.

21. *A Treatise on the Word Faction*, as applied to the Majority of the H——e of L——s on a late Occasion, by Stunkinson, Baron H——y.

22. That celebrated Tragedy, the *Windsor Whisper*; or, the Secret Slander; as performed repeatedly with the greatest Success by the E——l of L——l, L——d A——d, the Right Hon. H——y A———o, and others His Majesty's Servants.

23. *Copy of Instructions to an Envoy*, with a pleasant Device, shewing how to turn a Drake into a Goose—very scarce.

24. *Divers Parcels of Medicines*, Patent and others, wrapped up in the different Treaties, from the Barrier Treaty to that of Amiens inclusive; and other *waste paper*.

25. *A Scheme how to make twenty-four old Women in red Cloaks, upon a Hill, look like a Regiment of Sol-*

diers; by Charles Yorke, Private in the Pimlico Volunteers.

26. *Twenty-five Reams* of different Acts of Parliament for the *final arrangement* of the *Volunteer system*.

27. *Twenty-five Reams* of Paper, containing *alterations* and *amendments* to do.

28. *Twenty-five Reams* of Letters, Observations, and Orders to *explain, improve, methodize, reduce to practice, change, revoke, confirm, compound, puzzle,* and make *more easy of comprehension*, do.

N. B. The attention of Grocers, Tallow-chandlers, Pastry-cooks, and Trunkmakers, is particularly directed to the *three* last lots.

29. *A Collection of Songs and Glee*s in MS. containing amongst others "The Vicar of Bray," "How happy could I be with either," "Turn, oh turn, my love!" "We be three poor Ministers," "Have you any work for the Tinker?" "Shepherds, I have lost my place," &c. &c. &c. *written, composed, set to music, and sung*, by the Viscount C—tle—gh.

30. *Two Views of Shipping*, in *aqua-tinta*, in which, by an ingenious optical deception, *six* ships are made to look like *twelve*. This very curious article derives its greatest value from its being the first effort of the kind, made by a Native of the *Pellew Islands*.

May 8.

MORE OF THE DOCTOR!

[From the same.]

CONTINUATION OF THE CATALOGUE OF THE EFFECTS
ON SALE BELONGING TO THE DOCTOR AND CO.

Lot 1. *A CURIOUS Pestle and Mortar*, made out of the thigh-bone of a country gentleman, used by the *Doctor* for pounding simples. The race of this creature, as well as the Mammoth, is supposed to be extinct.

2. *A*

2. *A set of Seve China*, as good as new. This article is the property of Baron H——y, and is, by permission, included in this sale.

3. *A Scheme for hermetically sealing the Enemy's Ports*, by turning a Prime Minister, or other ponderous substance, into a Mud Bank.

4. *A Stock of Bows*; one of extraordinary length belonging to the Doctor; and another with two strings to it, the property of Lord Viscount C——h. This last article particularly useful in all families, and in much request for the Irish trade.

5. *A Stock-jobbing Machine*, complete, and in constant work; by which a Press Warrant may be converted into a Bank Note, and a Cabinet Secret into a Transfer of Bank Stock.

6. *The Figure of Neptune, with the Trident broken*. This statue is particularly recommended to the notice of the public; it is so constructed as, when viewed in different lights, to appear to represent different personages: when seen in one, it represents the God of the Ocean, when in another, an old Bum-boat-woman.

7. *Two curious Speaking Figures, or Automata, in lead*. They are so dressed as to represent two boatswains in his Majesty's service; and they are so constructed as to answer any questions which may be put to them. Their language is admirably suited to the character they are made to appear in, as all they say is mixed with the oaths, blasphemy, and vulgarity which usually proceed from the lips of the inferior officers on board the King's ships. These figures have just been new dressed, and their clothes fresh laced. But notwithstanding the expense to which they have put the proprietor, they will be sold cheap.—The mechanism is supposed to be damaged, and it is doubted whether they will ever speak to any purpose again. As the pea-season is coming on, they are recommended

to gardeners in the neighbourhood of the metropolis as excellent scarecrows.

N. B. To be viewed till the day of sale, at the Admiralty Office.

8. *A new System of Economy*, recommended to the particular attention of the Country, by which it is made clearly manifest, that having no Ships in our Dock-yards, and no Stores in our Warehouses, is the cheapest way of providing for the Security, and adding to the Defence of the Country.

9. *Two curious contrivances for opening Letters*; these were discovered, it is said, by Sir Sidney Smith, although, report says, the present proprietor and his assistants have long made use of them.

10. *An assortment of Thumb-screws and Engines of Torture*, to make refractory Shipwrights work; together with an Essay on Ship-building, proving that ships on paper are cheaper than when built of oak.

THE DOCTOR IN DISTRESS!

[From the same.]

WE are told that Circular Letters have been sent to all the Members of both Houses who have lately voted with the *Doctor*, begging of them, in the most urgent manner, to meet him, were it only for the *last* time, at his house in Downing Street, this afternoon; when he means to address them nearly in the following words:—

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,

“Permit me still to call you by that name, and to indulge a fond hope that you will not desert me in my utmost need, but give me your farther support at this alarming crisis. I am weak—I am nothing without you—I cling to your friendship as to the *last* plank of my salvation; and pray do not slip from under when the

the mountain billows are rolling on me, or I am overwhelmed for ever.

“By your aid alone I narrowly escaped the dangers of last week; but more dreadful perils await me. You all know that the hour is rapidly advancing, the decisive hour which will keep me on the Treasury Bench, or sink me into the fatal gulf of insignificance. Let me, therefore, most humbly, and most earnestly, beg your farther support.

“Fallen as I am from the throne of arrogance, and mortified as my vanity has lately been, I must repress every proud boast; but I hope I may be allowed to take a short review of my past measures, as affording some claims at least to your pity on the present occasion.

“When differences of opinion, on a great political question, threw me into office, did I not, from a consciousness of my inability to carry on the war, seize the first favourable moment to bribe the enemy into a truce, by engaging to surrender almost all our conquests?—*I therefore hope that you will support me!*

“Though the Preliminary Articles were a very imperfect sketch, did I lose time in vain attempts to fill up the outlines with any thing solid or substantial? Did I not, on the contrary, urge on the Definitive Treaty by every mean concession in my power, and without obtaining the least security against its infringement?—*I therefore hope that you will support me!*

“Did I not instantly dismantle our fleets and disband our armies, as if I had the fullest confidence in the duration of peace, though none but mere drivellers—none but *Nature's fools*, could have entertained such an idea?—*I therefore hope that you will support me!*

“Did I not strive to bolster up and poultice my rotten Treaty by strong expostulation and timid acquiescence,

quiescence, by threatening and yielding, by advancing and receding, by surrendering and retaking, by orders and counter-orders, by every possible act of weakness, indecision, and dishonour, till I put it in the power of a proud enemy to insult an English Ambassador in a circle of the Delegates of Europe, with the denunciation of *woe to those who have no respect for Treaties?*—*I therefore hope that you will support me!*

“ Since the war broke out, have I not employed the whole naval force of England in watching a crippled Enemy in his ports, while I left our merchantmen to chance, or to the protection of such weak convoys as could not defend them from privateers and cruisers?—*I therefore hope you will support me!*

“ Instead of bold and brilliant enterprises, have I not endeavoured to adorn our *rostral column* by the grand and original expedition of *Stone-ships*, for the purpose of being sunk in the channel of one of the enemy's sheltering places for gun-boats and cockle-shells?—*I therefore hope you will support me!*

“ Have I not wisely given up every idea of annoying the enemy on the Continent, or of making him tremble for his own safety where he might be found vulnerable, and confined all my thoughts to our home defence?—*I therefore hope you will support me!*

“ As to the charge brought against me of chilling the ardour, repressing the zeal, and paralyzing the energies of the nation; have I not tried every scheme, even to the detriment of the regular army, for raising numbers at least, however inefficient, by my Army of Reserve, Militia Augmentation, and my General Defence Bills, as well as by that masterpiece of consistency, the Volunteer Act? and have I not gone on doing and undoing, annulling, repealing, changing, or suspending every measure, till, for want of any other resource, and in a state of undescrivable confusion,

I am

I am now ready to suspend myself?—*I therefore hope that you will support me!*

“Are not my schemes of economy and taxation without a parallel? Did I not, in the first moments of a treacherous peace, save three or four millions by the sudden reduction of the army and navy, though a few months after it cost the country above fifty millions to replace our two national bulwarks in their former situation? And, not to detain you now with what all the people of England very sensibly feel, are not my taxes so contrived as to perplex, if they are not productive, to throw men into a sort of financial labyrinth, without any clue to conduct them through its tiresome windings?—*I therefore hope that you will support me!*

“For the sound policy of my government, look to the state of Ireland. Have I not filled most of the principal offices there with the shadows of public agency? Have I not intercepted all Mr. Pitt’s promised blessings, and rendered his boasted Union a barren political measure, a marriage without consummation, or any pledge of mutual love? Can you name a Statesman, before me, who ever thought of allaying discontents by increased cruelty, or of making a people loyal by almost rendering invasion the only means of rescue from their evils?—*I therefore hope that you will support me!*

“In addition to these public pretensions, it would ill become me to urge any private claims to your kind regard. But you all know, that, after providing for *Brother Hiley, Brother Bragge*, and a few more, of my poor relations and dependents, I scattered my favours amongst you with a grateful and a liberal hand. Even my *Brothers* have danced out of one office into another, sometimes for the worse, to make room for persons who had before opposed me, or who were willing to render me any essential service. Indeed,

deed, I have no other means to enable me to withstand the most formidable combination of men of rank, family, property, genius, eloquence, political abilities, and popular influence, ever known in this country. Other Ministers would be under less obligation to you; but in my weakness you have the best pledge of the lasting sincerity of my gratitude.—*I therefore hope that you will support me!*"

May 9.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW CABINET.

[From the British Press.]

TO be composed of the following materials—*Eloquence, Patriotism, Constitutional Liberty, Financial Talent, Foreign Diplomacy, Integrity, Vigour, and Sagacity.*

The above plan being duly advertised in all the public prints, the following parties met on Monday, and proposed to contract for it;

Messrs. Pitt, Melville, and Co.

Messrs. Fox, Whitbread, and Co.

Messrs. Grenville, Windham, and Co.

Messrs. Liverpool, Hawkesbury, and Co.

Messrs. Hill, Thornton, Wilberforce, and Co.

The biddings were upon a scale of 20 degrees as required, and were as follows:—

MESSRS. PITT AND CO.		MESSRS. FOX AND CO.	
Eloquence . . .	17-20	Eloquence . . .	17-20
Patriotism . . .	11-20	Patriotism . . .	10-20
Constitutional Liberty . . .	1-20	Constitutional Liberty . . .	15-20
Financial Talent . . .	18-20	Financial Talent . . .	2-20
Foreign Diplomacy . . .	4-20	Foreign Diplomacy . . .	16-20
Integrity . . .	19-20	Integrity . . .	14-20
Mental Vigour . . .	13-20	Mental Vigour . . .	7-20
Sagacity . . .	5-20	Sagacity . . .	3-20

The

The other biddings were so very much below par, that they were not considered worthy of notice.

Messrs. Pitt and Co. were of course declared the successful candidates, and are to have the making of the Cabinet.

PLAN OF THE NEW CABINET.

[From the same.]

IT is required to be fair and square, and of the best possible materials, all of British growth, as nothing foreign will, on any account, be admitted into it. The timbers must be all sound, and finished in a good plain style, without any French or other foreign ornament. It must be of great capacity, broad bottomed, and impenetrable to all but its Royal Master. In its construction, care must be taken that not a single shaving of the *tree of liberty* shall be admitted. *Rose* wood; though not expressly prohibited, may be dispensed with, as also *Hawthorn* and *Beach*.

MATERIALS.

The following are the particular materials that would receive a preference :

The Pitt English Oak—This is a fine tall rampike, with a very lofty head, but *no branches*. It would be desirable that the head of the Cabinet should be made of this piece.

The Grenville Ash—This is a solid substantial species of timber. It sometimes runs a little knotty and cross-grained ; but it is strong, and would make an excellent supporter.

The Windham Crab-tree—This is also a species of wood that runs rather knotty ; but it is durable, and generally found at the heart.

The Temple Stake would cut up well, and help to make out a good broad bottom for the Cabinet.

The

The Hawkebury Willow—This species of timber being easily bent, might be used in the parts which are a little crooked, and deviate from a right line.

The Sheridan Cedar—This is a most luxuriant tree, of a beautiful and finely variegated texture, and might be used to advantage, particularly in the ornamental parts of the structure.

The Fox Olive—This is also a beautiful sort of timber, well seasoned, and of great solidity. It has the smoothest and kindest grain in the world. If the *Pitt rampike* be adopted, the *Fox olive* will be dispensed with.

The Master Carpenter who shall undertake the above work must finish it without delay. He must find his own tools, and will be paid handsomely at the Treasury the moment it is completed.

ITS SITE.

It must be placed in an imposing attitude, looking down upon France. It must command a view of the whole world, particularly of the Continent. As it will stand exposed to all winds and weathers, and every one will be at liberty to examine, and scrutinize it, it must be without a flaw, and stand firm and unshaken by the storms of adversity.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Herald.]

NOW, OR NEVER!

TO ALL ASPIRING, GALLANT-MINDED FELLOWS!

A FEW vacancies are still open in the *Old Corps*, newly reviving, called the *King's Own*, into which, lads of a daring spirit may now be received, with a certain prospect of speedy promotion!—As the Corps will no doubt be soon honourably called upon to

to serve in a *warm climate*, each Recruit will be inoculated for the *Yellow Fever*, immediately on his enrolment; the veterans have all had a *touch* of this disorder in the natural way.—*North Country Lads* will be received in preference.—Apply without loss of time to *Sergeant M'Swallow-all*, at his rendezvous at the *Dog's Head in Porridge Pot, Old Scotland Yard, Westminster*.

N. B. Bringers of Recruits well treated, and liberally rewarded!

May 21.

BRITISH NAVY.

[From the British Press.]

LIST of the Ministerial Fleet upon the Westminster Station, under the Command of Admiral Pitt:

	Guns.	
<i>Premier</i>	100	{ Hon. William Pitt, Yellow Admiral, Com. in Chief.
<i>Melville</i>	100	Capt. H. Dundas.
<i>Harrowby</i>	74	Capt. D. Ryder.
* <i>Hawkebury</i>	74	Capt. Jenkinson.
* <i>Eldon</i>	74	Capt. John Scott.
* <i>Castlereagh</i>	74	Capt. R. Stewart.
<i>Camden</i>	64	Capt. Pratt.
<i>Paymaster</i>	44	Capt. G. Rose.
<i>Treasurer</i>	44	Capt. Canning.

With a large flotilla of bombs, cutters, pinnaces, brigs, and gun-vessels. The vessels marked thus* were taken from the enemy in the late engagement, in which Admiral Addington was defeated, with the loss of his whole fleet.

As it is expected that this fleet will soon come into action, and a considerable degree of interest attaches to it, the following account of the principal ships may prove acceptable:

The Premier is a very fast sailer, and carries very weighty metal. She is built upon a peculiar construction,

construction, being uncommonly long, considering her breadth. The *Premier's* head is much admired for the beauty of the inside. Her pilot is the celebrated "Pilot that weather'd the storm." She has seen a great deal of service, but was, for the last two years, laid up in ordinary at Dover.

The Melville. This vessel is built of Scots fir, and was originally in the East India Company's service. Her timbers being old, and supposed to be rotten, it was the general opinion that she would have been condemned and broken up accordingly. She has been stationed as a guard-ship for some time in the Frith of Forth, and was lately used as a receiving ship to carry recruits from Scotland to the fleet at Westminister. Upon this last trip, however, she performed her voyage with such expedition, the Admiralty have been induced to take her again into the line. Her guns are all *brass*, and her head and bottom are well *coppered*. The *Melville* was terribly mauled in the engagement off Ferrol, since which she has stuck close to *port*. She distinguished herself principally in her voyages in the *Red Sea*.

The Hawkebury has been employed for some years past upon foreign stations.

The Harrowby is not a vessel of great force, but she is very manageable; and being as light and active as a frigate, is expected to make great havoc among the enemy's flotilla of gun-boats.

The Castlereagh was originally upon the Irish station, and lately in the service of the East India Company.

The Paymaster was formerly a slave-ship in the *Guinea* trade, and was used occasionally as the Ministerial dung-barge. In the late war she took several prizes in *Treasury Bay*.

The Treasurer carries a great deal too much sail for her upper works, which are far from being substantial.
Her

Her only guns consist of a few patteringoes in her bow ; and, being a light showy vessel, she has been principally attached to the Admiral as a sort of pleasure-boat.

May 22.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE,

RECEIVED BY EXPRESS.

[From the same.]

DISPATCHES were received at a late hour last night, which state, that the Ministerial Fleet, under the command of the Right Honourable William Pitt, Admiral of the *Yellow*, were left yesterday at four o'clock, P. M. in fight of the enemy's Combined Fleet, under the command of Admiral Fox, and that an engagement was considered inevitable. The Combined Forces were drawn up in line of battle, in three divisions, in the following order :

VAN DIVISION.

Guns.

<i>Dropmore</i>	100	{	W. Grenville, Vice-admiral of the White.
<i>Stafford</i>	74		Capt. Gower.
<i>Carlisle</i>	74		Capt. Howard.
<i>Spencer</i>	74		Capt. Spencer.
<i>Bedborough</i>	74		Capt. Ponsonby.
<i>Suffolk</i>	74		Capt. J. Howard.
<i>Woburn</i>	74		Capt. Russell.
<i>Darnley</i>	64		Capt. Bligh.

CENTRE DIVISION.

Guns.

<i>St. Anne</i>	120	{	C. J. Fox, Admiral of the Blue, Commander in Chief.
			Capt. Francis.
			Capt. Adair.
<i>Pounfden</i>	120	{	R. B. Sheridan, Vice-admiral of the Red.
<i>Howie</i>	84		Capt. Grey.
<i>Bedford</i>	74		Capt. Whitbread.
<i>The City of Norwich</i>	74		Capt. Smith.
<i>Middlesex</i>	74		Capt. Burdett.

REAR DIVISION.

Guns.

<i>St. Mawes</i>	100	{ W. Windham, Rear-admiral of the Red.
<i>Ambassador</i>	74	Capt. Grenville.
<i>Lumberago</i>	74	Capt. Laurence.
<i>Grenville</i>	74	Capt. Temple.
<i>Peterborough</i>	64	Capt. Elliott.

Besides fourteen frigates, eight brigs, and bombs, ketches, &c. innumerable.

As the force under Admiral *Pitt* * was greatly inferior in number and weight of metal, the consequence of a general engagement was looked to by every officer in the fleet with fearful anxiety. Indeed it was the general opinion that the Admiral would give the signal to disperse, rather than risk a battle with so inferior a force. The great hope is, that, by some judicious manœuvring, he may be able to delay a general action, until he shall receive some reinforcements. We understand he is also in expectation that a mutiny may break out in the enemy's fleet, the crews of which, from old jealousies and heart-burnings, he flatters himself, cannot long act with concert and cordiality together. On the other hand, one of the crew of the *Hawkebury*, who lately deserted from the combined fleet, and landed at *Liverpool*, reports that the enemy are in the most complete condition; and that the best discipline prevails among the crews. He adds, that they had cleared their decks for several days past, were ready for action, and determined to avail themselves of the first opportunity of *boarding*, to which system they seemed uncommonly partial; and that they had laid in an immense store of provisions, with which they were supplied from *Stafford, Carlisle, Norfolk, Derby, Suffolk, &c.* Even the common sailors had refused grog, and drank nothing but wine.

* See the preceding article.

The *St. Anne* is the same vessel that, in the American war, engaged the *Lord North*, and blew her out of the water. In the late war she frequently exchanged broadsides with the *Premier*, commanded by Admiral Pitt. In the last engagement with that vessel, the *St. Anne* had her stern beaten in, her rigging all shot away, and was obliged to cut and run. She has since undergone an entire repair; has had all her seams caulked, and is now considered as good as new. The *St. Anne* was built upon a Dutch model, and is very broad across the beams.

The *Pounsden* is also a crack ship in the enemy's fleet. Although a first-rate, and carrying as heavy metal as the *St. Anne*, she can, with a light breeze, outfail the lightest and swiftest frigate. She is generally the headmost ship in a storm, and carries a lantern in her poop.

The *St. Mawes*, with her whole crew, was taken in the present war by the *St. Anne*, in company with the *Howie* and *Bedford*. She carries very weighty metal, and also an unusual quantity of small arms; consisting of dirks, daggers, and other sharp instruments, pop-guns, &c. The *St. Mawes* is not remarkable for precision in firing. A random shot from her, in the late war, nearly sunk the *Premier*, which was the headmost vessel in the same line.

The dispatches to which we allude, also contained an account of the proceedings of the fleet, under the command of Admiral Pitt, from the 10th to the 15th, extracted from the log-book of the *Premier*.

The following letters were also received at the same time:—

Copy

Copy of a Letter from G. Rose, to the Right Honourable W. Pitt, Admiral of the Yellow, Commander in Chief, &c. dated Paymaster, at Sea.

"SIR,

"Agreeable to orders, I continued with His Majesty's ship under my command, cruising in 30 degrees North latitude, between Golden Bay and the Treasury Creek, without meeting any thing worth picking up, until the morning of the 14th, when a strange sail bore in sight. From her make, I took her to be a Dutch East Indiaman; she was so deeply laden, as to appear to be sinking. I crowded all the sail I could, and, upon coming up with her, she proved to be the enemy's ship *Budget*, laden with stores and provisions of all kinds for a whole year for the enemy's fleet. I immediately took her in tow, being apprehensive, if left to herself, she might go to the bottom, from the excessive weight of her cargo."

Extract of a Letter from G. Canning, dated on board the Treasurer, in Navy Bay, on the 14th, 2 p. m.

"SIR,

"Several strange sail appearing in the offing, I immediately gave chase, making signal at the same time for the rest of the Squadron to follow; which order, I am concerned to say, was not obeyed. Upon coming up, I found myself unexpectedly in the midst of the enemy's fleet. The *St. Anne*, the *Pounsden*, and the *Dropmore*, the headmost ships, all three-deckers, immediately bore down upon me: unable to cope with such a superior force, I immediately struck, and the enemy took possession of the *Treasurer*. In justice to them, I must say, they treated me with great politeness. We sailed in company for three days; during which time I contrived to persuade the Captain of the *Dropmore*, that myself and crew were ready to fight
upon

upon his side. The whole Squadron fired a discharge of 21 guns, in demonstration of their joy, and the *Treasurer* was no longer watched, or ordered to keep under the lee-quarter of the *Dropmore*, her former station. The *Treasurer* being thus, as it were, left to herself, on Saturday night I began to repair some damage the vessel had received in her *bowsprit*, in consequence of having run foul of the *Premier* when at moorings in Dover Roads. This gave me an opportunity to fall behind, without incurring suspicion, until the rest of the fleet had shot greatly ahead, with a fine brisk wind. I then crowded all the sail I could, and shaped my course to join the fleet under your command. The *St. Anne*, I presume, was the first vessel that suspected my intention; for the moment I hoisted the Navy Jack at my top-mast-head; she opened a tremendous fire from the stern-chases, which must have blown me to pieces, had I not been three leagues off. The enemy's fleet, I suppose, had some more important object in view, as they took no farther notice of my escape. While with them, I attempted once or twice to take a peep at their book of signals, but without effect."

A neutral fleet of observation, under Commodore *Addington*, has put to sea, and was left watching the motions of the two hostile squadrons. Great apprehensions were, however, entertained, that in the event of an engagement the Commodore would side with the victor. The Commodore's ship is pierced for 40 guns, but carries only eighteen 12-pounders and a few swivels. The rest of his Squadron consists of sloops and gun-brigs, with *sliding keels*, and are badly manned.

May 24.

THE DOCTOR'S SHOP.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS you seem desirous to convey every information to your readers respecting the great changes which are now taking place in the world, I beg leave to supply a small defect in your series of news, by remitting you a few particulars respecting *The Sale of Effects*, on the premises, of a *medical gentleman*, who lately *failed*. I know it has been said, that his was what we call in the city a *friendly bankruptcy*, and that he had, in fact, no *creditors*. But I have every reason to know and assert that it was a *bonâ fide* failure, although I allow that the persons who gave him *credit* were very few. There might also be some delay about putting the *seal* to the commission; but all this was got over in a most surprising manner.

The sale took place a few days ago; and the reason, I apprehend, why you have taken no notice of it is, that the effects were few, and not of that kind which, now-a-days, very much interests the public. The purchasers likewise were very few—two persons, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Melville, very old professional men, being the principal. The only articles worth mentioning were the following :

The *shop* was purchased by Mr. Pitt, who means to carry on the business, and therefore took certain *fixtures* at a fair appraisement, a broker being appointed on *each side*. These *fixtures* were not of much consequence; but if removed from their *places*, they could not have fetched a farthing apiece. The shop is to receive a new *front* and *show-glasses*, and the whole to be new *varnished*. The same gentleman also purchased a quantity of *yellow basilicon*, a phial of *Jesuit's Drops*, a case of *instruments*, the latter very cheap, but apparently very unsafe to be employed where there is
any

any danger, as the most of them had neither *edge* nor *point*. A *dried crocodile*, and several curious *embryos* in spirits, were bought also by him, to distribute among his *pupils*—with all the instruments for *bleeding*, *scarifying*, and some old *recipes* for *inflammatory* cases; and complaints in the lower *members*. His last purchase was a *List of Patients*, a very thick folio, closely written; and a *blank-paper* book, titled on the back, *Cures*.

Mr. Melville's chief purchases (all great bargains) were a quantity of *flower of brimstone*, for country-practice, and a gallon of *tar-water*, for his new shop near Charing Cross; the skeleton of a celebrated *posture-master*, who could throw himself into any position, the joints as supple as in life; a very fine set of *cupping-glasses*; a night-stool, with the words "*What wants me?*" beautifully *inlaid*; a *squirt*; and a new edition of the *Edinburgh Pharmacopæia*.

Of the other articles I can only recollect a set of *dumb bells*, purchased at a high price by a Mr. *Bentinck* of Piccadilly; as the lot was strongly contested between him and Mr. *Camden*, who bought the skeleton of a man without a head, and some other trifles. A *probe* and a set of instruments for *trepanning* were knocked down to Mr. *Rose*; and a large quantity of *bark* was bought by Mr. *Hawkebury*. There were many other articles put up which no one would bid for; and yet a pot of *conserve of Roses* fetched a good price, although, by being exposed too much, for want of a cover, it had lost its *virtue*.

I am, Sir, with respect,

Your humble servant,

May 24.

A LOUNGER AT SALES.

ON MR. ADDINGTON'S RESIGNATION,
AND REFUSAL TO ACCEPT OF EITHER PERRAGE OR
PENSION.

[From the Times.]

LET others, prostrate, hail the rising sun;
Prouder, I bow to that whose course is run;
For never did the flaming orb of day,
When westward darting his descending ray,
From the vast empire of the skies retire,
With *brighter* splendour, or with *purer* fire. T. M.

TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON.

[From the same.]

Cui pudor et justiciæ soror,
Incorrupta fides nudaque veritas,
Quando ullum inveniet parem?

THRISE happy victor at the goal of Fate,
Unmov'd by splendour's smile or fortune's hate,
Once to an envied Court by *honour* woo'd,
By *honour* even from that Court pursu'd;
"Statesman, yet friend to truth," go quaff the gales
That waft health's spirit to thy native vales;
Go thou, to freedom and to peace restor'd,
Greet the lov'd walls, the patriarchal board,
Where on each face the cordial smile shall glow,
From every lip the strain of welcome flow;
That jocund strain shall festive rites prolong,
Till the green woods re-echo with the song.
Yet these thou bear'st no gaudy spoils of state,
Inglorious trophies of th' *ignoble* great:
Not thine the car, by servile minions roll'd;
Nor thine the panoply of Eastern gold:
Nor gilds the star supine thy manly breast,
That seat where ne'er was lodg'd a sordid guest:
Nor thine the dome, with regal pomp design'd,
Meet for the *mighty wretch of little mind*.
For thee no tow'ring pyramid aspires,
To tempt the rage of Heav'n's avenging fires;

Nor

Nor arch triumphal—register of crimes!
 Rear'd for the *direst* curse of future times!
 Nor pillar'd marble tarnish'd with a name
 Pre-eminent in *infamy* as *fame*:
 Not such ~~his~~ splendours—different far the meed,
 By *Honour* for his Addington decreed.
 To thee e'en Vice the silent homage pays,
 Whilst with'ring Envy yields th' unblighted bays,
 Thine the mild glories of a *spotless* name,
 A Briton's spirit and a patriot's flame;
 And thine, ah meed to gen'rous bosoms dear!
 A country's *vows*, a country's *sighs* sincere—
 Oh! blest, who far from sordid aim can soar,
 Who, when the Statesman's busy part is o'er,
 When falls the curtain on th' advent'rous play
 That made *him* lord and hero of the day;
 When from *his* touch the wand of state is thrown,
 Still boasts an *unblench'd* dignity his own,
 To *other* hands resigns th' empurpled *stole*,
 And proudly keeps *nobility* of *soul*—
 And she, unbrib'd of gold, unaw'd of pow'r,
 Truth, rightful sov'reign of the future hour,
 E'en Truth shall vindicate the sacred claim,
 And guard *thy* mem'ry at the shrine of *Fame*:
 There when the Muse of Hist'ry shall explore
 (Her tribute to departed worth to pour,)
 'Mid pedestals revers'd, and scrolls defac'd,
 Oblivious, mould'ring, monumental waste,
 'Mid proud escuteheons that neglected lie,
 Shall Honour's blazon meet her searching eye;
 Beneath *her* palm shall Freedom's image sleep,
 And Mercy bending o'er the marble weep.
 There shall she view the fair, unboastful bust,
 Sacred to *him*—to *Addington the Just*—
 "Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear,
 Who broke *no promise*; serv'd *no private end*,
 Who gain'd *no title*, and who *lost no friend*,
 Ennobled by *himself*, by *all* approv'd,"
 And by that land he *would* have sav'd—*below'd*.

IL PELERINO.

GRAND CONCERT.

[From the same.]

A VERY grand Concert is, as we understand, now in preparation for a select *party*; all the performers to be gentlemen amateurs. We have heard of a few of the names, and the instruments on which they are said to excel:

E**l T****e, a tinkling cymbal.

Mr. W****e, the flageolet.

L**d M****o, bag-pipes.

H*n. Mr. E****, Scotch fiddle.

Mr. W*****m, a curious barrel-organ, that belonged to Louis XIV.

Dr. L*****, a bassoon.

The last celebrated amateur is also to amuse the company, and relieve the entertainment, by way of interludes, with light and playful extemporaneous effusions of oratory.

THE POLITICAL SUICIDE.

[From the same.]

A VICTIM once of factious coalition,
Again F-x courts political perdition.
Foul suicide! thy second blow were vain;
Already dead, thou canst not die again. Z.

A DESCRIPTION OF OUR NEW FIRST-RATES
AND MEN OF WAR.

[From the Times.]

THE *Premier*—100 guns, commanded by Captain *William Pitt*; a first-rate of very superior weight of metal—much used in the last war—was never known to have been driven off her station by foul winds and rough weather; engaged Admiral F x and his Squadron in several hard encounters, whom she

often

often conquered, and at last forced to retreat. During peace she was laid up in ordinary, when she was found to have grown somewhat hollow. In the late gale she broke from her moorings, and ranging herself on the side of her former enemies, run down her old friend the *Henry Addington*, who, for many years, in former contests, had most honourably and handsomely supported her at the head of the line.

The *Metville*—a 100-gun ship—better known in the late war by the name of the *Harry Dundas*; is invaluablely prized by the Scotch, and certainly possesses very considerable metal; but she is remarkable for nothing so much as for the superabundance of cabins, offices, and such-like ship-conveniencies, which she contains, and which are carefully stocked with her favourite Scotch crews. For the credit of this ship, when she changed her name, she did not desert her party. This prudent consistency has again brought her into service, and she has succeeded in the room of the gallant *Earl St. Vincent*.

The *Jenkinson*—Capt. *Hawkebury*—is of the second rate, a leading man of war; bears down upon her opponent in a fine style; fires her broadsides close, and with much effect, and is retained in the present service.

The *Ryder*—Capt. *Harrowby*—a new ship just launched; she is supposed, however, to be in very feeble condition. She cruises on the Foreign Station, where it is thought she will not remain long.

The *Jefferies*—Capt. *Camden*—has never yet signalled herself; nor are any great expectations formed of her, as she is known not to possess the ability of making her guns speak loud.

The *Giant Refresh'd*—Capt. *Eldon*—is rather apt to sail slow, and go too widely on her tacks; but is not the worse for being used as a Royal Home Guard-ship.

The *Portland*—a magnificent vessel, which sails calmly and easily with every wind and tide.

The *William Dundas*—a new third-rate—of little strength and metal; sails remarkably dull and slowly; is almost water-logged, and it is conjectured must soon founder.

The *Rose*—formerly employed in repeating signals, and keeping up the order of the line, &c.

The *Spitfire*—Capt. *Canning*—a mischievous fire-ship—more expert in harassing than in injuring an enemy; fires smartly, but her shot seldom make any deep impression. This Commander, but for the friendship of the Admiral *Premier*, is otherwise very insignificant, and generally condemned as unfit for service.

The bomb and broad-bottomed squad, consisting of the Marquis of *Buckingham*, Earl *Temple*, Dr. *Lawrence*, &c. &c. which lent so much assistance in the late engagement, are thought to be of no use at present, and remain at home unemployed, &c.

Yours, &c. &c.

May 29,

TOM TRIM, *Midshipman*.

MR. FOX'S DINNER TO MR. LIVINGSTON.

[From the British Press.]

WE stated very innocently on Saturday that Mr. Livingston, the American Minister, dined the day before with a party at Mr. Fox's. Little did we think at the time, that we were giving our contemporaries such a *hard bone to pick*. They have been ever since *picking, gnawing, and living* upon it. One paper cannot *relish* this dinner; another cannot *swallow* it; and a third, which, we thought, could *digest* any thing, says it goes against its *stomach*. Being the original furnishers of the *feast*, we flatter ourselves we may help ourselves from our own *dish*, without incurring the

the imputation of a *taste* for *slicing* our neighbours. In the first place, then, those *full-fed* minions of party pay a poor compliment to English *hospitality*, when they lay such stress upon a *good dinner*. Formerly, indeed, when writers starved in garrets, and immortal bards traversed the streets in the most perishable materials, this *course* would have been excusable; but they are in a very different plight, case, and condition now; and if we may judge from their *chops* and changes, no set of men are more ready to subscribe to the proverb of "*Eaten bread is soon forgotten*," or think less of a good dinner. When, then, they attach so much importance to the dinner given by Mr. Fox to Mr. Livingston, we must presume it is not of the present of so many pounds of beef and mutton to Mr. Livingston that they complain. Some persons affect to see, in a sumptuous dinner, nothing but surfeits, dropsies, and a whole train of disorders. The writers to whom we allude may therefore probably see, in the dinner of Mr. Fox to Mr. Livingston, a series of ignominious peaces, French insults, and Corsican devices. Suppose Mr. Livingston seated at Mr. Fox's table, and asking for a bit of *Duck*. "*Ay*," says one of these shrewd feers, "this is an attack upon Mr. *Drake*; the fellow would tear our Minister at Munich to pieces." To give a man legal possession of an estate as large as Great Britain, a *twig* or a *rod* of any part of it is sufficient. Upon the same principle, these writers apprehend, that a slice of beef or mutton gives Mr. Livingston a legal claim to all the *flocks* and *herds* of England. A wing of *Turkey* upon Mr. Livingston's plate, is a hint for the partition of the Ottoman empire; and as to a challenge to *hob-nob*, it is a proposal for a treaty of alliance with the Corsican despot. Need we add, that the *circling* glass is the emblem of *revolution*, and that a hearty *set-to* at the bottle is a proof positive of a *Galomania*, of a partiality for French productions, and a desire

desire to fraternize with *Champagne* and *Burgundy*, if not with the whole French Republic? But this is not all. What will the Paris editors say, when they shall hear of this famous dinner? According to the new French philosophy, their roast *beef*, their fine *cauliflower*-topped *porter*, and their *coal fires*, make the English morose, sullen, and ferocious. The Paris editors will therefore see Mr. Livingston seated at Mr. Fox's table devouring *ferocity*, like a student at the Temple devouring *law*. With every drink of *porter* he *imbibes* an equal proportion of the *four* juices of the English blood; every *slice* of *beef* adds to the *brutal strength*; and the *coal fire* at his back throws him into a *frenzy*. Thus, while one party is *roasting* Mr. Fox for giving Mr. Livingston a dinner, another party is *basting* the latter for *eating* it. Mr. Fox has been charged with swallowing French doctrines at Talleyrand's table upon his late visit to Paris; and Mr. Livingston will, no doubt, on his return to Paris, be charged with devouring the principles of the British Constitution at the dinner of Mr. Fox.

May 30.

THE GIANTS JUST COME OVER.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. Pidcock has just received from the coast of Patagonia ~~nine~~ Giants, of the species mentioned by the early voyagers to the South Seas, whose accounts have hitherto been supposed by some modern writers to be fabulous. He has placed them all in *one Cabinet*, and they will immediately be exhibited to public curiosity, now that he has got a proper place to put the *head giant* in, who is much larger in height and head than any of the rest.

Mr. Pidcock thinks it necessary to submit a short account or notice concerning them:

The

The *first*, or *head giant*, he calls the *giant refreshed*, from his having slept for the last two years, and from his having lately awaked, much refreshed. He is remarkable for having a large head, nose *retrouffe*, and very thin figure: he assumes a great authority over the rest, which they submit to with much willingness. He makes them do what he pleases, *come in, go out, change places, rake in the ashes*, say *Yes* or *No*, and play a thousand antics—but he is very kind to them, and suffers them to partake of whatever fare he has himself. There is one remarkable peculiarity—one aversion in his nature: he could never be persuaded to visit the neighbouring country of Amazonia, inhabited by females.

The *second giant*, though equal in height to the first giant, is much his inferior in the length of his head. His voice is harsh and dissonant, somewhat resembling the grating of a file and the setting of a saw. The difference between his tones and those of the *head giant* is as great as between oil and vinegar.

Naturalists are astonished at a difference in this *second giant's* nature from that of all other animals. Though used to cold climates, in which he was born, he has thriven best since his migration to a warmer atmosphere; and, while all other productions degenerate, whether animal or vegetable, upon being removed from their native soil, this animal has acquired greater sleekness and alacrity, with a keener touch, and taste, and smell.

The other *giants* may, with great propriety, be called *minor giants*, not being celebrated for any very peculiar qualities.

One is very quick and placable, but has a very thick *pia-mater*, which renders his perceptions dull and slow; he is particularly fond of music.—Another of these minor giants is remarkable for nothing but his height, and some resemblance of feature to the *head giant*.

giant.—A third is a great egotist; he is always either talking about himself, or prating upon legal points.—A fourth has a pretty lady-like voice, with a lisp in it, and much affectation of manner.—A fifth, a sixth, and a seventh, are remarkable for nothing but being the companions of the *head giant*.

Exeter Change, May 30.

G. PEDCOCK.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC QUERY:

ADDRESSED TO JOHN BULL.

[From the Morning Herald.]

WHY, honest John, dost fidget thus, and grumble,
At one great Statesman's rise, or t'other's tumble?
Though last week's Politics might sorely tease thee,
Hast thou not had a *Courtly fight* to please thee?
Cease then, friend John, for Fox's fate to pout—
When Pitt comes in—great ***** himself goes out!

Nix.

EGO ET REX MEUS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THOUGH renounc'd by my friends (and I feel my disgrace),

Once more at the helm uninvited I stand,
By my El—n's intrigues I'm restor'd to my place,
Through S—— the Monarch himself I command,

By the Country abandon'd; not lov'd by the Court,
In spite of the Commons, I'll never resign;
But I'll reign, still secure in my S——'s support;
Be G—e's the title, the power shall be mine.

June 29.

ADDRESS TO MR. ADDINGTON.

[From the Morning Post.]

O THOU, to whom it was decreed by fate
To guide the buoyant vessel of the State,
And, at the King's command, its course to steer,
In Europe's dangers shock the brave with fear;

When, pale and trembling at the power of France,
 Surrounding nations shrink at her advance
 To proud Autocracy, and, prompt t' obey
 The Chief whose aim was universal sway,
 Hid their diminish'd heads beneath the dust,
 And what they knew was wrong their fears call'd just;
 To thee the Muse her tribute gladly pays,
 The subject Virtue, and the sequel Praise.
 With manly firmness hast thou dar'd to meet
 The shafts by faction hurl'd, and greatly treat,
 With dignified contempt, each servile tool
 Of Party's squabbles, when it fought to rule.
 The Friend of Nature and the Friend of Man,
 As they, from first to last, thy actions scan,
 Mark how, when thou didst at the helm preside,
 'Thou mad'st throughout humanity thy guide;
 Yet 'mid the wreck of empires didst maintain
 Britannia's greatness, and declare how vain
 Appear'd the projects of th' infuriate host,
 Who dar'd to menace England's sacred coast;
 For, when fallacious prov'd each hope of peace,
 And wild ambition bade its blessings cease;
 When Gallia's despot, from Bellona's car,
 O'er Europe's plains "let slip the dogs of war,"
 And lust of power once more its terrors hurl'd
 To wound again the lately bleeding world;
 This isle presented one firm patriot band,
 Arm'd, and resolv'd to guard their native land,
 Their laws, their liberties, their King to save,
 And plunge invaders in a wat'ry grave.

They, who affect thy projects to despise,
 Shall strive in vain objections to devise,
 When this in truth's broad characters shall shine,
 The praise of good intention e'er was thine,
 And ministerial power ne'er did less
 Shackle the freedom of the British press,
 That proud palladium of our charter'd rights,
 On which to dwell the patriot mind delights;
 That firm of liberty which shines around,
 And ne'er withdrew its beams from English ground,
 Though erst its brightness faction's clouds o'erspread,
 When selfish minions sway'd the fountain-head.

In ancient days Mark Antony appear'd
 Proud Rome's great hope, and every bosom cheer'd ;
 Yet, when his fate induc'd him to confess
 Cæsar's superior fortune and success,
 Did this reflection every pain repel,
 " A Roman by a Roman only fell"—
 So you, a Briton, but resign the field
 To him to whom 't is no disgrace to yield ;
 Yet, in retirement, to yourself you bind
 The best and warmest wishes of mankind,
 Who will, as now, when, on a future day,
 Fair Hist'ry's page your actions shall pourtray,
 (For manly bearing, probity and truth,
 Must find their advocates in age and youth,)
 Exclaim, as they retrace the paths you trod,
 " An honest man 's the noblest work of God." G. B.

INSCRIPTION

TO BE ENGRAVEN ON THE STONE WHICH G. ROSE, JUN.
 FELL, ON GOING INTO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
 JUNE 16, 1804.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SUPER lapidem cadit
 Georgius Rose, jun.
 Euns Domus Parlamentari,
 xvi Junii 1804,
 Sine injuria,
 ipsi
 aut lapidi.
 O durum faxum * !
 O durissimum CAPUT !

* When Mr. Rose, jun. fell down the staircase in the House of Commons, and was near meeting with a serious accident, his father went out to him, and thereby lost the opportunity of voting. A wicked wag observed, that the Honourable Member missed the division, by going out to *pick up a Rose*.

EPICRAM.

EPIGRAM.

[From the same.]

I VOW to God (said old George R***),
 I now devoutly see
 A special Providence protects
 My eldest *son* and *me*.
 Last year I tumbled in the Thames,
 (It cost *me* near a pound;)
 But special Providence decrees
 I never can be drown'd.
 My *son*, he tumbles upon land,
 But tumbles without dread;
 For, safe by Gravitation's law,
 He tumbles on his head.
 A special Providence contriv'd,
 (And so my *son* well knew,)
 That what should be his heaviest part,
 Should be his hardest too.

EPIGRAM.

UPON A REMARK OF MR. PITT'S.

Vide Cobbett's Parliamentary Debates.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SAYS Pitt, "In a Cabinet, no one supposes
 That matters are settled *by counting of noses*."
 In *his* Council, 't is true, no division he dreads;
 For where noses are counted—there needs must be heads.
June 27.

TWANG, TWANG; OR, TWO STRINGS TO
 MY BOW:

AS INTRODUCED, WITH ALTERATIONS, BY LORD C.
 AT THE GREAT ROOM IN WESTMINSTER.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

Sparkish.

OH, damn the poets; they turned me into burlesque,
 as they call it. That burlesque is a *hocus pocus*
 trick they have got, which, by the virtue of *hictius*
dictius

dictius, topfy-turvy, makes a clever, witty thing, absolute nonsense. Do you know that they ridiculed my last song, *Twang, Twang*, the best I ever made?

Harcourt—That may be, and be very easily ridiculed for all that.

Country Girl, Act 3. Scene 1.

SONG.

Tell me not, by the Doctor promoted,
With him I was bound to have voted;
Tell me not 't was consistent once more
To vote, as I voted before.
A Premier, once out, may go hang:
What Addington gave,
Pitt again lets me have;
So for Pitt goes my tongue with a twang, twang,
So for Pitt goes my tongue with a twang.
In Ireland alike I was hearty
To both Orange and Catholic party:
And both in the Union I bit,
With professions and letters from Pitt.
Then let all simple statesmen go hang;
For I, you must know,
Have ~~two~~ strings to my bow,
And glib goes my double-tongu'd twang, twang,
And glib goes my double-tongue twang.

[St—ges Bo—ne and Ca—ng steal away, and leave him singing. He sinks his voice by degrees, at the surprise of their being gone, and of finding all the company who stay, talking, coughing, or laughing.]

June 28.

M. T.

A PAPER FOUND.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

HE enclosed was accidentally dropped in one of the passages leading to the House of Lords, on From whose pocket it fell I know not;

as it seems to relate to the politics of the day, I have sent it to you to make whatever use of it you may think proper.

June 29.

Yours, A CONSTANT READER.

"DEAR P-TT, W——, Herts, June 23, 1804.

"I have sent my proxy to be given in support of your cursed Defence Bill; but you must forgive my declining to attend the H— of L—ds in person, on the day of debate. I must acknowledge freely to you, that I have not the face to appear before that assembly in support of a measure, so wretchedly inadequate to the expectation you had led me to form, so short of all the promises you had held forth of making provisions of defence suited to the exigency of the times, and above all, affording me so very shallow a pretence for having withdrawn the motion of which I had given notice, for an inquiry into the state of the defence of the nation. I need not tell you that your acceptance of the government, totally unassisted as you are by any of the weight of talents and character in the country, while I thought we were all co-operating to unite in a strong, efficient, and comprehensive administration, has proved to me a source of the deepest regret. You will consider, I hope, my not joining those who openly oppose you, as a strong mark of my personal friendship and attachment; for, to say the truth, considering that the establishment of such an administration as I have before described, was my professed view in announcing a motion in the H— of L—ds, similar to that which Mr. F-x had moved, and you so strenuously supported in the H— of C—m—ns, my present support of the feeble and inefficient Ministry which you have formed may, perhaps, expose me to some imputations on the score of consistency of conduct. I flattered myself, however, that the apparent weakness, not to say absolute imbecility, of your cabinet, would have been compensated by the wisdom and

and vigour of your own measures; and, upon this ground, I was willing to hope, when I compared you to a *giant refreshed*, that you would have justified the support I was so strongly inclined to give you. Let me conjure you then, my dear P-tt, to rouse the energies of your mind; surely, after having so long turned all your thoughts (as I expressed it) towards providing for the defence of the country, you cannot but have some measures of greater efficiency than this which you have now produced. I had been taught to believe, that under the tuition of the late lamented Lieutenant-colonel Shee, you had made such a proficiency in your military studies, that your friends might have pronounced you—

“ —the State's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the Senate and the Field.”

But I must confess, that if I am to judge of your talents for commanding armies, by the specimen your bill affords of your ingenuity in devising the means of raising them, I would recommend it to you to continue to fight *upon your own dunghill* (*con rispetto parlando*), rather than to try your military prowess against an invading enemy at the head of your Cinque Port Volunteers. Adieu, dear P-tt. Excuse the freedom with which I have expressed my sentiments to you; and don't be angry if I tell you that I am concerned to find the conversation of people in the country seems to be considerably less favourable with respect to you than I was accustomed to hear formerly. Your appointment of M^r—le to the head of the Admiralty, plays the very devil with the character of your Government; the rest of your Cabinet is, indeed, a subject only of ridicule. I am, with the sincerest wishes that you may speedily recover the estimation you once enjoyed in the public opinion,

“ Your sincere friend,

————.”

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM

ON HEARING A DISCOURSE FROM THE FOLLOWING
WORDS: "THE LOVE OF MONEY IS THE ROOT OF
ALL EVIL."

[From the same.]

IN days of yore, some distant time,
It *might* have been a heinous crime:
But *now* the adage will not fit,
Thanks to our good friend Billy Pitt;
Through whom *this vice* dissolves in vapour,
And proves at worst—a love of paper!
Woburn. P.

ON THE LATE BILL

FOR INFLECTING CAPITAL PUNISHMENT ON THE
COUNTERFEITERS OF THE SILVER NOTES—BANK
DOLLARS.

[From the same.]

"We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was *stamped*. Some coiner, with his tools,
Made me a Counterfeit." POSTHUMUS, in Cymbeline.

THIS head, this dollar's royal sign, is George's;
Who counterfeit the sacred symbol, swing.
"Death," says Imperial P-tt, "to him who forges
The stamp—the superscription of our King!"

And is there then prepar'd nor axe nor halter
For him whose bolder frauds a gang unites
Of viler thieves?—for him the Throne's assaulter!
Who clips the Crown, and coins the royal rights?

Mounted again on young Ambition's ladder,
His thoughts, his phrases soar with towering flight;
His last, his dying speech, would make us gladder,
Dropt from some welcome gibbet's humbler height.

Thence, when the Varlet sinks to lower regions,
In h-ll the base projector's plots may thrive;
The Devil and he will settle their allegiance—
While we, and K—g, and current cash, revive!

SIC

SIC VOLO SIC JUBEO.

[From the same.]

SAYS P—tt, I'm Dictator, and therefore, of course,
 Have a right in appointing a Master of Horſe;
 Though Ux—dge a promiſe may have of the place,
 I'll ſoon ſhew his L—dſ—p the odds of the caſe.
 All things muſt ſubmit to my abſolute nod,
 The M—q—is of H—tſ—d ſhall have it, by G—.
 And the world ſhall be taught how ſuperior a thing
 A Dictator's decree to the word of a —.

OF THE LATE HAPPY RESTORATION OF A
 L— OF THE K—'S BEDCHAMBER.

[From the ſame.]

WHEN a K—g gives a Courtier a kick on the breech,
 And bids him get out for a ſon of a b—ch,
 A kiſs from his hand, with an office to boot,
 Will atone for the injury done by his foot;
 Yet a kiſs from a hand, unleſs honour's a ſarce,
 Is a very odd cure for a kick on the —.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

SAYS Old Nick to his crony, old Emperor Nero,
 As together they ſat in a ſulphury bower—
 "I'm reſolv'd now to *finish* my Corſican Hero,
 By crowning his wiſhes with *abſolute power*."
 Says Nero—"Great King of Hell's gloomy dominion!
 Ponder well what your Maſteſty's going to do—
 His ambition's ſo boundleſs, that 'tis my opinion,
 It never will reſt till he overturns you." HAFIZ,

BONAPARTE'S ACCEPTANCE OF THE CROWN:

A PARODY.

[From the Morning Herald.]

The Senate—**M**Y Lord, this argues conſcience in your Grace,
 But the reſpects thereof are nice and trivial,
 All circumſtances well conſider'd—

Then,

BONAPARTE'S ACCEPTANCE OF THE CROWN. 307

Then, good my Lord, take to your noble self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity.

Mayor of Paris—Do, good my Lord—your Citizens entreat
you—

Senate—Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.—

Duroc—O make them joyful ! grant their pressing suit.

Bonaparte—Alas ! why would you heap these cares on me ?

I am unfit for State and Majesty :

I do beseech you, take it not amiss—

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

[*Exeunt Senatores.*]

Duroc—Call them again, *Consul*, accept their suit;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Bonaparte—Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?

Well, call them again ; I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter the Senate.

Colleague Cambaceres, and you sage, grave men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,

I must have patience to endure the load :

But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,

Attend the sequel of your imposition,

Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me

From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;

For God doth know, and you may partly see,

How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor—God bless your Grace ! we see it, and will say it.

Bonaparte—In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Senate—Then we salute you with th' *Imperial* title,

Long live Napoleon, Emp'r of the French !

All—Amen.

Senate—To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd ?

Bonaparte—E'en when you please, for you will have it so ;

Senate—To-morrow, then, we will attend your Grace,

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Bonaparte to the Archbishop of Paris—Come, let us to our holy
work again—

Farewell, good Senate—farewell, gentle friends.

THE

THE CORONATION CEREMONY

(BY ANTICIPATION)

OF HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NAPOLEON THE FIRST
(CI-DEVANT BRUTUS ALY BONAPARTE),
BY THE GRACE OF THE BAYONETS, EMPEROR OF THE
FRENCH, KING OF THE LOMBARDS, &c. &c. &c.

[From the British Press.]

THE festivity of the day was announced by the firing of the cannon opposite the church of St. Roch, and afterwards proclaimed by Heralds, dressed in five-coloured jackets, in honour of the five constitutions which France has sworn to preserve within these last twelve years. That the good Parisians might distinctly see the ceremony, the Prefect of the Police had ordered a general illumination for twenty-four hours, from the sun-rise of one day to the sun-rise of the next. Instead of Aix-la Chapelle or of Rheims, to avoid giving offence either to the shades of Charlemagne, or to those of the Bourbons, the *Conservative* Senate had decreed that the coronation should be performed at *Bicetre*, the ancient family residence of the Bonaparté family.

The procession set out from the Thuilleries in the following order: Eight running footmen, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, a Swiss, an Italian, a Spaniard, a Portuguese, a Prussian, and a Bavarian, each leading an ass richly caparisoned; six Lords in waiting, an Austrian, a Russian, a Swede, a Dane, a Saxon, and an American, all packed up in the same state carriage, on which, instead of a coat of arms, were painted the Temple in perspective; five bannerets, General La Fayette, dressed *à la Pantaloon*, carrying an urn, with the ashes of the Rights of Man, General Charles Lameth, dressed *à-la Harlequin*, carrying the Tree of Liberty reduced to a walking-stick; the Senator Fouché dressed *à la Sans Culotte*, with a wooden basin,

basin, containing the ashes of the Bible burned by him in 1793, at Lyons, in a republican *auto da fé*; the Tribune Carnot, dressed *à la Carmagnol*, with a cloak *à la Tartuffe*, decorated with a Jacobin cap, covered with black crape, with the inscription *Resurgam*; and Citizen Barrere, dressed in a Corsican livery, carrying a guillotine fresh painted with the blood of the Duke of Enghien.

Seven banner-carriers, each having in his hand a bamboo pole, with a paper flag nailed to it, on which were painted the dates of the respective republican constitutions, with these words, *Fidelity to the Constitution, or Death*; the Senator Abbé Sieyes carried the Constitution of 1791; the Senator Bishop Gregoire, that of 1793; the Senator Boissy d'Anglas, that of 1795; the Senator François de Neufchateau, the Constitutional variations of 1797; the Senator Volney, the Constitution of 1799; the Senator Roederer, the Constitutional variations of 1802; and the Senator Joseph Bonaparté, the Imperial Republican Constitution of 1804.

The Mameluke Rostan carried the Swords of State and of Justice, before the Grand Judge, Regnier, who was attended by a numerous suite of one hundred Special Military Commissioners; fifty thousand Jailors; twenty-five thousand Executioners; and fifteen hundred thousand Spies; headed by Citizen Mehée, Spy-in-Chief of the French Republic.

Ten millions of Members of the Legion of Honour, carrying with them nine millions nine hundred and ninety-nine reprieves from the gallows, from the galleys, from the hulks, from the pillories, and from the houses of correction. They all wore the new Imperial Order of St. Guillotine, suspended in a tri-coloured riband. The collars of this order were chains highly finished, interwoven with guillotines, daggers, and bayonets; the robes of the order red, *couleur du sang*,

sang, lined with the skins of tigers, foxes, and monkies.

General Abdallah Menou, in full regimentals, carried the Alcoran, escorted by a corps of Mamelukes and Arabs; and the Bishop of Autun, Talleyrand, in his episcopal dress, carried the Bible, escorted by the Italian Consular Guard.

His Imperial Majesty, Napoleon the First, then followed; having in one hand a demi-globe, in the form of a bowl, and in the other a sceptre, with two sharp points, one of which was poisoned. The bowl, as well as the sceptre, was of the Jaffa manufactory. His Majesty's carriage was drawn by 116 horses, representing the 116 departments of his dominions; and mounted by deputations of the Senate, of the Tribunate, and of the Legislative Body, dressed like Mountebanks. General Berthier acted as coachman; the two Consuls as lacqueys; and Cardinal Caprara, with the four French Revolutionary Cardinals, as postillions.

Immediately after the Emperor's coach, followed in a balloon, Her Imperial Majesty the Empress, Josephine La Pagerie, Beauharnois, Barras, Bonaparté, &c. She was accompanied by a battalion of maids of honour on horseback.

Arrived at *Bicetre**, Their Majesties were met by a deputation of Musfies, Chicks, and of the other revolutionary clergy, repeating *Domine, saluum fac Imperatorem domi hujus*; to which all the active citizens of Bicetre answered, *Amen!*

After the Mussulmen had finished their readings of the Alcoran, Abbé Sieyes ascended the pulpit, and delivered a pathetic sermon, informing the audience of the great honour and eminent services which the new

* The Bicetre is a prison two miles from Paris, where all persons incurably mad, or incorrigibly wicked, are shut up. It was formerly a castle, and has yet a large chapel.

Emperor

Emperor had done the French nation, during the massacres at Toulon in 1793, in those at Paris in 1795, in those in Italy during 1797, and in those at Jaffa in 1799.

In the absence of the Pope, the Bishop Talleyrand performed the coronation ceremony. To preserve the Republican simplicity, the Imperial Crown had been made at Luxemburgh, of gilt paper, and received the blessings of Bishop Gregoire * and Abbé Sieyes.

Madame Talleyrand performed the coronation ceremony on Madame Bonaparté. Her crown was similar to that of her Imperial Consort, with the exception that Madame Tallien and Madame Recamier had read prayers over it.

To gratify the curiosity of the people, the procession returned on foot. But the conspiracies of the Chouans are not yet at an end; their accomplices in the clouds poured down a hail-storm, which washed away the Imperial Crowns and the Constitutional Codes, and wetted, besides, Their Imperial Majesties to the skin.

Except this accident, every thing passed on with the greatest regularity.

A CORONATION ODE,

TO BE CHANTED BY EMPEROR BONAPARTE'.

[From the Morning Post.]

SING—sing!

Ye murderers of your lawful King!

Ye bards of Gaul soar high,

On Fancy's pinions fly,

* Bishop Gregoire, in giving his vote for the death of Louis XVI. said, "The word *Hereditary Sovereign* is a kind of talisman, the magic power of which may create many disorders; the abolition is therefore necessary. Kings or Emperors are, in the moral world, what monsters are in the natural; Courts are always the centre of corruption, and the workhouse of crimes."—Gregoire is now a Senator, and one of those who voted for an hereditary Sovereignty in the Bonaparté family.

Teach

Teach heav'n and earth to roar.
 Such elevated strains
 As man ne'er heard before;
 For Bonaparté reigns!
 Let every heart with gladness throb;
 Rejoice, illustrious Sov'reign Mob!
 Rejoice ye furious *Sans Culottes*,
 Heroic swains and witty fots;
 And ye most mighty twins,
 Brave Cordeliers and Jacobins;
 Who planted first the tree
 Of Gallic liberty!

Behold it now with ripen'd fruit abound,
 —Lo! Bonaparté crown'd!

Will not this lofty theme inspire
 Thy noblest lays—thou lazy lyre?
 Then let more pliant music play,
 And usher in this glorious day:
 Sound—more congenial to my ears,
 To steel my heart and drown my fears—
 Sound, sound, ye cannon hoarse!
 Sound, sound, ye trumpets shrill!
 And music still more coarse,
 Let not your throats be still.

This day through all the streets resound
 Melodious marrowbones and cleavers!
 For strains of harmony renown'd;
 Rejoice, ye Atheists—and ye *True Believers*;
 For lo!—your mighty Emperor's crown'd!

O thou *sole object* of my adoration!
 Who rais'd me to this lofty station;
 To thee—to thee alone
 I owe this stately Throne!
 What though my title to this robe
 So richly dy'd in Royal blood,
 Which makes me King of half the globe,
 By fools is not accounted good?
 Let others to such idle whims attend,
 I have a right to reign—for *Fortune is my Friend*!

Sons of Freedom, sons of Fame,
 Now first worthy of the name!

Who

Who trampled on the sacred laws
Of Heav'n and Earth, in Freedom's cause,
Swore and forswore yourselves genteelly,
Dethron'd your King—forsook your God;
Then fought and bled, like heroes, freely,
At ev'ry wily Tyrant's nod.
See now your Idol condescend
To hear your pray'rs—your troubles end !
In spite of all your *envious neighbours*,
At length, in crowning me, she amply crowns your labours !
When you dethron'd and kill'd your King,
And hatred to all Sovereigns swore,
Ye knew not what a precious thing
Kind Fortune had for you in store !
Behold your idol Liberty,
For which you fought so long—*'t is me ! ! !*
The mangled bodies of the Princely race,
And other virtuous victims of your fury,
So bravely butcher'd without judge or jury,
Form for my *Throne a noble base !*
Then bow your heads, and sing,
Instead of "*Vive la Liberté,*"
"Long live our Emperor and King,
Fruit of our fertile tree !"
O Heav'ns ! that wondrous thing *am I,*
Methinks I feel my head *already touch the sky !*

BARDD CLOFF.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. WROTTESLEY, IN THE CHARACTER OF
JOHN BULL, AT THE FOLEY HOUSE MASQUERADE.

ODDS, jays and magpies ! 'midst this sprightly bevy,
My sp'rit, if heard, may seem too grave and heavy ;
But in this throng, of whim and frolic full,
Some English tars will listen to John Bull.
Think not John Bull esteems it meritorious
On harmless merriment to be censorious :
No ;—when his sterner duties are perform'd,
The patriot flame, which all his bosom warm'd,
Ever in sparks of social wit subsides,
And jovial laughter shakes his generous sides !

Yes, he can laugh, and loudly too, whene'er
 Our foes invasion or descent prepare !
 E'en if the waves, when Gallic hordes assail us,
 Barr'd with the oak of British navies, sail us,
 Our sea-built gate their strongest effort thwarts,
 Barr'd with the adamant of British hearts.
 But hark ! I hear some murmurs in the crowd ;
 They tell me to take care, nor speak too loud—
 A Statesman * says, " Your gibes may reach, I fear,
 The Consular—I mean th' Imperial ear :
 The man 's a scoundrel ; I can ne'er excuse him,
 And in the Senate constantly abuse him :
 Fight him, be-tyrant him, dethrone him, kill him ;
 But jokes, you know, with bile and gall may fill him :
 This jest of yours might prove a dangerous teaser ;
 Shoot as you may, you must not laugh at Cæsar."
 And must then all our objects of derision
 Be subject to an enemy's revision ?
 Whilst our lov'd King, throughout this happy isle,
 Bids every face with cheerful pleasure smile,
 Shall counter-orders from an hostile shore
 E'er say to free-born Britons—" Smile no more ?"
 No, but one nobler sentiment prevails,
 Though foreign threat, though party clamour fails :
 Howe'er State cant his anger may provoke,
 John Bull disclaims, abhors the dangerous joke
 Which can excite one kindred bosom's fears,
 Or risk to cause one anxious parent's tears †.

A DONKEY ODE.

[From the Morning Herald.]

AT Foley House was run a race
 (Fit to be sung with Chevy Chase)
 By things of blood,
 Yclep'd *Jack Asses*—stout and good,
 Who ran so desperate and dead a heat,
 That none could tell,
 'T was done so well,
 Which of this *Donkey* class
 Turn'd out the braver *Ass*,
 He that did give, or he that won the plate !

NIM.

DONKEY ODE—II.

[From the same.]

BUT t' other night,
 Fit for the Gods, I gave a fight
 To Lords and Ladies British,
 Who now and then,
 Women, as well as men,
 Like a good thing, that 's dev'lish skittish !
 So, d—n the pelf,
 I thought I 'd do it like myself,
 By Bards to be recounted ;
 That folks, in compliment to me,
 Might crack their very sides to see
 The *Dickies mount*—the *Donkies mounted* !
 Pray, poets, " write it down
 " That I 'm an afs ;"
 So through *Lud's* town
 My fame may pass,
 Where *Balaam's* cattle thrive ;
 Since I can *race*, and *prance*, and *bray*,
 And 'mong my betters make my way
 With *any* afs alive !

NIM.

 WANTED,

A GOOD CAT, OR A RAT-CATCHER.

[From the British Press.]

IT was probably owing to the heavy rain of yesterday morning, that the Parks and Promenades did not display their usual quantum of beauty—and that muslin transparencies and green parasols were not, as usual, the order of the day. So far, however, as curiosity was a sufferer by the absence of beauty and fashion, the loss was amply compensated by the appearance of an immense swarm of *Rats*, which, issuing from their holes in the neighbourhood of Westminster, spread terror and confusion through the whole

whole place. Some concluded that a ship was sinking in the Thames ; others, that an old house was falling ; but it seemed to be the prevailing opinion, that the new Minister was upon the tumble.—A message was immediately sent to Downing Street, with this extraordinary news ; but no satisfactory explanation could be obtained, as the State Rat-trap appeared in excellent condition, and as well baited as ever with *candle-ends* and *cheese-parings*. These new rats are the most extraordinary ever seen.—As they have shewn a shyness of the state-trap, and Mr. Pitt, who was represented, by the late Sir Robert Clayton, as the best cat of his day, has been found imbecile and inefficient, a good rat-catcher, who will undertake to wheedle and take these destructive animals, will meet with due encouragement.

June 11.

REWARD OFFERED.

[From the same.]

LOST, stolen, strayed, or absconded, about three o'clock on Saturday morning, from his usual place of residence, near Westminster Hall, Mr. Pitt's old servant, *Thumping Majority* *. Having done vast service in the late war, and being a great favourite, his Master is inconsolable for his loss. *Thumping Majority* is always talking politics, and used to distinguish himself greatly in all debates upon the State of the Nation ; upon all questions relative to the late *just* and *neccessary* war, and all matters of finance. About three years ago, Mr. Pitt turned Volunteer, and went down to Dover, leaving Mr. Addington to keep house for him in his absence. *Thumping Majority*, with the rest of the household,

* The Minister's division at three o'clock in the morning of June 9, was only 221 to 181. Majority 40 !

remained

remained *in statu quo*; but whether it was that the *locum tenens* did not keep so good a table as the Master, or from some defect of constitution, poor *Thumping Majority* fell into a galloping decline. He has something of a Russian and Welsh appetite, being very fond of *candle-ends* and *cheese-parings*; and, what from sinecures and places bestowed upon him by his Master, is said to be very rich. Indeed, as he held the purse of the nation many years, he must have been a great fool if he did not help himself. Some say, however, that he was very extravagant, and that it was only during the time Mr. Addington had him on board wages, that he began to economize. It is allowed on all hands, that his Master cannot carry on business without him; and, therefore, any money will be given to the finder, who shall restore him, if lost, stolen, or strayed; and if he has absconded, he will be taken back with pleasure, and all faults will be forgiven. A man of the name of Fox, having lately threatened to set up business in opposition to Mr. Pitt, it is feared that the former, knowing his value, and that the concern cannot stand without his assistance, may have tempted him to go out of the way, or to engage in his service. Any person giving information where he may be found, will be most liberally rewarded. No money or pains will be spared; no terms will be considered extravagant, as in fact the Minister cannot exist without him.—Application to be made to Mr. Paymaster, at the sign of the Rose, Palace Yard.

June 11.

PARDON ASKED.

[From the same.]

WHEREAS I, "*Citizen Courier*," of the Strand, London, did praise and extol Mr. Addington when in office; asserted that he was a most able,

vigorous, and efficient Minister, and that his Government was the wisest, the most prosperous and glorious that England ever saw; and WHEREAS, when the said Mr. Addington went out of office, I went over to his successor, and have since extolled Mr. Pitt as loudly as I extolled the Gentleman whom he succeeded; and WHEREAS, during both these periods, I uniformly abused the Honourable Charles James Fox in the most indecent and scurrilous terms; representing him as a mere driveller, who scarcely knew how to write his name, and if he did attempt to speak in the House of Commons acquitted himself there like a quibbling Old Bailey Solicitor: and WHEREAS I fear that Mr. Pitt's Administration will not stand, and think it may promote my interest to praise the said Honourable Charles James Fox in future, as much as I have lately abused him; and WHEREAS the said Charles James Fox, in consideration of my ignorance and insignificance, has humanely and graciously pleased to look with contempt upon me, and declined bringing any action against me, for these my manifold transgressions: Now I, *Citizen Courier*, do, in this public manner, declare my sincere sorrow and repentance for my past conduct, and do beg pardon for it, in the most humble and abject manner; and farther, do most solemnly promise, that I will, in future, extol to the skies, as long as I shall find it tend to my pecuniary interest and emolument, the said Charles James Fox, and maintain throughout the world that he is the most eloquent, the wisest, and the most enlightened Statesman that England ever produced, and that all who deny it are traitors and Jacobins, and tools of Bonaparté and M. Talleyrand; and I do at the same time most humbly beg pardon of all my cotemporaries for degrading the character of the British Press, by my ~~perfidy~~ and inconsistency.

)} CITIZEN COURIER ✕ his Mark.

LINES BY THE DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,
 INSCRIBED ON THE PEDESTAL SUPPORTING A BUST
 OF MR. FOX, IN THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S "TEMPLE
 OF FRIENDSHIP," AT WOBURN, WHICH CONTAINS
 THE BUSTS OF HIS MOST VALUED INTIMATES.

HERE, 'midst the friends he lov'd, the man behold,
 In truth unshaken, and in virtue bold;
 Whose patriot zeal and uncorrupted mind
 Dar'd to assert the freedom of Mankind;
 And whilst extending desolation far,
 Ambition spread the baleful flames of war,
 Fearless of blame, and eloquent to save,
 'T was he—'t was Fox—the warning counsel gave!
 'Midst jarring conflicts stemm'd the tide of blood,
 And to the menac'd world a sea-mark stood.
 Oh! had his voice in Mercy's cause prevail'd,
 What grateful millions had the Statesman hail'd!
 Whose wisdom bade the broils of nations cease,
 And taught the world humanity and peace!
 But though he fail'd, succeeding ages here
 The vain yet pious effort shall revere;
 Boast in their annals his illustrious name,
 Uphold his greatness, and confirm his fame!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. HARE.

BY HER GRACE THE DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

HARK! 't was the knell of death—what spirit fled,
 And burst the shackles man is doom'd to bear?
 Can it be true, and 'midst the senseless dead
 Must sorrowing thousands count the loss of Hare?
 Shall not his genius life's short date prolong,
 (Pure as the æther of its kindred sky);
 Shall wit enchant no longer from his tongue,
 Or beam, in vivid flashes, from his eye?
 Oh no! that mind, for every purpose fit,
 Has met, alas! the universal doom;
 Unrival'd fancy, judgment, sense, and wit,
 Were his, and only left him at the tomb.

Rest, spirit! rest; for gentle was thy course;
 Thy rays, like temper'd suns, no venom knew;
 For still benevolence allay'd the force
 Of the keen darts thy matchless satire threw.

Yet not alone thy genius I deplore,
 Nor o'er thy various talents drop a tear;
 But weep to think I shall behold no more
 A lost companion, and a friend sincere.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S
 BEAUTIFUL LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. HARE,

BY THE REV. JOHN GRIFFIN.

WHILE o'er his sacred ashes thousands mourn,
 And Devon's noble Muse enshrines his urn;
 While her Promethean fire revives his dust,
 Recalls his manes, animates his bust;
 Can Hare lie senseless? 'Bove yon ambient skies,
 Behold his goldlike spirit triumphant rise.
 His hallow'd mantle wrought with laureat wreaths,
 His genius and his worth, the Bard bequeaths
 To thee, too rich in both!—They fall to thee,
 Thou lovely daughter of sweet Sympathy!
 Thy absent, not lost, friend, cease to deplore;
 Soon shall we greet him on that happy shore,
 Where love like thine, and friendship, ne'er shall fear
 The pang of absence, or the parting tear.

IMPROMPTUS.

ON COLONEL HENDERSON'S EXTINGUISHING, WITH HIS
 CHAPEAU DE BRAS, A LADY'S CLOTHES ON FIRE.

[From the Morning Post.]

THE gallant Colonel flew with speed,
 Preisd with his *hat* the flaming part;
 Quench'd by th' heroic deed the *fire*,
 But found it *kindle* in his *heart*.

ON

ON THE SAME.

FOR your noble exploit with your *chapeau de bras*,
 Thus whisper'd a witty old crony—
 "You 've a right, my dear Colonel, by gallantry's law,
 To become the bright fair's *chaperoni*."

PUNCTUM SALIENS.

TO MISS *****,

ON HER LATE HAPPY DELIVERANCE FROM THE TOO
 OFTEN FATAL EFFECTS OF A SPARK, BY THE PRESS-
 ING APPLICATION OF THE CHAPEAU.

[From the same.]

LO! in a luckless hour, a flame,
 Regardless of so fair a dame,
 Had near destruction dealt;
Fainting and senseless though you lay,
The knowing-ones around you say,
 The remedy was felt.

OLD SLYBOOTS.

THE BIRTH, PARENTAGE AND EDUCATION,
 LAST DYING SPEECH AND CONFESSION, OF
 THE SOLAR HYPOTHESIS.

[From the British Prefs.]

I AM of Heathen extraction, begotten by the vain
 and idolatrous imagination of Pythagoras, a famous
 Greek philosopher, and was born of his prolific
 brain; but my form being contrary to nature, I was
 educated in private; notwithstanding my father taught
 in public the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and
 during his life was introduced only to a few of his
 most intimate acquaintance. After my father's de-
 cease I was ushered into the world as the mirror
 of astronomy; but I soon got into disrepute, and lay
 in obscurity upwards of a thousand years, until Co-
 pernicus, a renowned Prussian philosopher, revived and
 again introduced me to the world; yet he grew ashamed,

and forsook me. Galileo, a celebrated Italian philosopher, afterwards introduced me to his learned friends, some of whom patronized and countenanced me; but Galileo suffered persecution for my sake, and publicly renounced me. Last of all, the great Sir Isaac Newton espoused me, and exerted all his abilities and learning to dignify and embellish my form with a sumptuous and elegant garb, and the followers of Sir Isaac Newton absolutely deified me: this is an honour I never expected. But I have enjoyed great felicity, having outshone all my competitors in splendour and admiration, and ever since I have been invested with the imperial diadem, my subjects, the learned philosophers, have endeavoured to outvie each other in elucidation, illumination, and abject adulation. But alas! alas! how uncertain and short-lived are earthly power and grandeur; for I am constrained to acknowledge and confess, I have held up false and unnatural principles, and that I have deceived all those philosophers who vainly and foolishly pinned their faith upon my splendid and delusive equipage. A modern magician having detected and publicly exposed my frauds and impositions, I can no longer sit on my throne with safety, nor carry on my deceptions with impunity, therefore I am resolved to lay violent hands on myself; for I cannot endure the thoughts of being publicly degraded and executed. Yet as some compensation is due to my friends for the honours they have conferred upon me, for their consolation I make this public confession, that I am a spurious, vile, and wicked impostor; that I ought to have been degraded and executed before all the people; and I solemnly declare this to be my last dying speech and confession.

Done at our Court in Greenwich Park, the 21st day of June 1804.

SOLAR HYPOTHESIS;
Alias COPERNICAN, alias NEWTONIAN,
SYSTEM OF ASTRONOMY.

STATE

STATE COACH.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

SINCE the papers have informed us that the *State Coach* has got a new *driver*, it becomes us to look well to his qualifications; and of these, I confess, I have my doubts. I have long travelled in this machine, through all manner of roads, and in all kinds of weather; and I flatter myself I know what belongs to a skilful driver. The present gentleman of the whip, however, is by no means a new hand: to my knowledge, and to my sad experience, he drove the same machine about eighteen years, and in such a way, that two years ago it would have broke down, had he not pretended to quarrel with some *Irish outside* passengers, and left his employment in a huff. How he contrived to jockey his successor (a quiet sort of man, but who knew little of his business), I know not. Some say he offered to take into the concern the partners in the *Opposition coaches*; but he had no sooner, by whatever means, got the reins into his hands, than he drove his first stage, although not one half of the horses were changed. As soon as he made a stop, he put in such cattle as another man would scarcely venture to carry eggs to market with; and with them he still keeps spurring and whipping through thick and thin, although a *majority* of the passengers who admired this machine will not take a *place* in it. To the passengers who are obliged to go with him he is barely civil, and threatens to raise the fares to a most exorbitant rate, under pretence of "persons and property" being better protected by his, than any other mode of conveyance. To his *insides*, indeed, who engage to go the *whole length* of the journey, he is somewhat more complaisant; but even some of them are ashamed to be seen in the coach, and often get down and walk when they come to any up-hill work. With

the outsidés he keeps no measures, insisting upon five per cent. on all their baggage; and some say, he intends in a short time to take *ten*. Add to this, that the roads are as dirty as ever; and, to increase the perplexity of his passengers, he will never shew them the *way-bill*, so they can never tell where to stop, nor how far they have to go. And the poor miserable cattle, whom nothing can make to draw even, kick up such a dust, that the passengers are half blind, and very much out of humour that this man should have the sole management of the coach.

Be so kind, Sir, as to insert this, that it may meet the eye of the worthy proprietor, and perhaps we may obtain some redress. All we want is *good horses* and a *sober, steady* driver. I am, Sir, Yours,

July 5.

A PASSENGER.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Oracle.]

WANTED, for immediate service, a *bold dashing* dog, who can blot out the *records* of England, and assert, without a blush—like the doers of the Morning Chronicle—that this country has never been able to fight France *single-handed*. He must represent our Edwards and our Henries as mere heroes of romance, and the battles of Poitiers, of Cressy, of Agincourt, with all the other brilliant exploits of our forefathers, as amusing fictions!—The title long enjoyed by our Kings, and inscribed on our coin, to perpetuate the memory of an English coronation at Paris, may be called a lying legend; and, with regard to events of a later date, the successes of a Marlborough, or even those of a still later date, the triumphs over the French fleets and armies, in every quarter of the globe, during the administration of a Pitt, in the years 1759 and 1760, they may be ascribed to our allies, and not to our own individual exertions.

—Aa

An expertness in “defacing” or denying “the monuments of *conquered* France,” is not the only talent which the character now advertised for must possess. It is requisite that he should—like the doers of the Morning Chronicle—keep up a *show of great political shrewdness and sagacity*—that he should never attempt to reason, for fear of exposing his ignorance; but always distort—then laugh at what he is unable to answer—and that, even when the resources of delusion and ridicule fail, he should endeavour to confound public opinion by the most daring falsehoods. The latter is very necessary!

As the *Confederacy* have lately failed in all their attempts, so their *new assistant* wished for must, in his report of the Debates, suppress their blunders; and, whatever the divisions may be, must make less appear *more*, and more appear *less*. It will not do to ascribe *majorities* to the improper interference of Irish Members in questions relating to England; as this silly assertion has already provoked a severe reply from one of their own party, and is so repugnant to the principles of an Union, and to the express letter as well as the spirit of a general representation.

In condemning every plan which may be adopted for the increase of our disposable forces, and for giving a proper direction to the energies of our Volunteers, he must not forget the jarring parties of which the *present heterogeneous Opposition* consists, or he will fall into the dangerous error of cross-firing; and though he may take aim at the Minister, will probably hit the *regular Colonel* and Mr. Windham, on one side, or Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Fox on the other.

Great artifice must be used to *damp* the spirit of the people, and to destroy all their hopes, by maintaining that a war of defence is pregnant with ruin, and that offensive operations are still more frantic: that we are “not able to fight France single-handed; and that
the

the wisdom and vigour of our councils are no less unlikely to inspire foreign powers with confidence."

An air of pleasantry may also be given to some remarks on Mr. Pitt's being *single-handed*, as well as the country, and on the impossibility of his holding the *reins*, and driving the *state-coach*, without having Mr. Fox for his postillion, and Mr. Windham for the guard!

The blunders of former writers in the pay of the *Confederacy* will be a warning to any new candidate for the situation not to follow their example. He will avoid any particular discussions about foreign cabinets, as it is so easy to shew, in spite of all contradiction, that the indecision and imbecility of the late Minister have been the cause of their coolness; but that their reliance on the character and talents of Mr. Pitt will prompt them to join in an honourable, politic, and spirited union, for the deliverance of Europe.

It would also betray much weakness to argue, that as the great powers of the continent were so unsuccessful in the late war, they would not be again disposed to pay any deference to Mr. Pitt's councils. Their failure in what ought to have been the grand object of their aim, was owing to their own want of cordial co-operation; and the dignified remonstrance of the Emperor of Russia holds out to them now a favourable opportunity which may never again present itself.

The usual limits of an advertisement will not admit of a minute detail of the qualifications of *Editor-General* to the *Confederacy*. He himself must be able to make out a map of the ground which he is to take, and of the various spots which he must not venture to stand upon. He must know when to shake the *torch of discord*, and when to prevent it from consuming too fast. A man of this description, like some of the doers of the *Morning Chronicle*, and who has
not

not the dread of a prison or a pillory before his eyes, by applying at the principal office of the *Confederacy* in the Strand, will immediately get tickets of admittance to all the *public* and *private dinners* of the *Faction*, besides assurances of farther reward, in proportion to the malicious ingenuity and mischievous effect of his exertions.

N. B. A few specimens, either in prose or verse, of a *libellous*, *treasonable*, or *seditious* tendency, will be expected.

July 9.

THE FOUR POLITICAL WINDS.

[From the British Press.]

WHY the *helm* of Government is become a common phrase; why the country should be identified, as it is, in daily debate and conversation, with a ship at sea under the influence of the *winds*; the following characters clearly evince.

I. THE ANGLO-BOREAS, OR POLITICAL PITT WIND.

This wind is greatly dreaded by political valetudinarians, is death to those who have the least Jacobinical taint, and very apt to bring on *yellow fever*, *scarlet fever*, complaint in the *chest*, &c. It lately gave nearly two hundred Members of the House of Commons the yellow *jaundice*, and threw the Opposition into a *consumption*. Indeed, even the English Constitution, supposed to be the strongest, soundest, and healthiest in the world, has proved unable to resist its attacks. It has also a very injurious effect upon the moral as well as the physical qualities of man, destroying his spirit and independence, and inspiring an insatiable desire for places and pensions. It blows, in general, fierce and boisterous. In the late war it not only swept away the whole Corresponding Society, but threatened every moment to overturn the government

government of France. Upon a recent occasion it did much damage in the Coalition Garden at Westminster, where it blasted all the sweet opening blossoms of hope, and nipped in the bud the golden promise of place and power. What is very remarkable, it knocked down a fine ornamental *Temple*, while a bed of *Roses*, within a few yards of it, never appeared fresher, or in richer or more luxuriant bloom. The Pitt Wind is, at present, the prevailing wind in the latitude of Downing Street and the Parliament House. Its origin is thus described by the Roman poet :

“ Ecce autem Boreas angusta sede Pelori
Missus adest.”

“ Pelori” is here, according to the commentators, a mistake for “*Doveri*.” “*Angusta sede*,” therefore, clearly means the Straits of Dover, from which the Pitt Wind is *known to come*.

II. THE FOX EURUS, OR POLITICAL EAST WIND.

This wind blows from the rising sun, cheering and invigorating all nature. Its effect upon the Constitution is the reverse of the Anglo-Boreas, or Pitt Wind. The state physicians, however, think that, from an excess of mildness, the body politic would be in danger of falling into a relaxed habit under its influence. Horace calls this wind the “*Niger Eurus*, the Black East Wind.” Some translators have interpreted this epithet, as black with clouds and storm ; but this is manifestly an error, as the *Fox Eurus* is of a very calm and pacific character. The epithet *niger*, “*black*,” applies to the face of this wind, or, to use a seaman’s phrase, to the *wind’s eye*.

III. THE GRENVILLE AUSTER, OR POLITICAL SOUTH WIND,

Is accompanied with continual drizzling showers, which only tease the traveller, without giving him a complete

complete fousing, and just produce a damp upon the ground, without penetrating the soil, or adding to its luxuriance. It blows sometimes in shrill and whistling tones *, and just about that degree of strength which schoolboys wish, when they purpose to fly their kites, or washerwomen, when they would hang out their wet linen. This wind is also styled the *Plumbeus Auster*, or, "*Leaden South Wind*," as it is occasionally dull, heavy, and oppressive to the senses †.

It is also called by the poets the "*Frigidus Auster*," or the "*Cold South Wind*," as we find in the following line :

"*Frigidus ut quondam sylvis immurmurat Auster*," alluding to Mr. E—t, or Earl T—ple, when, in the course of debate, they are lost *in a wood*.

IV. THE ADDINGTON ZEPHYRUS, OR POLITICAL WEST WIND.

A more gentle wind does not blow from any point of the compass. It is a *genial, prolific* air, such as every good *family* man admires. Plautus, alluding to this wind, describes it as *serenus, mitis, &c. serene, mild, &c.*; and says, "*hic facit tranquillitatem*;" "*This is the wind that makes peace* †." The Addington Zephyrus, however, has proved itself a light whistling wind, likely to bring on a deceitful calm, while the Anglo-Boreas, although it menaces us with destruction, fills the swelling sail, ploughs up old ocean, and threatens destruction to the shores of France with British thunder wafted upon its wings.

Such are the nature, quality, and effect of these four cardinal winds, when they blow separately; but when two or more of them blow at the same time, then they

* Hear Mr. Windham.

† See report of Dr. Lawrence's last speech.

‡ Vide the History of Mr. Addington's Administration.

produce

produce a political *tornado*, or *whirlwind*, as in the case of the present *Coalition* against the Minister. It is to this amalgamation of the parties in the windy war, or war of words, that Virgil alludes, when he says,

“Una Eurufq. Notufq. ruunt, creberq. procellis
Africus.”

Notus is synonymous with *Auster*, or the Grenville South Wind; and by *Africus* is here clearly understood the *Wilberforcian wind*, a sort of whistling blast, in which the Africans take great delight, and is hailed by them as the forerunner of that happy period when they shall cease to be slaves, and avarice, cruelty, and oppression, shall be obliged to release one half of human nature from their merciless and ferocious gripe.

There are, besides these, several inferior winds, such as the “*Trade Winds*,” in which Borough-mongers, Placemen, and Pensioners, take great delight, and make many successful voyages; the *Sirocco*, which brings on melting heat, and prevails in the House of Commons on every debate night from the 1st of June to the last of August: and there is also the ill wind, “that blows nobody good.”

Were all these winds to break loose, and blow at the same moment, universal ruin and confusion must ensue. It has been, therefore, found necessary to assign them a keeper, to watch their *rising*, superintend their *motions*, and prevent more than one from blowing at a time: we say “blowing,” as all are agreed that “*words are but wind*.” Virgil, alluding to this regulation, in his first *Æneid* says,

“ — Hic vasto Rex *Æolus* antro:
Luctantes ventos tempestatq. sonoras
Imperio premit ac vincolo et carcere frænat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis
Circum claustra fremunt. Celsa sedet *Æolus* arce
Sceptra tenens; mollitq. animos et temperat iras.”

The

The *Æolus* here mentioned by the poet is clearly the S—r of the H—e of C—m—s, whose duty it is to keep all these contending winds and sounding tempests in due order. The *celsa arce* is the chair; *claustra* literally means the bar: and, as to the *magnocum murmure montis*, it is well known that in the French National Convention there was a part expressly called “*the Mountain*,” with us, it probably means the Opposition Bench.

July 6.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

[From the Morning Post.]

ON Saturday last the Jury sat on the body of Mr. Tibbs, late Overseer of the Poor of the Parish of Parlington, near Walmer Castle, Kent.

The first witness examined was Mr. Ezekiel Wigsby, a respectable Officer of the Excise, who deposed, that ever since the first reading of Mr. Pitt's Defence Bill, the deceased had manifested an unaccountable degree of melancholy and depression of spirits; that, two days before he hung himself, he heard the deceased say, that if Mr. Pitt's Bill passed, there would not be ten Churchwardens in the kingdom who would not endeavour to make away with themselves; and that he for one would prefer leaving this world with the unspotted fame of an Overseer of the Poor, rather than be stigmatized after death with the name of Crimp or Recruiting Officer.

Mrs. Tibbs, the inconsolable widow of Mr. Tibbs, was next sworn, and deposed, that Mr. Tibbs, ever since the Defence Bill was talked of, frequently started in his sleep, uttering expressions of the most unintelligible sort, such as “*Quota! Quota! Quota!*” That the deceased often spoke in terms of great disrespect of a person of the name of Pitt, who, he said, would
give

give him more trouble in running up and down the country, than his health and strength were equal to. That the deponent supposed the person so alluded to must be some one whom Mr. Tibbs, as a Parish Officer, had a warrant against, as the father of some illegitimate child; but she has since heard, and believed, that the deceased spoke of and concerning a gentleman of W——er Castle, Kent, whose character has ever been irreproachable as to any *such* charge.

Mr. Oliver Orifice, Surgeon and Apothecary, deposed, that he was called in to view the body of Mr. Tibbs, and had applied, though unsuccessfully, the various experiments advised by the Humane Society, such as thumping, scratching, and blowing into the deceased. The relations of Mr. Tibbs, unwilling to impute his death to suicide, attributed it chiefly to indigestion at a Vestry feast held the day before. Accordingly, at their request, the deponent opened the stomach of the deceased, and found only the ordinary remains of a parish dinner, and a few pellets of printed paper, which, though certainly of an indigestible nature, could not have been the cause of his death. On unfolding the pellets of printed paper, there appeared the words, "Be it farther enacted,"—"Permanent Defence Bill,"—"Overseers and Churchwardens,"—"Fines and Penalties."

The worthy Rector of the Parish of Parlington deposed to the moral and religious conduct of Mr. Tibbs. He was confident, that, as a man and a Christian, he would never have committed an act of suicide, but that he had merely hung himself in his public character as an Overseer. The Rector owned that he had a vote for the University of Cambridge, but still must say, that he thought Mr. Tibbs's catastrophe was ascribable to Mr. Pitt's new Defence Bill, and the more so, as it had already driven great numbers of Parish Officers to acts of despair in the western and midland

midland parts of England, who were found in canals and horse-ponds daily and hourly, having destroyed themselves as the Chinese do, from mere motives of alarm and apprehension.

Mr. Coroner informed the Parson that he could not receive this as evidence.

Sergeant Flanagan was lastly called in, and deposed, that he had known the late Mr. Tibbs ever since he had been with his recruiting party in Kent; that on Wednesday last Mr. Tibbs inquired of him the deponent; what a parish officer could do to raise men for an army?—That the deponent told him, he must refuse parish relief to all who refused to enlist; that Mr. Tibbs replied, that he had a soul to be saved, and so had several of the neighbouring Justices, and that he would take no such step;—that the deponent then informed the deceased, that he must buy a drum, and three hundred yards of riband for cockades. Mr. Tibbs said, if he bought a drum, he did not know how to beat it, and looked very melancholy; that he saw him soon after go into a collar-maker's shop, hard by, who sells halters, patent blacking, and other quack medicines.

Here the evidence closed, which Mr. Coroner summed up with his usual clearness and impartiality. The Jury retired a very short time, and brought in a verdict of—"Wilful murder of Mr. Tibbs, Overseer, by Mr. Pitt's new Defence Bill."

July 4.

A NEW RECIPE FOR RAISING A PERMANENT ARMY OF IR-REGULARS.

[From the Times.]

TAKE of *trusty churchwardens* at least a full score,
And of *plump overseers* some dozens, or more;
Next *headboroughs, tything-men, constables* too,
Gravediggers and *sextons*, a strange motley crew;

Rogers,

*Rogues, pilferers, drunkards, and fets, never mind,
These for Botany Bay, those for Tyburn design'd,
Whom to exercise, drill, and the like, pray remark,
No sergeant's so fit as an old parish clerk :*

*(For who does not know that for hands up and down,
Toes out, right and left, he's the crack of the town ?
Besides, so well vers'd in his principal part,
The funeral service he'll teach them by heart.)*

*Last, mix in proportion, rank, bounty, parade,
Swear the service is short, and good feasting the trade,
And a permanent army is presently made.*

July 10.

TOM TRIM. }

THE FEAST OF THE STATUE *.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE popularity of Mr. Pitt's Defence Bill, as an ingenious, novel, and practical measure, and his unparalleled majorities in the House on the late repeated divisions, very naturally induced a numerous and respectable body of his friends and admirers to dine together yesterday, in order to expedite the long-intended project of erecting his Statue.

The business of the day was opened in a neat and classical speech, by the Right Honourable George Rose; who observed, that the present seemed a most auspicious moment for such a testimony of national gratitude, as it would mark the singular advantage the public had just derived from the very *first* and maiden essay of his Right Hon. Friend's *second* Administration. Yet he could not help lamenting, that the subscription had rather languished of late, though he had no doubt, it would now be vigorously revived from the heart-felt affections, zeal, and activity of the several Churchwardens and Overseers of the Poor throughout the kingdom, who, under the beneficial operation of the new Bill, would readily remit to the fund whatever

* See Vol. VI. p. 239—262.

they could scrape together in their respective parishes, as it would eventually tend to conciliate the new Board of Treasury, and, consequently, mitigate the fines they otherwise were exposed to for their ignorance as Recruiting Officers, and their incapacity as Crimps.

The new Secretary at War observed, in his powerful and impressive manner, that he was sure, were the Statue immediately put up, he could answer for the Volunteers, who felt such obligation to Mr. Pitt for his Bill, that they would go on permanent duty in rotation, night and day, during any number of weeks his Administration might last, to protect it against any attempts on the part of a deluded populace, who might be disposed to acts of insult and mutilation.

Several Holders of Omnium were of opinion, that the money should be returned to the Subscribers, and the less said about the whole job, the better.

This was strongly objected to by Mr. Bosanquet and the Bank Directors, who said refunding was as dangerous a system as payment in specie; and they suggested, that if the money subscribed were not now to be applied to its original patriotic purpose, of a Statue to Mr. Pitt, it had better be paid into the hands of John Julius Angerstein, Esq. for another very laudable object, that of bettering the condition of infant chimney-sweepers.

This occasioned considerable murmurs; but the Bank Directors assured the company, that they meant no allusion to the Minister, as ever having done any dirty work in the service of the public.

The Statuary was then called in, and it was inquired of him, in what degree of forwardness the Statue really was, and within what period it would be ready for erection? The Statuary candidly confessed, that he had completed nothing but the pedestal, and three of the four figures that were to support it, namely, Lord Hawkesbury, as *Proteus*; Lord Melville, as *Neptune*;

Neptune; and Lord Castlereagh, as *Apollo Jaculator*. He owned that Lord Hawkesbury's head was not quite ready; that *Apollo*, Lord Castlereagh, had lost the two strings of his bow*; and that Lord Melville's trident had been maliciously broken off by three Scotch Members, who swore it was meant for a scrubbing post.

Supposing too, that, from recent events, the Statue itself would never be wanted at all, he lastly admitted, that he had sold the block of marble to the late Ministry, who had expended it in the Stone Expedition.

The company expressed great dissatisfaction at the whole report of the Statuary, and inquired if *Portland* stone could not be substituted to supply the exigency of the artist, as they had a large lump of it on their hands, which they understood could at any time be sawed out to answer any body's purpose.

Sir Robert Buxton thought the Statue need not necessarily be of stone; *wood* had come into his *head* as a very fit material. The worthy Baronet concluded his very constitutional speech with the following elegant quotation:—

“*Experto crede Roberto.*”

The Crown Lawyers differed, and stated, that though the proposal came from a most independent country gentleman, yet it would be error in *substance*, and also contrary to the *form* of the *Statue* in this case to be made and provided.

By this time there was a great cry for the question. An Amendment was, however, moved and carried, that the Statue should not be put up till Mr. Pitt had doubled the Income Tax, and repealed the Habeas Corpus Act; and that then the Lord Advocate of Scotland should be requested to pen an inscription for it, “with all the zeal of an ardent mind.”

* See page 301.

The company then retired to a sumptuous dinner, given at Grocers' Hall. Mr. Pitt attended, and took the chair. In compliment to that great man, a transparency was placed in the middle of the table, with this neat and appropriate distich, composed by the *Grocers' Company*:—

“ Votes two hundred twenty-three !
A *fig* for the minority ! ”

The evening concluded with great conviviality. Mr. Pitt thanked the company for their persevering attachment, and then desired Mr. Dignum to sing to him that justly popular and pleasing song ;

“ The Pilot who weather'd the storm.”

June 27.

MORE ABOUT THE FEAST OF THE STATUE.

[From the same.]

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, & fuga temporum.

HOR. lib. iii. Od. 30.

HAVING been favoured with a detailed account, from the Secretaries of the Treasury, of the proceedings of the meeting which lately took place of the Subscribers to the Statue of our newly-restored Premier, we think we cannot do better than now to lay before the public the Resolutions which were agreed to by that truly disinterested and patriotic assembly, which the press of business prevented our doing in the account we have already given.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE STATUE
OF THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

I. That the Resolution which had been adopted at a meeting of the Subscribers during the time that Mr. Pitt was out of office, namely, "That the Statue should not be erected during the lifetime of Mr. Pitt," be rescinded; and that, on the contrary, now that he is again in office, no time should be lost in completing this laudable undertaking.

II. That a Committee be appointed to conduct all the business relative to its completion; and that, to secure an assiduous attention to its completion, the Committee be composed of all persons being Subscribers who hold offices under the present Government.

III. That the Committee do wait on the Lords of the Treasury, to express to them the grateful thanks of this meeting, for their patriotic gift of 2000*l.* of the public money.

IV. That the said Committee do advertise for the best design for the Statue of the Right Honourable William Pitt, according to the following plan: that he be represented as holding in his right hand the Letter to the Irish Catholics; and that the promise he made in that Letter, never to take office without their complete emancipation, be in characters distinctly legible; and that there be also represented, in basso relievo, on the four sides of the pedestal, the four principal events of his ministerial life. The first side will represent him delivering his maiden speech in the House of Commons, in which he modestly declared, he never would take any subordinate office. The second side will represent him as presiding at the Thatched House Tavern, with Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall, recommending the pursuit of Parliamentary Reform with the greatest vigour. The third side will represent him in his robes, as Chancellor of the

the Exchequer, ordering the Attorney General to prosecute those very persons for high treason, for pursuing that Parliamentary Reform which he had himself declared, both as a minister and as a man, he would never abandon. The fourth side will represent him making that truly constitutional, and never to be forgotten declaration in the House of Commons on the 18th of June 1804, "that he would continue Minister, whatever were the opinions of the House of Commons."

V. That the Committee, as soon as they shall have approved of the above designs, shall exhibit them to public view at the Exhibition Rooms, at Mr. Humphrey's, No. 27, St. James's Street; and at Mr. Deighton's, at Charing Cross.

The three first Resolutions were moved by Mr. Sturges Bourne, who prefaced them by some very neat observations on the advantages which his great patron would derive from the Statue being now erected; as, in the present state of his Government, it was highly desirable that the public eye should be exclusively directed to him: of this indeed the Government were so fully convinced, that the very first act of the new Board of Treasury had been a minute, authorizing a Treasury Warrant for 2000*l.* for this laudable purpose, exhibiting thereby a striking contrast to the criminal economy of the late Administration, which had been pushed to such an extreme, as nearly to create a most serious insurrection of that numerous class of his patron's friends, the jobbers; and affording also just grounds to hope, that the present Administration would not be guilty of so enormous a crime as husbanding the public resources. But it was not necessary for him to say much on this head, as he saw many persons in the present company who had already received more convincing proofs of the meritorious neglect of economy in the present Administration than could be proved by any assertion of his; and indeed, for one,

he saw no possible way in which the public money could be disposed of so advantageously as in procuring for his Right Honourable Friend that support, of which, now that he was among friends, he must admit he stood in the greatest need; for it was true his popularity was quite gone, that he was no longer followed by that enthusiastic admiration which had accompanied him in the better days of his ministerial life; besides, he no longer shared the cares of government with that able and respectable body of persons who had formerly, along with him, conducted the Chariot of the State. They—

—*saltu in contraria facto,*

Colla jugo excutiant, abruptaque lora relinquunt.

OVID. MET. Lib. 2. v. 314.

He had also deprived himself of the aid to be derived from the abuse of his political rival (a man whose integrity could only be equalled by his sagacity), by having himself recommended him to the King, as the person eminently the most fit to rescue the state from the perilous crisis in which it was. Some persons might, perhaps, think this recommendation made by his Right Honourable Friend was a political slip; but if fairly considered, it would appear quite otherwise; for in no other way could his friend have been in a situation in which there could be any chance of his being restored to power. Indeed, if ever this business could fairly be brought before the public, he was sure his friend would appear to have acted in the way those who best knew his character always thought he would, and that he had only used the cry for an increased defence, and the wish for a union of parties, as the means by which he could vault into the seat of Government!

—*Spe fervidus ardet :*

*Poscit equostatque arma simul, saltuque superbus
Emicat in cœtrum, et manibus molitur habenas.*

ÆN. xii. l. 325.

For

For these reasons he hoped the meeting would adopt the resolutions he had proposed; which was accordingly unanimously done with every mark of approbation.

Lord Castlereagh then moved the fourth and fifth Resolutions, which he said he was induced to do by the persuasion, that, great as were the advantages the public would derive from the completion of the Statue, those advantages would be still further increased by the Resolutions he was now submitting to their consideration, which, if adopted, would daily place before the public eye those events which had so justly entitled his Right Honourable Friend to the high situation he now filled, and would exhibit to the present, and to future times, an historical account of the principal features of his friend's life, and also a kind of moral essay on politics (the morality of which differed totally, in his opinion, from that of private life), by which it would be shewn what ought to be the conduct of those who aspire to the first situations of the state.—In the success of his motions he felt a peculiar interest; as, in many respects, his own life had been similar to that of his Right Hon. Friend; he, like him, had been a warm promoter of Parliamentary Reform; he, like him, had instigated others to pursue it with eagerness, and in modes, perhaps, not strictly legal; he, like him, had abandoned it when it suited his interest to abandon it, and persecuted those whom, by following his example, he had ensnared in the pursuit of that object; but, above all, he, like him, had made a solemn promise to the Irish Catholics, never to take office without the complete Catholic Emancipation; and his had been the hand which wrote that famous letter which had scarcely arrived across the Channel when he took office in an Administration formed for the express purpose of preventing Catholic Emancipation taking place. In, therefore, celebrating actions of this kind, he not only felt he was dis-

charging a public duty, but he felt he was also gratifying, what he was not ashamed to own, his vanity, by shewing, in a most eminent manner, what ought to be the conduct of those who aspired to great situations in the State. The question was then put on these Resolutions, and carried also unanimously.

July 6.

MORE YET.

[From the same.]

A COMMITTEE of the Subscribers to Mr. Pitt's Statue was held yesterday, at the London Tavern; when it was determined to call another General Meeting, that a *sixth* Resolution might be proposed, in addition to the *five Resolutions* already voted, as stated in our paper of the 6th instant.

The sixth Resolution to be to the effect following, viz.:

VI. That a Subscription should be opened in the city of *Dublin*, for the purpose of erecting, in the centre of *St. Stephen's Green*, a duplicate Statue of the Right Honourable William Pitt; and, in addition to the several emblematical representations enumerated in the *fourth* Resolution, and unanimously voted at the last General Meeting, that the *Armorial Bearings* of the said Right Honourable William Pitt should be represented in alto relievo, duly *emblazoned*, viz.—On a Field *sable*, a *Fosse chequée*, between three *Bezants*, together with the family motto, "*Benigno Numine!*"—And further, that his Majesty should be petitioned to grant to the said Right Honourable William Pitt, the right and faculty to use and bear as *supporters*; on the *dexter side*—the effigy or representation of the Right Honourable Lord Redefdale, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, robed in orange, lined proper; and on the *sinister side*—that of the

the Right Honourable T. Foster, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, bearing in his right hand a scroll, containing his celebrated Speech against the Union; which supporters might serve as a striking and permanent memorial of the rectitude and sincerity of the declaration of the said Right Honourable William Pitt—" *To bring forward measures of concession to the Catholic Body, having before felt it impossible to continue in Administration under the inability to propose it.*"

One of the Members of the Committee, an Irish Barrister of the Middle Temple, observed, that the effigies of the Learned Lord and Right Honourable Gentleman, if graciously permitted to be thus used as supporters, would in the *four Courts*, at least, be considered as the *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*, or *common Vouchers*, of that sacred pledge of a *great and wise measure of national polity*; and that the most salutary effects must necessarily result from such happy prototypes of legal security.

It was also observed by a Gentleman (who we understand to be a Bank Director, somewhat conversant with heraldic distinctions, having recently received a grant of a coat of arms), that the appropriate bearing of the three *Bezants*, so denominated, as he understood, from the ancient coin of *Byzantium*, would be considered as peculiarly typical of the *new Bolton tokens*, they being also originally a *foreign coin* of the value of four shillings and sixpence, now authorized, under the auspices of the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to be circulated in Ireland, at the current value of *six shillings*; a measure so highly advantageous to his Majesty's Irish subjects, as would doubtless raise the name and fame of *Mr. Bolton* to an equal pitch with that heretofore enjoyed by *Mr. Wood*, another great manufacturer of *signs and tokens*, who flourished at the commencement

of the last century : nor would the name of the modern Financier himself be celebrated with less gratitude, than that of his great predecessor in office in the days of Queen Anne, in whose Administration the boon of Mr. Wood's brazen *tokens* was so kindly and patriotically conceded to the grateful inhabitants of Ireland.

Another Member of the Committee, somewhat of a waggish turn, pleasantly observed, that even the *family motto* of the Right Honourable Gentleman might, by the illiterate part of the community, who oftener catch at the *sound* than the *sense*, be considered to have been *prophetic* of this modern *chef d'œuvre of a circulating medium*—this *lucky new-money*—“ *Benigno NUMINE.*”

The Bank Director expressed great indignation at this low pun, as he was pleased to call it, declaring that it was highly indecorous on such an occasion, and that no bog-trotter of Tipperary could have made a worse.

Order being, however, restored by the intervention of the Chairman, a gentleman of the Heralds College observed, that the *Fosse chequé*, which constituted a prominent bearing on the arms alluded to, was peculiarly expressive of the *chequered* political opinions which had, at different epochs, constituted the leading principles of the Right Honourable Gentleman to whose great name and fame this votive offering of respect and gratitude was proposed to be dedicated, as a memorial of

PITT'S UNFADING GLORY,

AND

IERNE'S GRATITUDE.

As the proposed additional Resolution was unanimously approved, it was agreed that a General Meeting should be summoned ; the proceedings of which we shall probably have occasion to lay before our readers.

.. July 12.

THE THREE BOBS!

[From the same.]

THREE *Bobbies* rang their *Major Bob*
 In Billy Pitt's new peal;
Sir Bobby Buxton, Bobby Ward,
 And eke *Sir Bobby Peele.*

Had each *Sir Bobby* staid at home,
 Nor grac'd a former lobby,
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny
 He had not been *Sir Bobby.*

To make a third for honours fit,
 Could both *Sir Bobs* accord;
Bob Peele's hard cash, *Bob Buxton's* wit,
 Would knight *Sir Bobby Ward.*

A TOKEN,

PRESENTED TO MR. PITT, ON THE LATE ISSUE OF HIS
 BANK DOLLARS.

[From the same]

"These *dollars* are only mere *tokens*—they are *silver notes*—their
 intrinsic value is nothing to the purpose."

MR. PITT'S SPEECH, 2d July 1804.

—"Whence comes this?"

This is some *token* from a newer friend."

SHAKESPEARE:

ON your new *silver notes* how to fix
 A character doubtful and double,
 Even you, Sir, an adept in tricks,
 Such a scheme might embarrass and trouble;
 Though a pattern, the fittest on earth,
 In yourself seem'd already bespoken,
 An ambiguous semblance of worth,
 But in fact a mere *fraudulent token.*

Pompous phrases may jingle and chime
 For a while in the ears of a nation;
 But magnificent words must in time
 Have, like dollars, their *depreciation.*

When professions no more *current pass*,
 When the charm of fine speeches is broken,
 Then your *Gold* will be found to be *Brass*,
 Nay—despis'd by Dog D—nt as a *Token*.

THE COLONEL AND THE DOCTOR.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR.

THE astonishment occasioned by Mr. Pitt's return to power having now in a great measure abated, I hope you will be candid enough to admit into your paper a few dispassionate remarks on that subject, although they come from a person who professes a different line of politics from yourself. Indeed my sentiments, with regard to administrations and the conduct of public affairs, differ a good deal from those which we commonly hear expressed by any party; but they are not for that reason less just in themselves, nor I trust less acceptable to those unseen persons who move the machine of state, possibly a good deal more than the visible heads of Administration.

Although the vindication of Mr. Pitt be my principal object, yet I cannot forbear saying a few words on that venerable assemblage of influence and power which I have not alluded to, and which (under the name of the *interior cabinet*) has, on many occasions, met with much unmerited abuse. Instead of being publicly defended, and held up to respect and admiration, we find that even their existence is disputed. But those who attended minutely to the late convulsions in the Ministerial world, I think can scarcely have overlooked the surprising movements of this inner wheel.

At the time of the great and universal outcry against the Doctor's Administration, I confess I was very much alarmed about the consequences. That he was
 unpopular

unpopular with the country, was nothing; neither was it much, that all the talent and respectability of both Houses combined against him. His majorities might continue notwithstanding. But it was very terrible to behold the Bishops, the Biscuit-bakers, and the Bedchamber, beginning to hesitate. It appeared to me, that the two branches of John Reeves's tree were grown too heavy for the trunk; and that the interior rulers could no longer support the man of the King's own choice. But mark the wisdom of those who guided the storm! The Doctor fell; the royal favour, which was partly dissipated upon him, was again concentrated in its ancient and proper focus; and the repentant Pitt, now standing at a safe distance from his master's favour, and from general popularity, once more becomes the visible head of the conclave.

The management here was unquestionably fine. It forms a grand precedent for future occasions; and, in my opinion, fully and explicitly determines where the control over the prerogative of choosing Ministers ought to reside. The importance of this remark I leave with you, Sir; for I think I have seen arguments in your paper, more than once of late, tending to shew the necessity of a control of that nature existing somewhere. But, great as Mr. Pitt's merit appears here to have been, no part of his conduct has ever given so much offence, or lost him so many friends. I feel it my duty, therefore, to state and examine the several grounds upon which he and his new Administration have been attacked; and for this purpose I again bespeak your candour.

The great point of attack is, that Mr. Pitt acted with duplicity in the late arrangements, because, after uniting with the principal Members of the Senate, to turn out the Doctor, on pretence that the times required an Administration composed of all the talents of the country, as soon as his purpose was effected, he

formed an Administration without any talent at all. Well, let the fact be admitted : his purpose was a laudable one, namely, to get into place, which he could not have done, unless he had amused the Country and the Senate as he did. Gentlemen may call it duplicity, or whatever they please ; but if an ingenious device and stratagem for one's own advancement is to be called by such harsh names, there is an end to all courtesy upon earth. Sir, I do not deny that he duped the nation in this instance, and cheated his friends too, if you must needs have things expressed in broad language. But, Sir, was this any thing new from Mr. Pitt ? Perhaps, indeed, you expect from a Prime Minister the same veracity and honour which you look for in a private gentleman ! Believe me, Sir, the fraud is pious which is practised for a nation ; and the man must needs be virtuous who sacrifices his character and reputation for the good of his country.

But let us take it in another view, and inquire how the best judges and followers of morality have taken the matter up. Have they shunned Mr. Pitt for this part of his conduct ? Has a single mitred head shaken with disapprobation ? or has the religion of Mr. Wilberforce and the Thorntons taken the least offence ? For my own part, Sir, I hate a clumsy trick as much as any man, but a dexterous deception gives me great contentment ; and I want no better proof of Mr. Pitt's fitness for his office, than that he could, in a matter so important, deceive his ablest and nearest friends, and those who had every means of knowing him best.

Now let us proceed to the next point in this great article of accusation ; I mean the formation of a weak Ministry, when it was agreed on all hands that a strong one was necessary. I enter on this particular with great cheerfulness, and alacrity, because it has been
by the enemies of Colonel Pitt. (I think the military.

military title most appropriate to the times) with particular triumph, while it appears to me the highest proof of his judgment and skill.

Pray, Sir, let us consider a moment what is meant by a *strong* Administration. In my mind, there cannot be a greater error than to suppose, that a vigorous Administration must have all its Members vigorous. Obedience is ten times more important. Give me a Prime Minister who knows how to use his authority, and I shall require nothing from his colleagues (as they are improperly called) but obedience and submission. The people have been grossly abused when they have been encouraged to cry out for Fox, and Grey, and Grenville, and Windham, and other men of abilities, to be taken into the Cabinet. They could not see that, instead of adding power to the Colonel, such coadjutors would only curtail it. They would deliberate away his projects, and (to borrow an excellent phrase from Mr. Canning) "throw a wet blanket" on his inspirations. Sir, I do not wish to use hard words; but I cannot help remarking, that this scheme of making an able Administration may be traced to the same daring faction, who, not long ago, proposed to strengthen the national defence, by appointing a Council of General Officers to assist the Commander in Chief—as if, forsooth, his Royal Highness wanted advice from those whom he is appointed to command.

Sir, this is not a time to fritter down and divide authority. In those days when we had only a slumbering Bourbon to oppose, we might indeed employ a deliberating Cabinet, and men of civil talents to fill the offices of State; we could go on well enough notwithstanding our *habeas corpus*, and our other constitutional clogs, and (with whiggish jealousy of standing armies) cling to our old militia. But, now that we have an Emperor to oppose, we must ourselves be-

come

come Imperial, and fight with Imperial weapons. Down, then, with the Militia! Call up a standing force! Prepare the prisons! Let not Princes of Wales nor Dukes of Norfolk command Englishmen! Hire the hungry Hessian and the countryless Hanoverian to guard our hearths and our laws! Oh, Pitt! oh, Colonel! I long to see thee in the plenitude of power. Would thou wouldst create a new office for thyself, and be Lord Advocate of England!

I hope the reader will pardon this apostrophe, especially as it is no digression; for I have been shewing the necessity of raising the Colonel up to that elevation which would enable him to cope advantageously with the Emperor of the French. And I have the satisfaction to believe that our Colonel himself has long been meditating on the means. In the last war he found himself not fully a match for Bonaparté; because, although he surpassed him in the study of human nature, he knew little or nothing of the practice of war. Many people of good information suppose that the consciousness of this defect was the true cause of his resigning his place, and that he gave the reins to the Doctor just to hold for him till he should learn the field exercise. It is not my business to comment on the roguery of the Doctor in keeping the place after the Colonel had picked up a proper knowledge of drilling; but of this I am certain, that, in doing so, the Doctor has unwittingly conferred a great and lasting benefit on his country, by keeping the Colonel employed for two campaigns in military service, and, upon one occasion, fourteen days together on permanent duty. I know the Colonel too well to think he would endure an extravagant compliment; but I may take upon me to say, that those who have seen Colonel Pitt at the head of his Volunteer Corps, will not be surprised that Bonaparté has hitherto been so shy about invading us. I might here, likewise, allude

allude to the Colonel's new Defence Bill, the evidence and proud monument of his military skill, which must excite the most warlike sensations over the whole country, by introducing the drum and fife into the workhouse, the prison, and the hospital; and furnishing with cockades and beating orders the meek beadles of our holy church.

The Colonel's treatment of the Doctor is the next point that occurs to me; but as that is a very nice subject, and likely to run into some length, I must reserve it until I ascertain whether you have liberality enough to print what I have already written.

July 19.

[The subject was not resumed.]

JOHN BULL'S INVITATION TO BONAPARTE'.

[From the General Evening Post.]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR CONSULSHIP,
WE, the undersigned, *Ministers Plenipotentiary* of John Bull, our master, appointed to make a report to your high and mighty Consulship, beg to inform you, that John Bull has heard, with *much pleasure*, the repeated declarations of your Consulship's intention to visit the good people of England; and that he has accordingly made every *necessary preparation* to give you a *heartly welcome*. Among every description of his people the utmost anxiety prevails to have the honour of *guarding* your august personage in this land of Liberty. The wealthy citizens of London in particular stand forward with an ardour not to be paralleled, and, *heart in hand*, are ready to meet you with a *fraternal embrace*. The Lord Mayor is eager to *press* you to dine with the beef-eaters in the Tower; and the *sheriffs' officers* will wait on you with their best-bodied *porter*. They have preserved for

352. JOHN BULL'S INVITATION TO BONAPARTE.

for you a *new drop*, in *good wood*, at the *Old Bailey*, which will soon be *up*. It is rather *ropy*, and apt to *fly to the head*; but if taken *coolly*, though at *first* it may take away the *breath*, it never fails to *fit easy* on the stomach afterwards. But not only in the imperial-city does this *respect* for your Consulship display itself; the same *strong* proofs of *attachment* will be cheerfully shewn you in every part of John Bull's dominions, from the *Cornish hug* at Penzance to the *grand salute* of the Portsmouth garrison.

John Bull, moreover, in his desire to *shew* you every *polite attention*, has ordered some of his best men to cruise off all your principal ports, for the purpose of affording you *easier accommodation* in your passage to the *little island* of Great Britain; and if your Consulship will have the goodness to *put to sea* in one of your *wonderful flat-bottomed boats*, you will find these *steady pilots* ready and willing to *convoy* you over the *herring-pond*; or, if you prefer it, they will *send* you a *shorter way* to *David Jones*, who has long been on the *look-out* for you. Should you, however, unfortunately miss these *brave fellows* in the *dark*, and by *accident* get near our shores, you will be sure to find our *trusty* brother, *Sam Signal*, stationed to give us the earliest notice of your approach; on which we will instantly fly with open *arms* to give you a *warm reception*, and *make ready* to *present* to your Consulship the *load* of kindness which the *fire* of our friendship has in reserve for you.

We have it also in *command* from John Bull to say, that the favours which he has on some former occasions conferred on the French Nation, justify him in the hope that your Consulship will not decline this opportunity to testify *your gratitude*, and make the return which he so anxiously desires. He begs to remind you, that in the year 1346, Edward III. king of England, shewed great partiality to France, by vi-

siting

sitting it with 30,000 attendants; and, at a place called Cressy, was wonderfully *civil* and *obliging*. Afterwards, accompanied by his son, the Black Prince, he gained such *influence* over the French monarch at Poitiers, that he felt himself *bound* (though rather *reluctantly*) to come to England; where, having been some time *taken great care* of, he, at his departure, left behind him 300,000*l.* Again, in the year 1415, Harry V. did another memorable act of kindness to the French people at Agincourt, when he treated 100,000 of them with *true English fare* until they got a *complete bellyful*. And, in a more recent instance, which ought not to escape *your* recollection, John Bull sent a *few* of our fellow-servants, under the command of Sir Sydney Smith, to meet you at Acre; when that gallant officer, with his accustomed *address*, persuaded you by the most *forcible* arguments to desist from the dangerous enterprise which you had then undertaken. Should this act of kindness, from the *small* number of Englishmen concerned in it, be thought to give John Bull no *great* claim on *your* *gratitude*, he presumes to think that the *impression* it made on you at the time, and the seasonable relief he afterwards gave to *your deserted army* in Egypt, will not be very soon forgotten.

These well-known instances of John Bull's friendly disposition towards your Consulship may convince you of the *sincerity* and *good ground* on which he makes his *present pretensions*. We therefore only desire to say farther for *ourselves*, that if you will accept his kind invitation, and give him a personal interview, we will *engage* to *discharge* our duty, and immediately *come to the point*.

We beg to offer our best wishes that your Consulship may become the distinguished *mark* of high consideration at which we *aim*.

JOHN CANNON, BOB BAYONET,
FRED. MUSKET, PETER PIKE.

BONAPARTE'S ANSWER TO JOHN BULL'S CARD, INVITING HIM TO ENGLAND;

WITH A FEW LINES CONCERNING HIS BROTHERS,
TAFFY, SAWNEY, AND PADDY.

[From Asperne's Collection of Loyal Papers.]

Tune—" *Here we go up, up, up.*"

MY dear Johnny Bull, the last mail
Brought over your kind invitation,
And strongly it tempts us to sail
In our boats, to your flourishing nation.
But Prudence she whispers—"Beware,
Don't you see that his fleets are in motion?
He'll play you some d——d *ruse de guerre*,
If he catches you out on the ocean."

CHORUS.—Our *fears* they mount up, up, up,
Our *hopes* they sink down-y, down-y,
Our *hearts* they beat backwards and forwards,
Our *heads* they turn round-y, round y.

You say that *pot-luck* shall be mine,
Je n'entends pas ces mots, Monsieur Bull;
But think I can guess your design,
When you talk of a *good bellyful*.
I have promis'd my men, with rich food
Their courage and faith to reward;
I tell them your puddings are good,
Though your *dumplings* are rather too hard.
O my Johnny, my Johnny,
And O my Johnny, my dear-y,
Let a few of us come over,
To taste your beef and beer-y.

I've read and I've heard much of Wales,
Its mines, and its meadows, and fountains,
Of black cattle fed in the vales,
And goats skipping wild on the mountains.
Were I but safe landed there,
What *improvements* I'd make in the place!
I'd prattle and kiss with the fair,
Give the men the fraternal embrace.

O my Taffy, my Taffy,
Soon I'll come, *if it please ye*,
To riot on delicate mutton,
Good ale, and roasted cheese-y.

Caledonia I long to see,
 And if the stout fleet in the north
 Will let me go by quietly,
 Then I'll sail up the Firth of Forth.
 Her sons, I must own, are dashing;
 Yet Johnny, between me and you,
 I owe them a grudge, for the thrashing
 They gave that poor devil Menou *.
 O my Sawney, my Sawney,
 Your bagpipes will make us all frisky;
 We'll dance with your lasses so bonny,
 Eat haggis, and tippie your whiskey.

Hibernia's another snug place,
 I hope to get there too some day,
 Though our ships they got into disgrace,
 With Warren, near Donegal Bay;
 Though my good friends at Vinegar Hill,
 They fail'd, be assur'd, Jack, of this,
 I'll give them *French liberty* still,
 As I have to the *Dutch* and the *Swiss*.
 O my Paddies, my Paddies,
 You are all of you honest creatures,
 And I long to be with you at Cork,
 To sup upon fish and potatoes.

"*A fair wind, and thirty-six hours †,*"
 Would bring us all over from Brest,
 Tell your ships to let alone ours,
 And we'll manage all the rest.
 Adieu! my dear boy, till we meet;
 Take care of your gold, my honey,
And when I reach Threadneedle Street,
 I'll help you to count o'er your money.
 But my *fears* they mount up, up, up,
 And my *hopes* they sink down-y, down-y,
 My *heart* it beats backwards and forwards,
 My *head* it runs round-y, round-y.

* Alluding to the 42d regiment in Egypt.

† See the motto on a sloop at Amiens, mentioned in the Morning Post of July 6, 1803.

THE DEVIL AND THE CONSUL:

A NEW SONG.

[From the same.]

AS the Devil through *Paris* one day took a walk,
Bonaparté he met, and they both had some talk:

"Great hero," says *Satan*, "pray how do ye do?"

"I am well," cried the Consul, "my service to you.

Derry down, down, down, derry down!

"What news do you bring from your empire below?

How is Oliver Cromwell?"—"But very so so!

I fancy he envies your *glories* so great,

For he vows he ne'er reign'd in such splendour and state.

Derry down.

"Though he often exerted himself in *my* cause,

Still Britons from him had some excellent laws;

How much below yours all his merits must fall,

Who rules this *republic* without laws at all!!!

Derry down.

"Alexander and Cæsar, fine heroes in story,

Are jealous I know of your deeds and your glory;

Though they push'd through the globe all their conquests
pell-mell,

And rul'd *monarchs* on earth, now they're *subjects* in hell.

Derry down.

"'Bout religion at *Rome* you once made a great pother,

Have pull'd down one *Pope*, and then set up another;

In Egypt I've heard of your *wonderful* works,

How Mahomet you worshipp'd to flatter the *Turks*!

Derry down.

"The deeds you there acted with *poison* and ire,

On my realms are recorded in letters of fire;

Not an *imp* in my service but boasts of your fame,

And 'horribly grins' when he mentions your name.

Derry down.

"You boast much, dear Consul, of liberty's tree,

And say that the *Dutch* and the *Swiss* are quite free!

If such freedom as this to give Britain's your aim,

Try your skill, that I soon to yourself may lay claim!

Derry down.

"When

"When the time shall arrive that's determin'd by Fate
That you quit for invasion your Consular seat;
Fear not; if bold Britons should prove your o'erthrow,
You're sure of a *seat* in my kingdom below!

Derry down,

"To my dark dominions whene'er you descend,
The d——d shall rejoice at the sight of their friend!
And I'll give you, as long as with me you reside,
The hottest of corners at my fire-side!"

Derry down.

"*Parbleu!*" cried the Consul, and dropp'd on his knee,
"A much *cooler* lodging would satisfy me!"
"Hold! hold!" *Satan* cries, "such a mighty commander
Should roast by the side of his friend Alexander!"

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

THE LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

PUBLISHED BY ANTICIPATION *.

[From the same.]

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1803.

Admiralty Office, November 8, 1803.

THIS morning, at half past four o'clock, Captain Briton, of his Majesty's ship the *Invincible*, arrived at this office with dispatches from the Right Honourable Lord Guard'em, Admiral of the Blue, and Commander in Chief of the Channel Fleet, to the Right Honourable Lord Finisterre, of which the following are copies :

* This ingenious piece is said to have been a hasty production from the pen of a worthy and active Magistrate, JOSEPH MOSER, Esq. to whom the public stand indebted for numerous Essays, Lucubrations, and Vestiges, abounding in wit and humour, no less than in interest and utility. His lighter labours, for several years past, seem to have been chiefly devoted to the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Royal Sovereign, St. Helens,

Nov. 7, 1803.

MY LORD,

I have the honour, by this, the earliest opportunity, to inform your Lordship, that on Thursday the 3d instant, Captain Lynx, of the Eagle frigate, communicated to me a letter from Lieutenant Piercer, of the hired armed cutter L'Espion, stationed to watch the operations of the French off Brest, &c. stating, that from the motions of their gun-boats, fishing-vessels, and other *small fry*, which had, for some time, both singly and (as opportunity offered) in fleets, been skulking along the coast, from their small ports and inlets, to avoid our cruisers; nay, this letter adds, that some of them have even been put *upon wheels*, and drawn to their place of grand rendezvous by horses, therefore there was reason to believe that the long-expected expedition was on the point of sailing. These movements, and also some which were made by the men of war in the harbour, which I had intelligence were no longer *chained to the ground*, induced me also to suspect that the enemy meant to take advantage of the length and darkness of the nights, and of the fogs, which, even at this early period of the winter, hang over the Channel in the day, and attempt, with their collected force, the invasion of our coast. This suspicion was in some degree confirmed by advices which I received from Captain Oak, of the Fury bomb, Lieutenant Sting, of the Ant cutter, and from other quarters, all agreeing that similar operations were carrying on at St. Maloes, and other ports, which led me to conclude that the different flotillas acted in concert, and that the bustle in every place indicated a general movement at the same time. Fearful that the appearance of an English vessel should thwart their intention, and two or three gathered together frighten them back to their ports;
and

and resolved, at the same time, to give them plenty of sea-room; I ordered all the brigs, cutters, sloops, luggers, launches, and even skiffs, with which we had hitherto opposed them, to join the fleet, which I judged to be the only means to put an end to the vapouring on their parts, which every gale had conveyed to our shores, and impatience on ours at the delay of vengeance which the brave fellows under my command seemed to consider as the only hardships of the expedition.

As I expected, on Friday morning the 4th instant, the signal was made from the Resolute, Captain Take-all, that the enemy had sailed, and were at that time about eighty leagues S. E. of Cape Barfleur, collecting their force, which was stated to consist of twenty-eight ships of the line and some frigates. The small craft, which issued from the creeks on the opposite side of the Channel, I understood to be innumerable. I immediately ordered the signal to be made for the fleet under my command to make all sail in chase, and endeavour to cut them off their own coast: this we happily effected. Favoured by the wind, we found on the morning of the fifth of November instant, the day on which they had proudly vaunted that they intended to make a descent on our coast, that they were about mid-channel, incumbered with their immense flotillas, which appeared to be scattered in all directions, and which, it seemed, by the frequent signals of the flag-ship, and the anxiety of the repeating frigates, the Admiral was endeavouring to collect, and, as much as in his power, to concentrate. A circumstance happened at this period (nine o'clock, A. M.) which the enemy probably considered as fortunate, though in the event it was attended with serious consequences to them: namely, about half an hour after we had discovered them, and just as I had made the signal for the ships as they advanced to attack them singly, for,

against

against such an irregular and disorderly-like foe, it was impossible to form a regular line of battle ; just at this moment when the True Briton, Captain Steady, who led the van, was within pistol-shot of L'Assassin, Captain Sang, it came on so foggy, that for some time it shrouded the whole fleet from our sight. The enemy, taking advantage of this circumstance, crowded all the sail they could carry, and, as I have since been informed, in their hurry to bear away from us, not only ran foul of each other, but run down many of their flat-bottomed boats and small vessels. About eleven A. M. the fog cleared away, and, as we had still kept on the same tack, we again discovered them : Captain Steady, resolute in his purpose, soon came up with, and attacked L'Assassin, with an alacrity and intrepidity that does honour to himself, officers, and crew : the other ships, as they came up, went gallantly into action, which was continued with uniform success on our part till four o'clock, P. M.

During this contest, L'Egyptien, Admiral Jassa, a near relation of the First Consul, struck to the Royal Sovereign, on board of which I had hoisted my flag ; the Admiral and crew were consequently made prisoners of war. Le Catiline was sunk by a broadside from the Tremendous, Captain Dart. La Gasconade blew up early in the action. Le Brutus struck to the Cæsar, Captain Pharsalia. Le Pet (bomb) also blew up with a terrible explosion, when alongside Le Regicide, which, from this circumstance, caught fire and burnt to the water's edge. Never was acclamation so general as that from our surrounding ships when Le Catiline went down. This I mention with the more satisfaction, as the greater part of her crew were saved by the gallantry of the British seamen.

The contest betwixt the Lion and Le Coq, both first rates, was, while it lasted, extremely severe ; but it was decided in favour of the former. While the

capture

capture of the latter seems to have been the signal for a general retreat on the part of the enemy, who immediately after appear to have foregone the intention of invading our island, and, in consequence, taking advantage of a gale which sprung up in their favour, to have borne away for their own coast. *Le Marat*, *Le Santerre*, *L'Egalité*, *La Bastille*, which they intended for a prison-ship, with several others, flew, to escape our fleet, with all the canvases they could crowd. In this, however, they had little success. *Le Marat* was forced into action by the *Terrible*, Captain *Condé*, and soon after struck. Of the others I have not yet received a correct account; but have reason to believe that several were either burnt, sunk, or taken; and that those few which had the good fortune to escape, were in so crippled a state as to prevent the French government from a second attempt at invasion, for at least many years.

Thus ended this glorious and memorable day, in the course of which, and in attending to its consequences, your Lordship will perceive that I have been too much engaged to be more particular. One observation you will permit me to make with respect to the officers and sailors under my command—that they have upon this, as upon former occasions, acted like true Britons. Where all have been so meritorious, it would appear invidious to mention particular individuals; but it is with pleasure and pride I boast that they have in every respect deserved the rewards, the applauses, the honours, which their King and Country, whom they have so ably defended and avenged, have prepared for them.

I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

GUARD'EM.

(SECOND LETTER.)

Royal Sovereign, St. Helens,

MY LORD,

Nov. 7, 1803.

I WOULD not close my dispatches until I had communicated to your Lordship, as accurately as it is in my power to collect it, an account of the grand flotilla of transports, flat-bottomed boats, &c. &c. which was destined to convey the invading forces, that have been arrogantly termed "the Army of England," to this kingdom. I have already intimated to your Lordship the manner in which, under the convoy of the fleet, they sailed; but it is impossible to convey to your mind an adequate idea of the confusion that ensued in consequence of our attack. Impelled by their guardian men of war to follow them, while they endeavoured as fast as possible to make their escape, as they were crowded with troops, horse and foot, the former of which they termed "*marine cavalry*," you will be little surprised to learn that many of them fell foul of each other, and that the far greater number of them are gone to the bottom. Humanity shudders at the reflection of so many brave, but misguided men, being sacrificed to the caprice of a cowardly tyrant, who, I understand, so far from sharing with his companions in arms, as he called them, the dangers of the expedition, of which he was well apprized, kept himself safe on shore, furnished, instead of weapons, with the best *telescopes* he could procure, with which he surveyed the Channel; and, although his distance from the principal scene of action was too great for the events of it to come within the scope of his vision, he had, probably, the *gratification* to behold some of his battered and dismantled vessels pursued to their own ports by our ships. He may now also congratulate himself that his grand intention in
projecting

projecting this expedition is answered, as it has enabled him to *dispose* of many, both officers and soldiers, whom he feared, and consequently hated.

It is a curious circumstance, that the crew of the *Terrible*, in overhauling the hold of *Le Marat*, that struck to her, found among the other articles,

50,128 Thumb-screws,

10,905 Iron collars,

44,201 Toe-vices,

12,500 Pair of handcuffs,

25,040 Pair of fetters, and

479 Racks.

Many of these instruments of torture, which were unquestionably intended to *facilitate* the discovery of property, had the word *LIBERTY* at full length; and others the initials *L. E. i. e.* Liberty and Equality, stamped upon them. There were also found several packages of *opium*, probably the remains of the Egyptian expedition; and a vast number of *daggers*: the use for which these articles were intended it is easy to conjecture.

On a farther search, the sailors also discovered a very great number of strong iron-bound chests and casks, intended for the reception of *money*; and some of the same nature, evidently formed for the conveyance of *plate*, and other valuable articles: these had all the name of *BONAPARTE* stamped upon their lids, and were under the care of a confidential Commissary appointed for that purpose, as soon as *filled* to have been sent to Paris.

Several reams of *proclamations*, printed in English, and dated "From our Court of St. James's," and signed "Bonaparté," together with other papers, the intention of which was to discover and apprehend the publishers, and to write down the loyal productions of the present times, were also discovered;

of which I shall, the first opportunity, transmit specimens to your Lordship.

In conclusion, it gives me great pleasure to state, that this arduous contest has ended with little loss in killed or wounded on our part, and little damage to his Majesty's ships under my command, while that of the enemy must have been enormous. And here I cannot help congratulating my country on the characteristic generosity which every action displays in her soldiers and sailors. In this, the far greater number of the latter who have fallen, lost their lives in consequence of their sedulous endeavours to save those of their enemies, who, abandoned by their officers, fell martyrs to the confusion which the unseamanlike conduct of the conductors of their fleet occasioned; and had it not been for the intrepidity of those for whom they were preparing *tortures*, the whole must have perished.

I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

GUARD'EM.

THE ENGLISH COOKS; OR, BRITANNIA THE QUEEN OF THE SEA!

AN IRISH SONG.

[From the same.]

YOU'LL find, if in Fame's latter page you'll be looking,
Of brave English cooks a most glorious view;
There's not such a nation in Europe for cooking
The French carbonade, fricassée, and ragout.
Let's begin with the first, for I wish to get on straight,
Brave Howe who so nobly to dress 'em did learn;
For June ninety-four will quite easily demonstrate
The Gallic Mounseers, fait, were *done to a turn*.

Arrah! whack fal lal lara, la lara,

Whack fal lal lara, lal la;

Great Britain will never attempt at promotion,
Contented alone to be "Queen of the sea."

The Spaniards came forwards, och! they must be boasting,

This victory was but to them a mere puff;

St. Vincent cried, "Burn me! I'll give 'em a *roasting*."

'T was truth that he said, they were soon *done enough*.

Brave Duncan cried out, "Zounds! if I can molest 'em,

Woe be to their masts, and their rigging, and flags."

The Dutch came to tempt him, och! he *over-dress'd* 'em;

He did them so much, they were *done all to rags*.

Arrah! whack, &c.

They have lately cast sheep's-eyes from Calais to Dover,

But the sea an't a pond very easily cross'd;

And by Warren *done up*, and by Nelson *done over*,

The whole of their fleets are sunk, taken, or lost.

Now as for their boats, there's no doubt of their striking,

While Britons such capital cooks still possess;

The French can ne'er fail to be *dress'd to our liking*,

For the cause we defend must ensure us success.

Then sing whack fal lal lara, lal lara,

Whack fal lal lara, lal la,

Great Britain will never attempt at promotion,

Contented alone to be "Queen of the sea."

PIDCOCK'S GRAND MENAGERIE.

[From the same *.]

BONAPARTE, THE LITTLE CORSICAN MONKEY.

LADIES AND GEMMEN!

THIS surprising animal was taken by Admiral John Bull, of the True Briton, one of his Majesty's principal line of battle ships. He possesses the cunning of the fox, the rapacity of the wolf, the bloodthirsty *nater* of the hyena, the tender feelings of the crocodile, and the obstinacy of an ass. He has rambled over several parts of the world, where he played a number of wicked and ridiculous tricks, particularly in Egypt; there he had like to have been *nabbed* by Sir Sidney Smith, but contrived to steal away to

* In the original a very humorous ENGRAVING accompanies this article.

France; where, after a time, exerting all the bad qualities he possesses, he so far got the better of his own species, as to reign king paramount over thirty millions of poor deceived monkies. "Come, come, Jacko; don't look melancholy, you shall have your gruel with a crust in it presently." Ladies and *Gentlemen*, if I was to quit him an instant, he would play a thousand *figaries*; break all your crockery, drink up your wine, play the devil and Doctor Faustus with your wives and *darters*; eat your provisions, steal your goods and chattels, and commit more mischief here than he did in Egypt. He's of unbounded ambition, and, by some fortunate strokes of good luck more than by his abilities, proved very successful by his deceptions; but this luck was not to last for ever. Puff'd up as full as a blown bladder with conceit, he thought he *could* conquer the four quarters of the globe; when, sailing with a party of large baboons, who were called his body-guard, he stole one dark night out of Boulogne harbour, to make an attack and seize the island of Great Britain, where he assured his companions of immense wealth by their plunders. But Admiral Bull coming up with them by break of day, when he was half seas over, gave them a broadside, and *would* have sunk them outright; but seeing the crew were nothing but a collection of miserable, deluded, poor brutes, he turned them adrift, and only seized their leader to shew him as a *curiosity*.

* * * * *

THE LION ASLEEP.

SCENE—*The Lion's Den.*

Keeper. The next is a fine old *Lion*.—We call him *John Bull*.

Stand a little nearer, Ladies; he won't hurt you; he is remarkably gentle in his nature, unless he is injured.—You see that little dog there lives with him; and he folds him in his paws, because he is *faithful*.

Come,

Come, John, get up,—get up, fir—come, fir—come, fir, up I say—what, you won't awake till you're prick'd, will you? Oh! oh! I'll soon rouse you.—Stand on one side, Ladies; I'll soon rouse him.—Here's a little monkey in this pen will soon tease him up.—We call this little gentleman, *Boney*.—Come, *Boney*, skip in, and prick the old boy.—Now, Ladies, you'll see him rouse.—Come, John, Master *Boney*'s close at your heels.—Aye, now you begin to growl.—There, Ladies:—you see he has knocked little *Boney* down with one swing only of his tail; and now that he shakes his shaggy mane and puts on his terrible countenance, you see that little *Boney*'s soon off, soon back again.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY. — BRENTFORD RACES.

[From the British Press.]

July 23.

THIS day will be run for over the Brentford course, the best of three heats, the Septennial Plate, subscribed by the Commons of England.

ENTREES.

Sir Francis Burdett's br. h. *Wilkes*.

G. B. Mainwaring's dun colt *Young Magistrate*.

The performance of *Wilkes* is well known upon the turf. At the summer meeting at Brentford, in 1802, he beat *Old Magistrate* after a most severe contest, in which the latter broke down, and has been since pronounced by the *knowing ones* unfit to start again. He is a horse of excellent bottom, and in fine condition. He is now in his *sweats*, and the jockeys say, in his exercise he answers their highest expectation. Some say that he is badly handled, and rather headstrong.

Young Magistrate is a "*ragged colt*," and thence some jockeys flatter themselves he will make a "*good horse*." He is in poor condition, and but a very short time in training, being just out of the dealer's hands. The jockeys say he is not *blood*.

Wilkes reckons in his pedigree several first-rate horses. He was got by *Reform* out of a *Whig* mare, own sister to *Buff* and *Blue*.

Young Magistrate was got by *Old Magistrate* out of a *Tory* mare.

The bets are 10 to 1 against *Young Magistrate*. *Wilkes* is strongly backed by *Abraham Newland*, and several other sporting gentlemen. Great sport is expected.

Balls for the ladies in the evening, and plenty of gin.
Turtle soup and biscuit for the aldermen.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

WHEN Burdett stood, the *champion* of your right,
And scorn'd to be of Ministers the tool,
None could be found his patriot views to blight,
Till with *ten thousand pounds* they brib'd a *f—l*.

PARODY.

[From the same.]

IN the Fables of *Æsop* you'll read, if inclin'd,
A jack-ass quite simple, like most of his kind,
The skin of a lion once happen'd to find,
So playing his tricks did begin:
Quite conceited, upon this expedient he hits,
Puts it on, though the skin rather awkwardly fits,
He frights all the children out of their wits,
Does this ass in the lion's skin.

Grown

Grown bold by their panic he strutted about,
 And all the old women he put to the rout,
 Till a lion he fancied himself, without doubt,
 Or else to a lion a-kin:

But attempting to roar—O unfortunate wag!
 He bray'd, and so let the cat out of the bag,
 And got a good thumping for playing at brag,
 Did this ass in the lion's skin.

Thus a poor banker's clerk, with his book going round,
 The *well-curried* skin of a Magistrate found,
 And begging for cash that his hopes might be crown'd,
 Thought that all to his prate would give in:
 But the yelp of the cur the deception now clears;
 And if on the hustings the *puppy* appears,
 The *lion*, Burdett, shall soon crop the ears
 Of the *cub* in the Magistrate's skin.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the British Press.]

BRENTFORD RACES.

THE match between the *Mainwaring Colt*, and Parson Tooke's famous horse *Citizen*, was decided on Thursday at the Brentford course. The celebrated match between *Diamond* and *Hambletonian* did not excite one twentieth part of the interest in the sporting world. At an early hour the roads leading to the course in all directions were crowded with carriages of every class, horsemen and pedestrians of all ranks, ages, and descriptions. The road from London was in a manner covered with a solid mass, the crowd being so great as frequently to render it impossible to move. The race was fifteen rounds of the Brentford Course; the horses to start from the Stand-house, commonly called the Hustings, down Kifs-book Hill, across the Devil's Ditch, and so round again to the Stand-house. On Tuesday morning the hour of starting was announced by the sound of marrow-bones and cleavers, hurdy-gurdy music-grinding mills, and other melodious

melodious instruments. A good deal of time was spent in weighing the jockeys. *Old Mob* rode *Citizen*, was full of porter and gin, and in high spirits. The *Colt's* rider was many *pounds* too light; but Alderman C——, Mr. M——, &c. threw in some *shot*, and made up the deficiency. The jockeys then mounted, and rode to the starting-post. The *Colt* was rode by *Magistrate*, in light sky-blue; *Old Mob* rode in purple and orange. Never did two horses appear so unequal, as they stood at the starting-post: the *Colt* was in low condition, rough in the coat, and did not shew much blood or bone: *Citizen*, on the contrary, was as sleek as a mouse, stood near a hand higher than the *Colt*, and was in excellent condition; but he was a good deal *puffed*, and was supposed to have been very much strained in the *chest* in his late match with the *Colt's* fire. *Citizen*, who has been for some time the crack horse of Brentford, was the favourite; and the odds, before starting, were, at the lowest, 10 to 1 upon him. Exactly at nine o'clock the signal was given, and both horses went off at full speed. The result of the first round was not calculated to change the opinion previously entertained of *Citizen's* superiority; he took the lead, and kept it all the way.

The second proved the *Colt* to be of good bottom; he went off in a spirited style, lay close to *Citizen*; and just passed him within about twenty yards of the post. The odds, however, continued nearly the same, it being the general opinion that *Citizen* lay by to make play.

The third heat gave quite a new turn in favour of the *Colt*. It now appeared that his rider had held him in the two first heats, as he *swallowed the bit*, and went off with extraordinary velocity, leaving *Citizen* nearly a distance behind.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth heats, were contested much in the same way, the *Colt* proving uniformly vic-

torious,

torious, displaying fine action and great bottom. During all this time the populace shewed evident marks of chagrin and disappointment. They hooted and hissed the *Colt* wherever he appeared, and, at times, threatened to break in upon the course.

The seventh heat now came on, and the event put them in good humour. *Citizen* took the lead, and never suffered the *Colt* to come alongside of him. His appearance, however, was by no means flattering. He was *blown*, and his wind so much touched, that he made a noise like a *roarer*. The *Colt*, on the contrary, though hardly pressed, had never turned a hair.

The eighth heat, both horses put forth all their strength. The jockeys gave them whip and spur from the starting-post, and they went neck and neck all round, *Citizen* only winning by a nose.

The ninth heat was contested with equal obstinacy, but was won by the *Colt* just by a single length. Bets now began to vary considerably; the odds, which at the beginning were ten and twelve to one, now dropped to three to two, and four to three. Indeed, at one moment, the bets were even. Great discontent now began to manifest itself among the sporting gentlemen who backed *Citizen*. They swore he was badly rode; that *Old Mob* was bribed; that he was drunk, and did not know what he was doing. Still, however, they had the greatest confidence in their favourite, knowing him to be a horse of sound bottom.

The tenth and eleventh heats ended in favour of the *Colt*; but he was hardly pressed in both by *Citizen*, who ran him head and girth into the post. Both horses now appeared greatly distressed, and were cut from shoulder to flank.

The twelfth heat did not produce much sport. The *Colt* lay by, and *Citizen* came in first without an apparent struggle.

The thirteenth heat, however, was of a very different complexion; *Citizen* took the lead, and ran in a style that threatened to distance his adversary. The course being deep, and much cut by the crowds of carriages, &c. in the preceding days, *Citizen* threw such immense quantities of *mud* and *dirt* into the face of his adversary, as almost to blind him. The consequence was, he came in first by almost a distance, amidst the shouts of the populace. *Old Mob* now seemed confident of success, cracked his whip, and, to those who had charged him with being drunk, boasted that a *spur in the head was worth two in the heel*.

The hope of *Citizen's* friends was now almost raised to certainty; 100 to 1 were offered and refused; and some even went so far as to say that the *Colt* was drawn; but this sentiment was of short duration. *Citizen* had lain by in the beginning of the fourteenth heat, relying upon his superior bottom; but he under-rated his opponent, and was not able to make up his lost ground.

The victory was accordingly declared in favour of the *Colt*, who won eight out of fifteen heats, in the course of which he astonished all the knowing ones by his capital performance.

The match, however, cannot be considered as finally decided, as the friends of *Citizen* complain of *crossing* and *jostling*, and much other foul play, and mean to refer it to the Jockey Club.

Aug. 11.

NEW STAMP ACT.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH perhaps no man has a right to be *surprised* at any thing which happens in these days of wonder, yet I hope you will permit me to express some

some small degree of astonishment at the clamour which has been raised against the new stamp duties ; and I hope you will also give me leave to endeavour, as much as in my power, to remove the objections of certain prejudiced persons, and enlighten them a little in the true nature of Mr. Pitt's *taxation-system*, which, I am sorry to say, has always been most strangely misunderstood, and consequently misrepresented.

It has indeed unfortunately happened, that the Minister's designs have failed of being understood, and of receiving their due portion of national gratitude, because his friends and the public at large think there is no other way of knowing what he means than by attending to what he says. Now, Sir, independent of this being a very foolish way of getting at the inclinations of any politician of modern times, it is particularly unlucky in the case of our great financier, whose rhetorical flights are in general so much above the common reach, that while his hearers are with *erect ears* endeavouring to catch a meaning, he fairly shoots over their heads.

The truth is, Mr. Editor, that in all his finance bills there is something expressed and something understood ; one purpose avowed, and another, and perhaps a much better one, concealed. This is so remarkably the case in the new Stamp Bill, that it is surprising that some have not perceived it ; and that others, perceiving it, have not been charmed with it. Surely your readers must anticipate me so far as to be aware that I am going to mention that part of the Bill which respects *Attornies*. A little bickering in the House has obliged Mr. Pitt on this occasion to bring forward both his purposes ; and they are, *first*, to raise money to bring this war to a prosperous issue ; and *secondly*, to render *Attornies* more respectable. Surely, Sir, the magnitude and importance of two such objects ought to have procured the Minister the praise justly due to such

such vast and gigantic efforts—efforts, too, in which the country is not only deeply interested at this present moment, but is likely to be so to the latest posterity; for we may not always have *wars*, but I trust we shall always have *attornies*.

This happy union of morality and taxation cannot, I really think, be too much admired; and although I have long perceived that it had a firm root in the mind of our great financier, I have regretted that the public was not sensible of it; and that its clamours were therefore always directed to the prevention of a little evil, without considering the obstruction thereby given to a much greater good. Of this we have another instance in the Bill in question; I mean that which lays stamp duties on *medicines*. As I have not seen the schedule, I know not to what amount these are; but as the Minister's usual practice is to lay rather much than little on a favourite article, I dare say that I may proceed in my train of reasoning, taking it for granted that our juleps and drops are duly considered in this new Bill. I aver, then, that by a parity of reasoning this may tend to render *apothecaries* more respectable; or if that be denied, because the *onus* of prescription lies between the Doctor and the Apothecary, I aver that the advantage will be greatly in favour of the last consumer, I mean the *patient*. I speak it on the authority of some of our first practitioners, that patients in general despise medicines that are *cheap*; and merely because they are cheap, they think they can have no efficacy. I may challenge the whole College to deny that this is a very prevailing popular opinion. But it is now about to be removed; and is not this an object of great importance?

Some may say, indeed, that if there are persons who refuse medicines because they are *cheap*, there are others who will refuse them when they are *dear*. And pray, Mr. Editor, to what does this fine argument amount, if not

not to another proof that the *salus populi* is the first object in our tax bills? What *would* be the mighty consequence if some persons rejected medicines? Why, Sir, they would do as in other cases, they would find substitutes; and praised be our financiers, these substitutes, namely, *temperance, sobriety, and exercise*, are most ably enforced by our wine taxes; and our carriage and horse duties, not to speak of the Volunteer system, which is admirably calculated to promote the circulation of the blood, the only *sanguinary* purpose, I sincerely hope, it will ever be found to promote.

If we consider *patriotism* as a branch of morality, which it unquestionably is, and of religion too, I cannot help pitying the blindness of those who do not see how much it is advanced by every new stamp and every new tax. It is the duty of every man to contribute to the utmost, to the success of war, or peace, or whatever the nation may happen to be engaged in; and, as some men are very negligent of this duty, how wise is it to remind them of it, and induce them to perform it by a sort of delusion, which presents one object to them, while, in fact, they are executing another! This is what I term the double purpose of taxation, and it may be exemplified in a thousand instances. A man may think, for example, he is *treating his friend*, or *gratifying his taste*, when he pushes about the bottle, without considering that he is contributing, at that moment, to *raise a regiment*, or *launch a ship*. This remark may, indeed, hold just as to all objects of taxation for the last century; but it must be allowed, the principle is very much extended indeed, when it is extended to the sick-bed and the nursing-chair. This I really think an improvement, because on such occasions, from the interruption given to a man's habits of living, there would also be an interruption to his patriotic contributions, if it were not contrived now that a *fever* should be of some use
in

in giving *rest* to the nation, and an *ague* serve to reward the *courage* of our defenders. To a benevolent mind, this surely must afford many pleasing reflections, and may raise a smile in the most sicklied countenance. Methinks our divine Shakspeare had a prophetic eye to this politico-physical system, when he asks his doctor if he had any "rhubarb, fenna," or other, "purgative drug" to "scour his enemies" away, who were then *invading* him. Well, Mr. Editor, let us be thankful, the time is come, and the enemy threatens our shores: let us, while we artfully seem to *turn tail*, discharge those stamped *vials of wrath* upon them, and teach them that we have one *bumbardment* yet left, which they cannot resist.

I hope now, Mr. Editor, that I have advanced enough to throw a more favourable light, not only on our general taxation, but on the new stamp duties, than that in which they have hitherto been viewed. I have only one more remark to make, because it may obviate an objection. It is commonly thought that the faculty *may*, perhaps, be more tender in their prescriptions; but this, I think, is extremely improbable. In the first place, they will receive their fees just as before; and secondly, it is very natural to suppose that they will increase, rather than abridge their prescriptions; because they will have an opportunity of displaying their patriotism on a very large scale, without the smallest personal risk. I have not made the calculation, but I should suppose that if our physicians do their duty (and they have never been found deficient or disloyal), the article of *nervous diseases* alone may not be ashamed to appear in the same estimate with the *Land* and *Malt Tax*; and I have no doubt, that the amount of *foreign* and *home-made spirits* will not greatly exceed the net produce of our *stomach complaints*. Indeed, by a judicious physician who studies politics at Batson's, or elsewhere, there may always be

be a certain proportion kept up between receipt and expenditure; and, when they discover some secret plan, or vast expedition, they may prescribe in such a manner as to prevent the expense from falling so heavily on the active and laborious part of the community, by distributing it among those who plead indisposition, and whose indisposition may therefore be a public benefit. There can hardly, I think, be any reason to expect unfair dealing, or that any physician would be so jacobinical as not to render "a charming slow fever," or a "delicate dejection of spirits," beneficial to the revenue; but if there were, the fraud might at any time be detected by a careful inspection of the bills of mortality, which must now, of course, form one of those valuable documents which lie on the table for the illustration of Budgets.

As to other modes of evading these taxes, I have not paid much attention to them, because my primary object was to exhibit the happy union of morality, patriotism, and taxation, which our Minister has contrived, and for which he merits great praise. It is certain no taxes can be invented which some persons will not find means to evade; but this, I may venture to say, will not be very practicable, nor often attempted. A man in a raging fit of the gout or colic has no thoughts to bestow on the state of Europe; disease is of no party; and stubborn must that politician be, who, in the paroxysm of an asthma, would care a fig for Pitt or Bonaparté. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Aug. 18.

A PITTITE.

THEATRICALS.

THEATRICALS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

" *Totus mundus agit histrionem.*"

" All the world 's a stage."

MR. EDITOR,

I HOPE you do not consider it out of the province of a newspaper to communicate theatrical intelligence, except from Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket. The *country* stage, miserable as are the scenes it sometimes exhibits, well deserves a portion of the public attention. If impartial criticism were to expose and to condemn whatever appears here that is objectionable, the *actors* might become less profligate, and the *performances* more praiseworthy.

I beg leave, Sir, to send you a short account of an extraordinary production that has lately been brought out, under the title of *The New Cabinet*; or, *the Triumph of Treachery*. Considerable expectations were excited when a change of entertainments was announced; as we had been bored for three years with the *Mock Doctor* and the *March to Paris*. A story had likewise been given out, that they were to be succeeded by a piece called *The Union*, superior in wit and energy to every thing before seen in England, and calculated to command the admiration and support of all ranks, professions, and parties in the community. Never was there so much disappointment and discontent as when the promised *novelty* was at last produced*. Sometimes an audience is dissatisfied with

* An eminent *cabinet-maker* lately undertook to furnish a room with a dozen of *handsome new chairs*. Considerable surprise was excited when he sent home *six* of the most crazy of the *old ones*; together with some, *worm-eaten* and full of *bugs*, that he had picked up among the brokers in Moorfields. Upon being charged with a breach of faith, he maintained, that, as the *arm-chair* was *new*, the whole set was to be considered as such; and, after many protestations of his honesty, offered to refer the matter to the *first man in the trade*.

what

what is really excellent; but, in the present instance, the popular feeling is fully sanctioned by cool investigation and sober reflection. *The New Cabinet* is the most wretched, vamped-up composition that was ever imposed upon the public. It is said to be copied pretty exactly from something that appeared in the time of Richard II. or Henry VI.; but, in my opinion, it has nothing *English* in it. It is rather framed upon the *German model*, which has unfortunately become much too prevalent in this country. The authors who imbibe this taste, I need not tell you, are extremely *arbitrary*, despising established opinions, and obeying no rule but their own caprice.

Cumberland's dramas have been censured, because the characters were all virtuous and all amiable. Such a stigma by no means attaches to *The New Cabinet*. Indeed, an honest man is scarcely to be found in it; and the most wonderful felicity is discovered in assembling such a venal, selfish, odious crew—all different from each other, and yet all bearing a resemblance. A considerable number of them are so trifling and insignificant, that, though they have lofty titles, they seem introduced merely to swell out the list of the *dram. pers.* to the usual length. The Horatian maxim has been adhered to—

—nec quarta loqui persona laboret—

for not more than two or three ever attempt to speak.

The hero is a very striking representation of a man under the influence of wild ambition. He has splendid talents, with which he might be useful to his country, but he sacrifices every thing to his love of power. Endowed with some sense of honour, and some regard for fame, his ruling frenzy goads him on to actions that are perfidious and disgraceful. His example ought to be an awful warning to the young and aspiring;

ing; for, apparently in the possession of the object of his utmost wishes, he is still unhappy. The past holds out a dreadful retrospect to him, and he is perpetually haunted by fears for the future. He is not even contented with the power he at present enjoys, but, in his restlessness, is revolving desperate expedients how he may enlarge and perpetuate it. Poetical justice seems to be violated by his being allowed to go unpunished. Thus much may be said, however, that he evidently suffers enough from his own thoughts, and that the impression left is decidedly favourable to integrity and patriotism.

The next character is a Scotsman. He possesses some humour, but has no claims to originality, being an overcharged copy of Macklin's *Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant*. If nature and manners were to be studied, the features should have been considerably softened; for it is not easy to conceive that there ever was a statesman who not only despised principle to such a degree in secret, but who so openly derided it. He shuns hypocrisy, as a man would clear himself from the imputation of cowardice, by stabbing every one he meets. He appears as a mere chapman in politics, and ready to *say* or *unsay* any thing for place and patronage. I must likewise observe, that his accent is greatly too broad, and his vulgarity too disgusting. How is it possible that a person so illiterate and uncultivated should be allowed to play so important a part in a civilized age and country? The feelings of the Scottish nation must have been excessively wounded, that this should be held up a fair specimen of their learning, purity, and decency. The satire is too extravagant to promote the ends of malignity and prejudice.

A *Lawyer* has been introduced for the sake of variety. He is very deeply concerned in the *plot*, and is the chief instrument in bringing about the *denouement*.

denouement. The speeches given him are very long, but rather dull. He is particularly fond of laying his hand upon his breast. This character is very much of the *larmoyant* species.

Scarcely any of the rest are worthy of particular notice. Among them there is a young Hibernian lacquey, who occasions some merriment by singing a ballad with the burden—

Two strings to my bow,
Me none can o'erthrow;
Me none can o'erthrow,
Two strings to my bow.

The Peerage is libelled by a thick-headed, broad-bottomed, Dutch skipper-looking fellow, who is called the *Duke*. An old potatoe-merchant and brown bread baker, for what purpose Heaven knows, is lugged upon the stage, with the title of *Secretary of State*; and a spoiled child entertains the audience by taking the pet upon being offered a piece of bread and butter, and immediately after asking pardon, and promising never to do the like again.

There is a *female* who is materially concerned in the action; but, upon the authority of several of Terence's plays, *she remains behind the scenes*.

Sir, as this *critique* has already spun out into such unexpected length, I shall only farther observe, that the *conduct* of *The New Cabinet* is very *irregular*; that its *sentiments* are *illiberal*; that its *language* is *coarse*, and that its *numbers* are *feeble*.

The piece was at first received with the most marked disapprobation. Hisses and groans became louder every moment, and the cry of *Off! Off!* resounded from every quarter. For a little while there was some hope that the unanimous voice of the public would be obeyed; but orders were issued, the *house* was packed, and we are still condemned to behold *The Triumph of Treachery*. However, it is not likely

likely to be very long-lived, and will hardly, by any *management*, be made to run longer than the opening of the next season.

Before concluding I ought to observe, that, in the opinion of many, the ostensible author is by no means to be loaded with the blame which has been so liberally cast upon him by the very men he has favoured. *The New Cabinet* is supposed to be the secret composition of a secret and mysterious *Junto*.

Your obedient servant,
 Sept. 5. POLITICO-DRAMATICUS.

COUNTER-THEATRICALS.

[From the Oracle.]

Nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi,
 Ducunt. HOR. EPIS.

Then why with sense and reason tease us,
 Since nothing's right, unless it please us?

WHILE the opening of the Theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and the expected appearance of the Young Roscius, have divided the attention of the public with the threats of invasion, it may not be unseasonable to glance for a moment at the rumoured arrangements for the opening of our *Political Theatre*.

In the course of the ensuing winter a low Comedy will be brought out on the latter stage, entitled, "*Discontent!* or, *The Murmurs of Opposition!*" This piece has been already some time in rehearsal, and the different actors have spared no pains in making themselves perfect in their various parts. So indefatigable are some of them in their *laudable exertions*, that they have been seen clenching their fists, and grumbling over their speeches, in the open street, to the amazement of a gaping multitude, who were in doubt whether they had not just escaped from the cells

cells of the Bedlam incurables. Others have gone still farther; and, mounting a cart, a wall, a coach-box, or a tree, have openly harangued an assembled rabble, and solicited their *candid criticisms*. The crowd, amused with their strange words, and stranger gesticulations, have encouraged them by repeated *huzzas*; and the self-gratified actors have retired with the highest opinion of their own merits, and with a conviction of the truth of the vulgar saying—by which Talleyrand lately vindicated the elevation and tyranny of Bonaparté—“*Vox Populi est vox Dei.*”

The characters who are to form this comedy are supposed to be a fretful, perverse people, whose tempers are soured by *disappointment* and want of success in their pursuits. They therefore envy those who have been more prosperous; and the business of the piece consists principally in the schemes which are devised and put in practice with a view to better the condition of the characters, and to destroy all those who oppose their elevation. For this purpose, they make it a rule *to rail at every thing done by others, to think nothing right except it satisfy themselves; and they resolve never to be satisfied with any thing, unless they themselves have done it.* From this it appears, that the great art of the actor must be to deliver his grumbling and discontented speeches in a manner calculated to make the greatest impression on the audience. Most of them, indeed, have been long accustomed to *grumbling*, and they form great expectations from the perfection which they have acquired by long practice.

THE ARRANGEMENT AND CHARACTERS.

The ostensible manager of the company is *an old Fox*, who generally plays a principal part in the pieces acted by his troop. He was once in a manner *hissed off the stage* for disrespectful behaviour to the audience, that is, for saying that there was no audience worth acting to; and did not venture to resume his part till a considerable

considerable time had elapsed. After his departure, the company was very weak, and a great many deserted it; and we then remembered the truth of what a very worthy man, now a Noble Peer, said, when the *Manager* once suddenly ran to Bath, and when he had not the effrontery, like a certain *player*, to face the audience—"You are a very fine troop, Gentlemen," said the worthy man alluded to; "you muster well—you appear spirited and enterprising, but you want your leader!" The said *Manager*, however, has now found means to collect his scattered forces, and to engage many, who, having nothing else to do, were not unwilling to try their talents as actors. To these he has assigned a very considerable part in the comedy of *Discontent*; and he places great reliance upon them for the success of the piece, his old friends having figured away in grumbling characters, till they have quite worn out the patience of the public, who began to smoke them. He has always been considered as an actor of great talents; though exceedingly unhappy in the choice of the parts which he ought to play; as well as in the pieces which he produced, most of which have been irretrievably *damned*. He is, besides, apt to be an enthusiast in whatever he undertakes; and to carry his acting to a degree of extravagance, equally inconsistent with common sense and good taste. This is, however, said to be the effect of the advice of some of his friends, who, with far *inferior* talents, have contrived to *manage* and *mislead* him. By their means, he has often attempted and been disgraced in parts which he ought never to have played, and which his own judgment, upon cool reflection, seems to have disapproved. He still, however, continues to direct the company, and to act the best parts in their full pieces and after-pieces; and there can be no doubt that he will perform one of the most conspicuous characters in "*The Murmurs of Opposition*."

Among

Among those who are principally to support the *Manager* in this *drama*, is an *Irishman*, who is known among his friends by the name of Dan-Sherry, or Sherry-Dan, supposed to have been given him by his bottle companions, in allusion to the great quantity of *Sherry*—we are, however, told *Claret*—which he has been continually pouring down his throat, and which has *lighted up a flame in his countenance*, that all the water in the *Thames* cannot extinguish; while his nose, like *Bardolph's*, serves the purpose of a *memento mori*, continually keeping us in mind, as Shakspeare says, of “*Hell fire!*” He may be considered as the *Munden* of the company, and is therefore peculiarly well fitted to act his part in *Low Comedy*. This man wrote several pieces for a theatre of his own, which were well received; but nothing would content him but the place of an actor on the *Political Stage*. Here he cracks jokes, tells stories, makes puns and conundrums, and pours forth repeated volleys of jests, at all which the audience laugh in the mean time; but notwithstanding this, most of the pieces in which he has been engaged in the *Political Theatre*, have been d—d. *Yorick*, however, still persists in the same career, and defies even *Hamlet* to say that he is “*chop-fallen*.” He is to play a *droll* part in the comedy of “*The Murmurs* ;” and the audience will, as usual, laugh heartily at his jests, but d—n his “*good intentions*.”

The next performer is known by the appellation of *Wind*—him, from his notorious liability to be wound and turned about, or in allusion to the variableness and inconstancy of the *wind*, which he a good deal resembles. He is also very much given to interlard his part with quotations, and scraps of Latin. He, too, aims at jests; and, by pains and application, shreds and patches, he may no doubt qualify himself

to play the part of "*The Taylor riding to Brentford*," at *Asley's*, or the *Royal Circus*. These jests and quotations he lugs into his parts at all times and in all places. He deserted his former company, because one of the actors had said that he was a *second Knight of the Woful Countenance*, as he was ever ready to attack windmills, scale the walls of castles for the relief of distressed damsels, and mistake country ale-houses for fortified redoubts. His dignity being offended at this, he bade adieu to his old friends, and now has a conspicuous part assigned him in the comedy of "*Murmurs*." For this he is supposed to be peculiarly well fitted, as he not only *grumbles* at others, but is even discontented with the parts which he himself played with his former company.

This last actor will be supported by one who appears in the character of a *Lawyer*, and has a voice very much resembling the noise of a bassoon. He is a vigorous *grumbler*; but there has been a necessity for shortening his part, from a dread that the sound of his voice would either drive away the audience or set them asleep.

A *young Baronet* is also expected to give his assistance, less young in years, however, than in sense, as appears from what he calls his *History of Athens*. The part which he chooses to support is a sort of continued railing at all Volunteers, except 96,000! This he recites in a strange monotonous *twang*, which seals up the eyes of those who are able to resist the soporific qualities of the *lawyer's bassoon*.

As it is feared that there may be a deficiency of *women*, some of the *males* are appointed to take various *femule* characters, for which several of them are admirably qualified by their love of *gossip* and *scandal*. The parts of *Silly Old Women* are expected to

to be particularly well performed. A great many real women are also to exert themselves *behind the curtain*; and for all this, the custom of the ancients is full and sufficient authority.

Such are the chief parts in the expected comedy; but, notwithstanding their grumbling talents, and their exertions to support the piece, it is generally supposed that it will be d—d; and that the actors will be *hissed off the stage*—not for want of talents in their profession, but for prostituting those talents in the support of such *execrable stuff*. The comedy is indeed said to be not only deficient in judgment, common sense, and real wit, and totally void of all merit—but also in danger of being, upon the whole, ill supported; for though some of the actors have considerable individual talents, the company is but ill arranged, and the parts are extremely ill cast. The troop is certainly very liable to come to an open rupture among themselves, as the different individuals scarcely agree in any one thing, *except in grumbling*. The last piece, therefore, which they will perform, and which is likely to be received with great applause, is “*Disappointment; or, The Grumblers Outwitted.*”

Yours, &c.

Sept. 24.

NED PRY-ABOUT.

EPIGRAM

ON THE RECENT DEFEAT OF ADMIRAL LINOIS BY
CAPTAIN DANCE.

QUITE debonair Linois left France,
And on the ocean came to Dance:
Where when our tars began to play,
It charm'd him so—he danc'd away!

Weburn.

COMPLIMENTARY CARDS.

[From the General Evening Post.]

MR. John Bull presents compliments to Rear-Admiral Linois and friends; would be very glad of the pleasure of their company this evening, to *take tea* and have a *Dance*.

China Row, Feb. 14; 1804.

His Excellency Rear-Admiral Linois's most respectful compliments to Mr. John Bull; is sorry he must decline the pleasure of his very polite invitation; his Excellency and friends being afraid to encounter the *heat* of the evening's entertainment.

Feb. 14, 1804.

D. I. O.

THE CONQUEROR OF LINOIS.

A SONG:

BY MR. HAYLEY.

AS Fame, the fair goddess, whose clarion's so shrill,
 Its echoes the wondering universe fill,
 Was leaning one day 'gainst an admiral's mast,
 "I am weary," she cried, (having blown a loud blast,)
 "I am weary of these my monotonous notes,
 That justice to brave British seamen devotes;
 They all are so brave when they level a gun,
 That I find 'there's no novelty under the sun.'—
 "Your pardon, fair Goddess!" (a figure exclaim'd;
 A figure celestial, and Fortitude nam'd;) }
 "A complaint so unfounded no longer pursue;
 For I bring you a theme that is perfectly new!
 The like you ne'er saw in your sphere's wide expanse,
 So honour my trusty and brave Captain Dance—
 The Merchant who beat the Marengo of France."

Honest Fame now surveys her new theme with delight,
 Her clarion was eager to praise such a fight;
 And she fondly exclaim'd, "By the Star of the Pole,
 Such a hero as this I have not on my roll.

Though

Though of Britain's brave seamen the host I adore
 Almost equal in number the waves of the shore,
 Though radiant the warriors enroll'd in her file,
This wonder is new in my wonderful isle.
 Thou hast prov'd the first merchant so destin'd to shine,
 Who has bravely beat off a first-rate of the line.
 Gay Commerce shall bid her broad sea be her grave,
 'Ere it sinks in oblivion a Briton so brave.
 Now a favourite name in my sphere's wide expanse,
 I honour the trusty and brave Captain Dance,
 The Merchant who beat the Marengo of France."

THE BRITISH AMAZON AT YORK RACES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

"—Audens viris contendere virgo."

SIR,

AS a great admirer of the ladies, I am always highly delighted when any change of fashion or of manners occurs to set them off to new *advantage*; but nothing has ever raised my expectation higher than the splendid example lately set to the fair sex on the racing-ground at Knavesmire*. There is something so bold and so original in the idea of a lady *publicly contending with a man*, that I think it cannot fail to take prodigiously among all females of rank and spirit.

I know not whether it be prejudice that makes our sex discourage exploits of this sort; but I rather take it to be envy, and unwillingness to acknowledge Mrs. Wolfstonecraft's doctrine of the equality of the sexes. Whatever it proceeds from; I fear it is not every husband that has the spirit and liberal feeling to permit his wife to make *so public an exhibition*. But I think the glory of being talked of through all Europe, and of being personated at Bartholomew Fair and Sadler's Wells, is inducement enough to make our women

* Mrs. Thornton against Mr. Flier for five hundred guineas.

break their chains, and vindicate their right to masculine encounters. The daring challenge, so publicly thrown in the face of Mr. Flint, and maintained to his very beard, must be exceedingly animating to every sportswoman, as pointing out so clearly the way to female renown.

Until the present time, the fair sex have made but small efforts (except in the way of dress) to assume the likeness of ours. The farthest they have yet gone is to *beat* the tambour instead of *working* on it; or at most to halloo and *sweat* after the hounds, or drive their beaux four in hand through the streets. Now, what is that to the labours of Newmarket? At one time, indeed, we had troops of female archers forming in several quarters; but Cupid, the fly rogue! was so scared with their weapons and accoutrements, that he flew away, and gave all *his* arrows to the gentle damsels who had prepared none of their own. And so it is that man, stubborn man, by some wonderful law of his formation, yields to smiles or to tears, and is soonest subdued by a softness of nature the most opposite to his own.

She, therefore, who is fired with the glorious ambition of contending with man in prowess and athletic exercise, should lay aside entirely the female feelings, and renounce even the desire of courtesy, which she cannot receive without confessing her inferiority in the contest. Our heroine, it must be admitted, is somewhat defective here. Thalestris, Penthesilea, and Joan of Arc, who fought in former times with men, never sulked, as far as we know, because their opponents hit as hard as they were able. Sex was out of the question, and to have offered to make any allowance for it would have been an affront. It is because women are feeble that it becomes a man's glory to protect them; it is because they are gentle and submissive that men give them place and preference, and

on all occasions pay them attention, homage, and court. But, as soon as the lady takes up the spear and buckler, or assumes the jockey-cap, a man must either contend in good earnest, or, what is better, run away.

Trusting that my fair countrywomen will take these remarks in good part, I shall employ myself diligently in tracing and recording every instance of Amazonian merit that appears; and encourage to the utmost every girl of spirit that lays down the needle and the lute, and betakes herself, in a manly way, to the stable and the field.

With this view I take the liberty to remark, that no great good can be done, in the way of riding matches, until the side-saddle is abolished, so as that a woman shall no longer have a *right side* and a *wrong*. This is an improvement which I recommend with great confidence, because I have been assured by an eminent breeches-maker in Moorfields, that by means of a simple contrivance he could remove all objections to a lady's sitting astride; and as to the circumstance of pregnancy, I do not see much difficulty there, since an allowance of weight might be easily settled, in proportion to the advanced period or the bulk.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

York, Sept. 11, 1804.

T.

CONJUGAL FELICITY.

THE Colonel must sure lead a heavenly life,
 In the arms of so sweet, so accomplish'd a wife;
 Who, while drones care for nothing but nursing their brats,
 Is a match for the *Sharps*, and can take in the *flats*;
 Despises old customs of mending and sewing,
 But in *plates*, *cups*, and *sweepstakes*, is skillfully knowing.

In

In family things spouse ne'er troubles his brains;
 For who, pray, like Madam, can *manage the reins*?
 And if husband, or servant, by chance make a slip,
 Ye gods! how the lady can *lay in the whip*!

Knave'smire.

ECLIPSE.

NEW SYSTEM OF DIPLOMACY.

[From the General Evening Post.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE new system of public law invented by Monsieur Bonaparté; which consists in the seizure of Messengers and Ministers (no matter which) in their journey through neutral countries, and in the arrest of Foreign Ambassadors in the midst of the Court to which they are accredited, having been sufficiently established by recent practice, (and what foreign Prince, let me ask, will presume to controvert such a precedent?) I beg you to allow one of the unhappy *Corps Diplomatique* to give you his reflections on this subject, and to propose some plan for the accommodation of our maxims to the present state of things.

It is, Sir, not a little hard, that while we are brandishing the pen with one hand, we should arm the other with a musket or a pistol; that we, who never thought of a sword but as an elegant appendage to a court dress, and never regarded *its* temper, provided we could but keep *our own*, should now be obliged to draw it from its scabbard, where, for so many ages, it has slept in peace; or that, like a celebrated Admiral, we should begin to practise writing with the left hand, lest some unlucky chance of war should carry off the right. I will not presume to predict to what evils nations may be exposed from this left-handed policy; but let Monsieur Bonaparté look

look to it, or, perhaps, while he is inventing imaginary conspirators out of our Drakes, and Taylors, and Spencer Smiths, he may raise a host of heroes in the Cobenzels and Lucchesinis, who now quietly saunter to his levees, and may draw down upon his own head the first experiments of their new science.

For now, Sir, when an Ambassador is to set forward on his mission, instead of choosing his service of plate, he must look forward to a service of danger: instead of displaying his taste in chariots and currioles, he must think of a camp equipage. Pounce must be content to yield its place to gunpowder, and cartridge-paper will make no inconsiderable figure in his stationer's account. It is true, Sir, that for the latter article he may occasionally substitute his own memoirs, or the cumbrous volumes of the *Droits des Gens*, which lumber on his shelves. The brains, which they could never reach in their original dress, they may haply assail with advantage under the form of an envelope to a cartridge, or of wadding to a great gun; and where they fail of producing conviction, they may safely appeal to their force. That head must be hard indeed, on which arguments in this form can make no impression; and I will venture to say, that Grotius himself, were he living, could not wish to see his *jus belli* more ably enforced.

When the Envoy proceeds on his journey, in the place of out-riders and heyducs, he must be preceded by a train of flying artillery; a body-guard of diplomatic Mamelukes must surround his carriage; and soon, I suppose, we shall read in the Gazette, that the piquets of an English Ambassador have been driven in, or the out-posts of a Prussian Minister carried by assault, with as much familiarity and as much indifference, as we now peruse the mad follies of Monsieur Bonaparté, or the clumsily fabricated conspiracies of the *Diable Boiteux*, his secretary.

Nor

Nor is this all, Sir. Arrived at the seat of his mission, the Envoy must begin by intrenching himself; and must literally avail himself of the proud privilege of an Englishman, which asserts his house to be his castle. His cyphers will make him a tolerable zig-zag; and (if his own mansion be incapable of such a species of defence) he may shelter himself behind the *horn-work* of many of his diplomatic colleagues. In the amiable *coteries* of the cabinet, a lodgment on the *contre-scarpe* of a foreign agent will be whispered about with as much exultation, as now a blunder in his *contre-projet*; and a practicable breach in the walls of his hotel must no longer be regarded as a breach of privilege. His writings must adopt the same military appearance. The *ultima ratio regum*, so long the silent and retired champion of every remonstrance, may now be inserted in the body of his paper, in the guise of a menace; or, at least, may be allowed to illuminate the margin, in the form of shells or red-hot balls: and I do not see how a *note verbal* can henceforward be listened to, unless preceded by the emphatic word—*Attention!* pronounced in the attitude of a fudge-man, and with the lungs of a reviewing officer.

Now, Sir, in this new order of things, I would humbly suggest to His Majesty's Government, that a Secretary be appointed at the next Session of Parliament, for the Military Department of Foreign Affairs; or at least, that a foreign Minister may have recourse, in his various exigencies, to that branch of expenditure the best suited to his new wants. This equipage-money may retain its name; but its object—*heu! quantum mutatus ab illa*. Camp, kettles and canteens usurp the place of gilded carriages and laced liveries; and a tent-bed is almost the only word to remind him of former comforts. His extraordinaries must be defrayed by the Board of Ordnance, and none but

but the Commander-in-Chief should be permitted to examine his extra-extraordinaries. As for *secret* service money, the title will be lost, amidst the explosion of shells or the springing of countermines; and I believe we must have recourse to the practice of that able politician of antiquity, Philip of Macedon, who declared that an ass, with a sack of gold upon his back, was as good a negotiator as any Ambassador he could employ; and that he never saw the fortified town, into which such an envoy would not contrive to enter with his load. I am, Sir, &c.

Dec. 13.

A BIT OF A DIPLOMATE.

THE DEAR LITTLE ISLE.

[From the same.]

SHALL the dear little isle in the midst of the sea,
 For its prowess renown'd in the annals of fame,
 Fall *easy* to Jaffa's fell butcher a prey,
 And plunge from the acme of honour to shame?
 No; for while British hearts to each other are true,
 They may laugh at the Corsican tyrant's alarms;
 In vain the attempt Freedom's sons to subdue,
 Though the world were united against us in arms.
 Dear Freedom! we hail thee, we bless thee; to thee,
 When dangers most threaten, undaunted we'll fly;
 Still Britons, like Britons, will dare to be free;
 And, as their forefathers, will conquer or die.
 If, blind to the future, the Demon of Gaul,
 Urg'd by fury, attempt to invade us—how vain!
 For, like Lucifer dreadful, the monster shall fall,
 Never, never, to rise, to invade us again.
 Then quick let him come, that all discord may cease,
 That Humanity's bosom be eas'd of its pain,
 That nations enslav'd may the moment embrace,
 And burst from their fetters to freedom again.

Newbury.

T. WERDON.

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